

THE RELIGIOUS & PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Col. Theodore A. Dodge, in a magazine article on "The Needs of Our Army and Navy" makes the startling statement that "every shot from a big gun consumes \$1,000." At this rate war has become a very expensive luxury. It ought to be too expensive to be indulged in by any nation.

John F. Geeting, a lawyer of this city, in a lecture last Sunday evening advised the socialists to study carefully the Constitutions of the United States and of the State of Illinois, in which he said they would find remedies for their real grievances, but the socialists present showed marked disapproval of the lecturer's views.

Rev. Dr. Sawin, an orthodox minister of Troy, N. Y., says: A man who is in the right and is sure of his ground can always afford to be tolerant of the opinions of others. It is only the man who has a secret misgiving that his faith cannot stand the investigations of reason who is bigoted and narrow, and who demands that other men shall think as he does or stop thinking altogether. A trial for heresy is a confession of weakness on the part of the prosecution. It is an admission that the truth so held needs the bolstering effect of a majority vote.

In New York last week a young girl was locked up in the Tombs for twenty-four hours on a charge of stealing ten cents' worth of dress lining. The charge was brought by her employer, and the evidence showed that while pressing a cloak she picked up a piece of cloth from the floor to use as an iron-holder. This was the piece of cloth in question. Its value was 10 cents, and her employer had her arrested on a charge of stealing it. The arrest was bad enough, but it was an outrage on justice when the court, acknowledging the wrong, felt compelled to sentence the girl to the Tombs.

The following is taken from the Chicago *Inter Ocean*: A mother standing by the coffin of her dead child and reading a portion of the Scripture over the body, because a minister of God had refused to officiate at the funeral, and a mother's love would not let her daughter's body be buried without some religious rite, was a scene at the home of Mrs. Mary Jennings yesterday. If a novelist had used such an incident in describing the funeral of a poor girl, the world would have said it was overdrawn; that such things do not occur in real life. Yet, when Mrs. Mary E. Jennings appealed to the Kendal Street Christian Church to hold some service over the body of her daughter Mamie, who was found in the lake on Thanksgiving Day, she was refused. A week ago yesterday her daughter attended divine worship in the church which refused to recognize her when dead. J. P. Luby, a member of the Open Board of Trade, read in the evening papers that unless someone aided Mrs. Jennings to bury her daughter's body, it would occupy a pauper's grave. Although an entire stranger to the family, Mr. Luby ordered an undertaker to prepare the remains for

burial. Yesterday afternoon he was the only person present when the devoted, God-fearing mother stood by her child's coffin and read the passage from the gospel of St. John, which tells of Christ comforting Martha and Mary. Mrs. Jennings and Mr. Luby followed the remains to Oakwoods.

Those who saw Anna Dickinson in New York last week, says the *Commerical Advertiser* of that city, would never have taken her to be the same woman who was represented a year ago as being poor, feeble, and out of mind. In her rooms at the Sturtevant House Miss Dickinson received her hosts of friends, with all her old-time sprightliness of manner and earnestness of speech. She has grown stouter than when New Yorkers first saw her, and—if one may be excused for speaking of it—she dresses much better. In the street Miss Dickinson wore a long cloak, closely figured with heavy camel's-hair spots, and a large, beautiful hat, which was most becoming to her. In the house she was also charmingly gowned, and no one who had the pleasure of meeting her doubted for a moment that she had regained the whole strength of her magnificent intellect if, indeed, she had ever lost it.

Lord Randolph Churchill, in an interview at the Cape of Good Hope, assailed the memory of Charles Bradlaugh as an overrated man who fooled himself with the belief that he was a statesman. An intimate friend of Bradlaugh writes that Lord Randolph tried to force an acquaintance on Bradlaugh, and offered to make amends with him, but that Bradlaugh, despising him, recoiled with disgust. Continuing, the friend of Bradlaugh says that once in the tea-room of the House of Commons, while Bradlaugh was talking to Labouchere, Lord Randolph forced himself upon them and paid Bradlaugh a compliment, in acknowledgement of which the latter bowed, but said nothing. A subsequent incident, when Bradlaugh found that Churchill lied regarding a statement he had made in a speech in the House of Commons, and that he "cooked" his speech in revising the proofs for Hansard, confirmed Bradlaugh in his contempt for Churchill.

Rev. Dr. Hunter, of Indianapolis, at a meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society held at Peoria the other day, made a "stirring" speech, in which he denounced Chicago and the World's Fair management, and demanding that the Fair should be closed on Sundays. Mr. Hunter said that if it was decided to open the World's Fair on Sunday he would lead an army to Chicago and pitch it bodily into Lake Michigan. Then he proposed that Illinois and Indiana secede from the Union and march their cohorts to the capital, seize the government and execute the members of the National Fair Commission. Mr. Hunter went on to tell the astonished young people how to close the Fair Sundays. He laid out a campaign for them by which they were to make life a hideous nightmare for everyone prominently connected with the Fair. He then demanded that the society pledge itself to carry out his plans. A committee proposed a resolution indorsing the closing movement. The young folks were very quiet, but let it go through; but the society did not pledge itself to pitch Chicago

into the lake, secede from the nation or massacre anybody. Though the resolution passed, the society is not pledged to any action. The probability is that Rev. Hunter has never smelt powder. Chicago newsboys and bootblacks could easily take care of him and his army. The press having criticized Mr. Hunter's remark, he has since came out in a statement to the effect that what he said was in a spirit of badinage. His remarks were not so understood by the reporters.

A Washington correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean* in a letter in regard to the Smithsonian Institution thus refers to Dr. Elliott Coues: Besides being an ornithologist he has won a reputation in many branches of science; then again he was the high priest of theosophy in this country for a number of years, though none of his friends have been able to find out why he took up the fad, but some of them strongly suspected that he only did it for amusement, and to see how many people he could humbug by his reputation and ability. He said, one day, after his breach with some of the theosophists, that it was said that the body went through a complete change in the course of seven years, so, he said, it would be with the championship of theosophy, as he never worked upon one subject more than seven years and it was seven years since he took up theosophy, he thought he would drop it, and so I see he has. Many have been the jokes cracked with him upon this subject, Dr. Gill and others calling upon him for a practical demonstration of the doctrine of the astral form, though I believe up to the present time Dr. Coues has not granted them an opportunity to give an impartial judgment upon that subject.

A telegraph operator on one of the single-track roads leading out of Pittsburg, according to the *Dispatch* of that city, had an experience last week that will last him a lifetime. The young man became careless, as dispatchers sometimes will, and he gave orders for a freight and a passenger train, moving in opposite directions, to go to a certain station. When the trains had started the operator suddenly remembered that they couldn't reach the place without a collision. It was too late to countermand the order, and in his agony cold drops of perspiration ran down over his face. In describing his feelings afterwards he said he lived years in a few short minutes which would decide the fate of the trains. He was startled and relieved by seeing the engineer of the freight walk into the tower. The engineer had received his orders, but when he reached a switch he had a premonition there was something wrong and he turned in on the side track. His train was scarcely out of the way when the express train thundered by. The next day the operator went to the superintendent of the road and told him what had happened, at the same time handing in his resignation. The manager looked at him for a moment, and then said: "Go back to your work, my boy. This experience has been a lesson for you. I don't think it will occur in the future." The telegrapher in telling the story, remarked that another such fright would drive him crazy. He added that this is only a sample of what narrow escapes people have on railroads. There is something in luck, but few understand how intelligent trainmen often avert disasters.

SURPLUS OF WOMEN.

A writer in the *Westminster Review*,—Arabella Kenealy, M. D.,—maintains that where the number of women exceed that of men, their numerical preponderance gives them certain advantages. That many women suffer severely from this surplus is admitted, but it is in accordance with the law which sacrifices the individual to the type, "which raises man upon the crushed endeavor and broken lives of men."

One of the distinct benefits named as the result of the numerical superiority of women is what has commonly been regarded as a great evil, namely bringing into woman's life the competitive struggle so essential to all development. In the past a surplus of women has raised difficulties and impossibilities in their chances of marriage and led to the cultivation of their attractive qualities to meet the demands of men according to the ideal of womanly excellence. "It has not, of course," says Dr. Kenealy, "at any late epoch been coarsely confessed that our girls are trained for the marriage market, but it is useless to allow a false delicacy to prevent us from admitting that this has been and still is the most important of all principles underlying feminine education. The increased and increasing surplus of women begins now to do still better work, for it is forcing upon us the impossibility of marrying all our daughters, and we are compelled therefore to provide them with professions and occupations whereby they can make provision for themselves. In this is seen the best possible result of excess in number, this swelling of the tide until it has overflowed the domestic precincts and has carried us out into the current of larger and fuller life. Woman now navigates the high seas of existence and the world is learning to welcome they her white sails."

Even those among the educated classes who still bring up their daughters with no other prospect in life than the vague chance which may be offered by an uncertain suitor, must give those daughters an opportunity for such education and accomplishments as will enable them to vie in the social arena with those who are better trained. With the number of the sexes equal, practically insuring marriage to all women, the necessity for their dependence upon themselves would have been less and their training for self-supporting would be what it was in ages past. When a woman recognizes that she may not marry, either from lack of opportunity or because she may not meet her ideal, or one whom she can love, she will wisely learn some art or occupation which will render her independent of marriage and make possible a much happier life than she could live unsuitably married.

Among the results which Dr. Kenealy attributes to disproportion of the sexes is this: that it allows men to pass by women who have left the straight and narrow path and to select for wives those of unquestioned purity. "Whatever opinion we may hold concerning this masculine characteristic, which savors somewhat of the harsh exclusiveness and illogical pharisaism of the sinner, still we cannot question its estimable influence in raising the standard of womanly virtue. Such demand for sanctity, which is an impossibility in communities where women are in the minority, has undoubtedly gone far towards maintaining the feminine ideal." Were there a numerical preponderance of men, on the other hand, so that women might reject those whose lives were below the social standard, the tendency would be to elevate the moral tone of men.

Much of masculine ungraciousness and discourtesy, easy familiarity and nonchalance in the presence of ladies, which characterize so many young men of to-day, is declared to be an outcome, not of personal superiority of men, but of surplus of women. "At a dance where the hostess has not nicely calculated her numbers, or receives more acceptances from the feminine than from the other sex, observe what happens. The men with few exceptions deviate more or less from the path of manly courtesy, they lounge in the doorways, chatting and assuming indifferent or superior airs, expressing in various ways their consciousness of the advantage at which they find them-

selves. If unable to obtain a particular dance with one of the belles of the room, then indeed will they not dance at all, and they lounge about nonchalantly in the pretty presence of nice girls whose young feet are eager to be going. The girls for their part vie with one another to be charming; all their prettiest airs are put on; their liveliest looks assumed. . . . What a charming contrast she—with her bright eyes, gay talk and vivacious glances—makes with him whose indifferentism and heavy insensibility gives him the appearance of a boor. As in the ball room, so in life." On the contrary, where men are in the majority, there is a chivalrous attention, a gay rivalry, a manly bearing towards women, quite in contrast to that shown where men in the majority lounge effeminate to be sought.

With new arenas of competition opening up, the higher mental faculties of women will be stimulated, but Dr. Kenealy holds that the desire to be loved by man will be the inspiration of woman's most charming development, and that the hope of love and marriage will save women from becoming intellectual and commercial machines. Meanwhile she would like to see invented some rule of conduct by which men may be saved from the sad consequences of being in the minority! "Else" she says, "will die out our chivalry, and the effiteness which is showing itself to-day among our young men, will eat further like a rust into their hearts, fall like a languorous sickness on their manhood, and leave for our developed womanhood no men with whom to mate!" What have the young men of this generation to say in reply to the statements of this observing and sagacious writer?

CURE OF DRUNKENNESS BY HYPNOTISM.

In a report of a recent exhibition of the phenomena of hypnotism in this city by Dr. Paul Sixtus, who has given the subject considerable attention, occurs the following:

At one of his exhibitions there appeared a man of middle age. He had been suffering from rheumatism in the region of the heart and his physician prescribed port wine as a remedial agent. The malady disappeared, but the love of wine remained. Dr. Sixtus hypnotized or magnetized the man—whatever you will—and at the request of his friends said: "If you attempt to drink wine or any other liquor containing alcohol, it will make you sick." The subject was then aroused, and nothing said to him about the experiment, except that he had succumbed to the doctor's personality. The following morning as usual a bottle of wine was set at his plate. He poured out a glassful, but could not drink it. Since that time, he has had no desire for the wine which was before a daily necessity, and when he has attempted to take a drink in a social way he has been utterly unable to do so. Dr. Sixtus attempts no explanation of these phenomena. He simply says: "These are the facts."

The testimony of Dr. Hammond was cited in a recent number of THE JOURNAL to the effect that by employing hypnotism he had cured two cases of the opium habit. Outside of the medical profession, used by such men as La Roy Sunderland and Dr. Samuel Underhill in this country, and H. G. Atkinson in England, hypnotism nearly half a century ago successfully cured the alcohol and opium habit in scores if not hundreds of cases.

Physicians of recognized ability and standing in England and, among other countries on the continent, in France, now employ hypnotism as a therapeutic agent, especially in the treatment of drunkenness and the opium habit. Persons suffering the results of a spree, and even the horrors of delirium tremens, are thrown into a hypnotic sleep as the most effective way to check their ravings, and according to reliable reports made by the physicians themselves, it is found in most of such cases possible to prevent the violent symptoms returning by fixing in the minds of the subjects the suggestion to abstain from alcohol. In some cases a single reduction of the patient to a hypnotic state is sufficient to enforce the suggestion of abstinence permanently, while in others some weeks of treatment are necessary to secure the permanence of this impression. So successful have been these experiments, and so carefully and systematically have

the common phenomena of hypnotism been studied, that a regular course of procedure has been laid out which is followed as carefully as would be the case in the administration of any accepted remedy. Cases of dipsomania at long standing have been cured. Dr. Bjornstrom, a Swedish physician and writer of reputation, cites numerous cases from hospitals in several cities of Europe and from the private practice of many physicians. In the *Contemporary Review* for November, Dr. C. L. Tuckey gives a list of cases, among which are some of a very striking character, that have all resulted in permanent cures of the alcohol habit. Evidently dipsomania is a disease and should be so treated, a disease subject to cure by the patient's will, which somehow is aroused and reinforced by the hypnotizer. One writer defines hypnotism thus: "The induction of a psychical condition in which the subject's susceptibility to suggestion and ability to act upon it are enormously increased." The subject may be in a half waking state, or even in full possession of the senses and faculties, or in a deep sleep, and the state may be self-induced, but usually it is caused by the influence of another on the subject's nervous system. Minds impaired by years of excessive drinking seem to be very susceptible to suggestion, and fortunate it is for such when through hypnotism they can be made to loathe the drink which has enslaved them.

RELIGIOUS SPIRITUALISM

The following, translated from *La Fraternidad*, Buenos Ayres, is a view by a Spanish Spiritualist: and is a fair sample of the strong religious feeling which imbues the average Spiritualist in Spanish speaking countries:

Is Spiritualism a religion?—In the pure acceptance of the word, yes; but not a, but the religion, understanding by it the bond which unites the human intelligence with the Divine Intelligence, the feeling of love and respect which swells from the heart of man and rises to heaven to the bosom of the Being of Beings. Spiritualism studies the creation, and through it perceives and feels its Creator, and it comes to be the purest expression of religion, comes to unite the feeling of humanity with the feeling of God, to bring together intelligences, regarding them as a name for humanity, to comprise in this as one family associated with the other those who people the infinite worlds of space, and to show that the infinite series of worlds constitute the country of the spirit whose infinite legislator is God. In this way does it embrace creation and binds it to its Author by laws which proceed from his immutable will, laws which constitute the good, the true and the beautiful, laws which the spirit brings written in its being, meeting in its conscience the good, in its reason the true, and in its feelings the beautiful, with which three faculties it binds and connects itself closely with the supreme good, with the supreme truth and with the supreme beauty, which is God. Spiritualism is then the religion through knowledge and feeling.

But if by religion we mean forms of adoring God, rites and ceremonies of a believer in creeds, a material and ostentatious manifestation with which people pretend to glorify God, the dogmas of faith, formularism rites and ceremonies, Spiritualism is not a religion nor can it be, because none of these things pertain to it or make part of it.

Let us say, then, Spiritualism is the religion but not a religion.

MUNICIPAL CONTROL.

An official return made two years ago showed that in Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, and other English and Scotch towns the municipal authorities controlled 245 miles of street railways. It is estimated that 350 miles are thus controlled now. The experiment, if such it can be called, has proved satisfactory, especially in Birmingham and Glasgow. The London County Council last month, by a two-thirds vote, adopted a resolution that a notice be served upon the London Street Tramway Company, requiring it to sell to the Council the whole of its tramways

and works. Under the provisions of the law which empowers the London Council to take this step, it becomes the owner of the tramway (street railway) in question at an appraised valuation of the plant, the value of the franchise not being taken into account. It is not the intention of the Council to operate the tramway itself, but to lease it to a company or to individuals who may operate it under certain conditions. The Council through the purchase becomes owner of the franchise, has control of its own streets, and thus gets the benefit of the unearned increment. The line in question is but four miles long. But it is the only one that can be acquired under the law at present. Next year, however, the Council will have the opportunity of becoming the owner of nineteen miles of tramway, and gradually it can become the owner of every street railway in London. But under the law it cannot directly operate those lines. It may only lease them. Parliament had a wholesome fear of official extravagance in the conduct of such enterprises.

COST OF BRITISH ROYALTY.

Henry Labouchere, Member of Parliament and editor of *Truth*, in an article in the *Forum*, gives several items of the cost of British royalty, which amounts to \$5,000,000 a year. In addition to the maintenance of palaces and the building of royal yachts, the incomes voted to the family are enormous. The Prince of Wales has over \$500,000 and the Princess \$50,000 a year. The younger sons of the Queen have been voted \$125,000, the daughters \$30,000 each, the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, \$60,000, and his two sisters \$25,000 and \$15,000 respectively, and \$500,000 was voted to the Empress Frederick of Germany when she married. The Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward, and Master of the Buck Hounds get \$28,500, seven Lords in Waiting get \$3,500 each for a few weeks each year "in attendance." The Ladies of the Bedchamber have \$2,500 a year each. By way of contrast Mr. Labouchere asks: What would be thought in the United States, of the Senate, were each incoming President able to distribute salaries to some thirty Senators for performing ceremonial duties about his person or about that of his wife? Would the Senate be deemed independent of the executive were it possible to give a Senator from the North many thousand dollars per annum for walking backward before the President with a white stick, a Senator from the South a huge income for looking after the Presidential dogs, and the wife of a Senator from the West a big salary for presiding over the gowns and the petticoats of Mrs. President?

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor at Toledo took definite steps regarding the question of compulsory education by incorporating in article 12 of its constitution this amendment. "And that all children over the age of seventeen and under the age of fifteen be compelled to attend some institution of learning at least ten months of each year, or such part of a year as may be offered to them." This is even more sweeping than the restriction laid down by the framers of compulsory education laws now in force in several states. But the formal adoption of such a clause in its constitution will be invaluable to the Knights of Labor for many reasons. It will prove to the country and to the world that this important representative of organized labor realizes that general compulsory education is one of the crucial issues of the time. The Knights merely go on record as endorsing a principle for which the most enlightened educators and patriots of America are strenuously fighting. Compulsory education goes to the very root of certain evils that threaten the integrity of our institutions. Organized labor does well to demand that the state shall supervise the education of American children, because the legitimate aims of organized labor will be sooner reached by the diffusion of intelligence. The Knights of Labor, like all other friends of true compulsory education, repudiate any interference with the rights of parents in educating

their children in any class of schools they please. They merely take the unassailable ground that the state has a right to protect every child within its borders against the consequences of parental neglect or avarice.

An interesting and important case has been checked on its way to the Supreme Court of the United States by the death of the plaintiff, R. M. King, the Tennessee Adventist who was imprisoned by the courts of that state for working on Sunday. The point to be determined by the Supreme Court is whether King was guaranteed by the constitution religious liberty sufficient to allow him to celebrate such a day as the Sabbath as his convictions dictated, or whether the local law ordering him to observe Sunday was supreme. Judge Hammond, of the United States Circuit Court, refused to assume jurisdiction in the case, for the reason that in his opinion this was a matter over which state laws are supreme. The constitutional guaranty of religious liberty, in Judge Hammond's opinion, only forbids the interference of Congress to abridge it, and does not prevent any state throwing such restrictions around it as the majority of its people choose. It is to be hoped that some means will be found to press the appeal from Judge Hammond's decision to a hearing before the Supreme Court, for there has never been a ruling of that tribunal upon the extent to which this constitutional guaranty of religious liberty controls the acts of the states.

Le Temps says that Paul Hervieu, French novelist has put in the mouth of his hero, Gerrad de la Malue, the exorcist, in a story entitled "Exorcisee" a description of the soul. "I know it by sight and I experience the practical view of it. Yes, I know where my soul is, what its real aspect is and almost its dimensions. It is a small black space, dull as soot, situated behind my forehead, above the nape of my neck, and assumes about the form of a magistrate's wig. Above all, don't suppose I scorn the soul. On the contrary, its secret puzzles me, haunts me, infatuates me. And see the very legitimate reason for it: by force of having studied plates of anatomy I represent to myself fully the interior of my body—I discern the color, the condition of my muscles, of my viscera, of my brain. But nowhere have I found depicted, or even indicated, that opaque void, that region of shadow whose realm I distinguish perfectly, under my cranium between my ears. I also honor the essence of my soul with such a distinction from that of my body, that I have the physical perception of there lodging in my head an inimitable substance, a corner of divine enigma, a treasure of magic."

D. P. Beslin, a Denver editor, in a recent lecture, said there was not one place in any of Colorado's mining towns, or in the majority of the large cities, where a miner or a laborer could go to for rest or recreation except the saloon, gambling house or variety theatre. He laid the blame of leaving the workingman the prey of such dens of vice to the churches, which he accused of regarding the workingman coldly, and of keeping aloof from and above him. He said it was no wonder that the laboring man lost all hope when he was compelled to undergo this treatment. As a home the church of today was a very frigid place, in his estimation. It might do for a few devout people, who were well off, but it was no place for the poor man. Aside from its being an elegant place to go to and hear two sermons on Sunday, he asked candidly what material inducement does it offer to those whom it seeks to convert to its belief? He said that church buildings that cost millions of dollars were open only seven or eight hours out of 168.

We learn from *La Revue Spirite* that the phenomena connected with the haunted house No 123, Boulevard Voltaire, Paris, have engaged the attention of all the more important newspapers in the city; and that one of them, the *Gazette de France*, proposes that the Academy of Sciences should appoint a commission to

investigate the matter. *L'Eclair* has an excellent article on the subject, in which it remarks that the fourth condition of matter is preparing to conquer science; and that in order to assert its position, it must overthrow Bastilles and destroy prejudices: and concludes in these words: "The haunted house is, perhaps, the commencement of the cannonade."—*The Two Worlds*.

Physicians from all parts of Prussian Silesia are going to Mysolvitz to study the case of a miner named Polocyek, who has slept for two months. He is nourished by hypodermic injections. His fists are so tightly clinched that it has been necessary to insert cotton wadding between his fingers and palms to keep the nails from imbedding themselves in the flesh. The physicians believe that, although he is unable to speak, Polocyek is semi-conscious, as when his wife calls him loudly his eyelids twitch as if trying to open. Daily efforts to revive him have proved vain and he has wasted away from a weight of 170 pounds to a weight of 95 pounds.

The word "honeymoon" is traceable to Teutonic origin, says the *Buddhist*. Among the Teutons was a favorite drink, called "metheglin." It was made of mead and honey, and was like that of the European countries. These honeyed drinks were used more especially at marriage festivals which were kept up among the nobility one lunar month; the festive board being well supplied with metheglin. "Honahmoon" signified the moon or moonath of the marriage festival. Alaric, the Goth, celebrated by Southey's poem, died on his wedding night from too free indulgence in the honeyed drink.

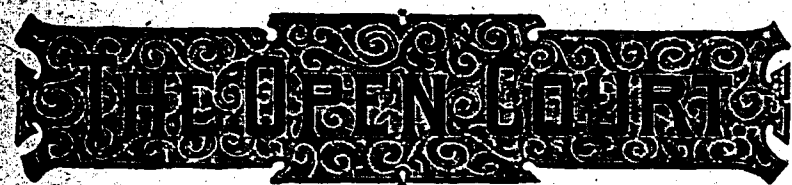
A writer in the *Agnostic Journal* writes in this horribly pessimistic style: "I have fought the world successfully, and could fight it again; yet I assert, taken all round, the race is such a bad lot that, when it is wiped out of existence, as in the natural course of things it certainly shall be, it will be a good riddance of bad rubbish. Man is a failure—i. e., the non-eradicable evil in him by far transcends the good. To repeat former assertions, he has too much of the hyæna and the snake in his composition." This is not the voice of success, of reason or philosophy; it is the expression of a mind soured and abnormal.

Governor John A. Adrew said: Artificial offenses and meddlesome legislation, and that felt to be unjust, are indeed causes of crime of which the philosophical legislator cannot afford to be ignorant. Artificial offenses put a large class of people, and often the least discriminating and instructed, into needless antagonism with the law. Confounding of moral distinctions on the side of the law begets a corresponding confusion in the mind of the citizen.

Some of the sons of famous fathers are demonstrating the falsity of the historic slur on the children of great men. The latest of them to achieve prominence is Francis Darwin, son of the great apostle of evolution. He is becoming famous for his researches in biology, and was recently elected president of the biological section of the big Demographic Congress in London.

Robert Ingersoll is a brilliant relic of the free-thinking that has gone, rather than a forerunner of the free thinking that is to come, says *Unity*. He belongs to Voltaire and his school, rather than to Herbert Spencer, Emerson, and the nineteenth century liberals.

The *Personal Rights Advocate* says: The value of the Puritan element in our country is not to be underrated; still it cannot be denied that Puritanism has always lacked kindness and a genuine sympathy for humanity. Seeing the multitude, it has not, as the great Master did, looked upon it with compassion.



SLATE WRITING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Last week I accompanied the well-known medium from Boston, Mrs. Jennie Potter, to a séance with Mrs. Francis, the slate-writing medium. This was a remarkable séance. In the sitting with Rev. Mr. Savage, I saw the pencil on two or three occasions write the last few letters of the final word. On this occasion I saw it write a number of times the last letters of words, and on several occasions I saw it write the entire concluding word. The first time the writing occurred, and for a number of times afterward in consecutive sequence, the hand of Mrs. Francis which held the slate under the table was grasped by Mrs. Potter; that is, all the earlier part of the sitting, the writing was produced while Mrs. F.'s hand was held by the sitter, the hand being grasped in each case immediately it was placed, with the slate, under the table. Mrs. Potter is a stranger in this city, and I am confident that she had never seen Mrs. Francis, and that Mrs. F. had no idea who she was. The spirit "control" of Mrs. Potter is her sister Alice, as I was aware before the sitting. I also knew that there was a certain matter, still in an uncertainty, connected with Mrs. Potter's visit to California, but I did not and do not know its exact nature.

Early in the séance the name of "Jennie" and then of "Alice" was written on the slate, then a communication from Alice, in which she spoke of being Mrs. P.'s guide, and in another message she alluded to herself as the "control." Her father and mother having signified that they were present, in response to the request that her mother write her name, her correct Christian name was written, and in compliance with a similar request, that of the father was also written. A request being given for their last name, the name of Alice was written, with the initial letter of the family name. The name of Emma, another family name, was likewise written. Mrs. Potter states that all of her people call her Jennie, except Alice, who dislikes that name and always calls her Jane. In a message from Alice on the slate she addressed Mrs. P. as "Jane." While Mrs. P. was trying to get an answer to a mental question, there were eight successive messages written on the slate, every one having reference to the matter connected with her visit to the coast, the nature of which was unknown to Mrs. F. and myself, and concerning which Mrs. P. had made no inquiry, oral or mental. At last, after this matter had been settled, an answer to her mental question was given. She wrote the question on a slip of paper, and gave it to me, to examine after the answer was received. This I did, and found that the answer was in agreement with the question.

Mrs. Potter was delighted with the séance, and declared it the best slate-writing séance she ever attended.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn, the lecturer and writer, has given me some details of a recent sitting he had with Mrs. Francis. The genuineness of the phenomena is beyond question, he says, and this I know positively to be the case. He also received a number of personal tests. Among the messages were these: "Ethel will send to Robert." "I have also hovered about my lamb when he played on the lawn." "Now, father, the guides are using their best efforts to get you into the traces again." "I am with you, Dan." Mr. Dawbarn tells me that all the answers are correct; that I have one child only, a male; that she always called him "Father;" and that in his first sitting, many years ago, the name of "Dan" (his mother's father) was given him, and he has never had that name again till now. Mrs. Francis's hand was in his while the writing was being done.

Mr. Dawbarn has also told me of the experiences of a lady friend, whom he advised to go to Mrs. Francis. The lady's daughter is in the insane asylum.

During the séance the lady's sister announced her presence, and said that the daughter would never recover, and that most likely her death would be caused by her own hand. The sitting was remarkable also from the extent and variety of the personal communications remained mostly unasked for, and the fullness and clearness of the messages. She has had a second sitting, also a wonderful character, so Mr. D. tells me.

One of America's eminent scientists had a sitting with Mrs. Francis not long ago, and was astonished at what he saw. He informs me that before publishing his experience, he wishes to have another sitting, so that he may be certain that his eyes did not deceive him at the first sitting.

OCCULT EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. TASCHER.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT BROUGHT THE NEWS?

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink

Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not;

Yes it may be, that nearer than we think

Are those whom death hath parted from our lot.

Fearfully wondrously, our souls are made—

Let us walk humbly on but undismayed.

—MRS. HEMANS.

"I must warn you," said Miss Vale, smiling, as she returned to the now brilliantly-lighted room and spread a somewhat voluminous manuscript on the table, "that my notes are numerous and lengthy. The most of the experiences are far inferior to those already related by Mrs. Eads and the doctor, but still they all pertain to the subject and are positive facts, witnessed by myself, just as herein related. As this subject is a vast one, will it not be pleasant to devote not only this evening, which I see is rapidly advancing, but those to come, say, throughout this week. For my part, I am eagerly interested to hear the opinions of all on this subject," she added, looking around.

"I think that will be entirely the better way," said Mrs. Eads, quickly glancing at the doctor, and he and the poet echoed, as in one voice, "Entirely the better way. We will listen to Miss Vale's notes, and we will, if possible, add contributions to the entertainment."

Miss Vale, who had been assorting her roll of manuscript, now commenced to read: "Many singular circumstances have come under my observation, both in my own life and that of my friends, in seeking to account for which I have been drawn to think deeply upon the subject of spirit return. While visiting with friends in Boston, they told me some startling occurrences they had seen, and we agreed to thoroughly investigate the subject, noting down whatever we should find and see what facts would result. I began my investigations immediately on my arrival at home, through attendance at spiritual séances held at my neighbor's home near by. I cannot say I was very much pleased or felt instructed by them. It all looked weak and superficial, and yet, occasionally, something would occur that was unaccountable."

The first thing of the kind was the telling of my grandmother's presence, an accurate description of her person as I had long ago heard it from my mother, and, at length, the giving of her name—Mina—by the medium. This I knew could not be the effect of mind reading, as my grandmother died fifty years ago, long before I was born; and the thought of her never entered my mind; besides, I was thinking earnestly of near friends that I had recently seen laid away, and supposing naturally that these would be the friends, if any, the medium would mention, because I really believed that the whole thing was a sort of psychological performance explained on the theory of mesmerism and mind reading; the most of it really humbug practiced deliberately on excited, nervous people, by a shrewd performer, for money. I think so still. But I had promised to look into it, and I continued to attend the meetings occasionally, watching everything carefully.

My two nieces, Leda and Madge, were spending the winter at home, instead of being away at school, as usual; and one evening we were returning from an

entertainment, all walking along together, I talking with a friend, a Mr. Boardman, who had previously expressed most scornful contempt for the spiritual ideas of the set that attended the séances at Mrs. East's, where I had lately been investigating. This gentleman is a man of great culture and refinement, formerly from Boston, and I was greatly surprised this evening to hear him broach the subject himself, saying, in a thoughtful manner—rather shamefacedly withal—that he had attended a séance a night or two before at Mrs. East's, and did not know what to think of some things he saw there. Said he: "Of course, we know positively that Mrs. East has no possible contrivance in her simple, old-fashioned home, or way of living, to produce any of the phenomena exhibited there, even if she were mean enough to do such a thing, which I do not believe. And," he added, "I certainly saw and heard some things there that I cannot account for on any principle of science, reason or imagination."

As we neared our own gate I remarked that I had just received a paper from Boston that contained an account of the conversion of Mr. C— to Spiritualism, together with a letter to Col. I—, written by C—, describing the circumstances of his conversion. Mr. Boardman said he wished very much to see it, and on our invitation stepped in a moment to look at the article. He sat down by the secretary to read it, and remarked that he thought C— was gloriously drunk when he wrote it. We all laughed, and as we were chatting gaily we were surprised to hear raps in various parts of the room. After a few moments of wonder and some nonsense we concluded to sit down and try putting our hands on a table to see what effect that would have. The gas burner with two jets was in full blast directly over our heads, and we turned neither of them off, but sat closely around and put our hands on the top of the desk front, which is a black walnut leaf forming a table about eighteen inches wide sloping slightly toward the outer edge like any writing desk. We laughed a great deal and bantered each other on the absurdity of the general appearance of each, and yet, knowing that three raps meant yes and one no, and that Spiritualists repeated the alphabet and thus spelled out names and sentences, I finally began to repeat the letters, and sure enough names were spelled that I never heard before, and neither of the girls, but Mr. Boardman said he did remember the persons; that he knew them years before, but, said he, in utter amazement: "I haven't thought of them since I was a boy, and that knocks the theory of mind reading, besides I have been thinking all the time that it was either some of you consciously doing this just for fun, or in some sort of unconscious manner producing it, but, of course, you could not hit these names possibly either from my mind or any other way, because you never knew them, and I not since my boyhood, which is twenty-five years ago, and as they were of no sort of importance to me I never think of them."

Wonderingly we went on, and soon the names of two old friends of mine were given. The younger—son of the elder—I knew was dead, but the elder gentleman whose name was spelled I believed to be alive, as it had been but a short time since I had heard from him, then perfectly well, attending to a large business, as usual, but they rapped out that this Mr. M. Gregory had just passed away and they had come to tell me, and that he had just been laid in the cemetery near my old home in Massachusetts. I could not believe it. We all sat back, drawing long breaths and giving vent to unbelief in various expletives, and Mr. Boardman, seeing it was very late, hastened home.

The raps had all ceased, nor could we recall them that night. After talking it over with the girls for several days, but only adding to our perplexity, I went over to Mrs. East's and told them about it.

"There," said Mrs. East, delightedly, "I told you all the time you are a medium and you laughed at me. Now, let us sit right down to this table and see what will come."

The afternoon sun was streaming in at a large window, flooding the room with light, and there were

only two old ladies and myself in the house. We sat down at a small sewing table standing near. In a few moments raps came, and after spelling several names, those of my two friends were again given, and the same story of the death of Mr. M. Gregory repeated. I then went and called Leda to come and see what was going on. She listened a few moments and said: 'I will go right to Mr. Boardman and apologize, for I have thought and said it must be that he made the raps we heard, though I could not account for his knowing the names of auntie's long-ago acquaintances.'

We talked a great deal about the matter and finally the next day I said: 'I can easily find out if there is any truth in this communication. I will write to brother John, who lives in the same city with Mr. Gregory, a near neighbor and very friendly with him.' Accordingly I wrote a long letter, telling John of the occurrence and asking him if there was any trouble with the Gregory family. Madge took the letter and posted it. The following day, on receiving my mail, I opened a paper, remarking that it was from L—, Massachusetts, and John must have sent it. My eye fell upon a marked obituary, and there was an account of the sudden death of Mr. Gregory, his burial taking place the afternoon of the day that the raps informed us of the fact in the evening, when Mr. Boardman was with us. Showing the notice to the girls, I exclaimed: 'What brought the news?'

With this very strange incident to start on, you can readily understand our eager interest and determination to go on with the investigation. We continued sitting at home quite frequently, and raps were succeeded by tips, and a table, or stand, or anything we tried, would respond at once with vigorous movements, following either Leda, Madge or myself all over the room. Loud raps became louder and often resembled blows from a heavy fist or sharp metallic clicks of a hammer upon nails. Hundreds of names were given, some that we knew and many that we had never heard before. Often on inquiry we learned that the names given were correct, and the account they gave of themselves as to age, time of death, locality and connection perfectly true.

At this time my brother—Mr. Vale—was away from home, and we pursued our investigations without molestation or difficulty, not knowing what to think, but studying the manifestations always in full glare of gaslight, or in daytime with the sun streaming in at the windows freely as at any time."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ACTS OF SPIRITS AT NAPLES.

[The following is a translation of an article contributed to the November number of *Revue Spirite*, Paris. ED. JOURNAL.]

It is not only in Paris, but in other localities as well, that the invisibles attract the attention of those who give themselves up to their mischievous tricks. From one extremity of the globe to the other they maintain their malicious exploits. No one is protected from their tricks. They count neither rank nor social position. They recruit their victims in all ranks of society; and the toga of austere majesty is not a safe-guard against their injuries. This is proved abundantly by the following extract from the Italian Journal, *Il Vessillio Spiritista*, which is published at Vercelli in Piedmont. I translate verbatim this important and interesting communication from M. Augustin Bernaba, pharmacist at Naples, a friend of the victims, and M. the Chevalier Ercole Chiaia, a man who is devoted to the progress of science, and whose experiences on the subject of Spiritualism have created marked attention:

The 24th of June last, during the evening, M. Benaglia, a judge of Naples, was taking the fresh-air, with his wife, on the terrace of their house, when suddenly he was assailed by a shower of stones which obliged him to return to their apartments with Madam Benaglia, without having been able to discover who threw the stones or from whence they came.

This dangerous amusement was persisted in during many subsequent days without their being able to know the author, the stones having entered the inte-

rior of the apartment. They picked up one day a large stone weighing a kilogram, which, after entering the house, broke the glass of an interior door. M. Benaglia thought that the author of these unpleasant tricks was some one in the neighborhood who was unknown to him. He put a deposition in the hands of the Chief of Police, to whom he presented the phenomenal stone which weighed a kilogram. The Chief of Police, to discover the guilty and to make the family safe from these stupid tricks, placed a guard on the terrace, which was the principal scene of the occurrences. The guards remained and observed for several days without succeeding in discovering anything, themselves serving as targets to the mysterious *dilettanti*, who amused themselves by throwing these projectiles. The guards, although themselves assailed, were not able to catch the guilty parties, and at last gave up the useless surveillance, of which the only result was that they were able to state that the projectiles consisted of plaster, fragments of brick and stones from the street.

Madam Benaglia had one day occasion to go to the terrace. She had no sooner put her foot there than she was obliged to return rapidly, on account of stones which were thrown at her; and to prevent their penetrating into the apartment, she ordered her domestic, a young girl of 11 or 12 years of age, to shut the blinds. Mme. Benaglia had not taken two steps into her room when she saw a stone fall perpendicular from the ceiling on to her shoulder.

M. Benaglia one day received a visit from his friend, M. Grimaldi, a superior employe of the railroad. While they were talking together in the salon, stones began falling which seemed aimed at their feet without touching them. *Appropos* of this M. Benaglia related to M. Grimaldi the strange phenomena which had been manifested in his house. The little servant was passing at this moment through the salon. Suddenly there fell such a rain of stones that M. Grimaldi hastened to take his departure.

At another time when M. Benagli and his wife were dining together there fell on the table a great quantity of pieces of coal and bone which were wrapped up in letters and pieces of newspaper. That morning Mme. Benaglia had noticed these papers in her room and had made a bundle of them which she had thrown into the kitchen. She recognized in the papers which enveloped the pieces of coal and bone those which she had found in her room. The little servant was wiping the plates and replacing them on the sideboard, when on the sideboard there fell a rain of coal.

In the interior of the ceiling they heard noises similar to those produced by removing or dropping heavy objects. These doings having caused her much fear, Mme. Benaglia resolved to have a light burning near her bed. One night, about 2 o'clock, M. Benaglia and his wife, on waking, saw the light extinguished. M. Benaglia arose from bed and relighted it, when there suddenly appeared on the ceiling, in the direction of the bed, a red, luminous ball. In the centre of a band equally luminous, which extended from one end to the other of the ceiling, appeared another luminous ball, smaller and in front of the first ball, whose rays projected to the walls of the chamber. These two balls and their bands changed from light red to white and reflected the white light and the red light. These lights, alternately red and white, continued for nearly an hour and a half, to the great terror of Mme. Benaglia. M. Benaglia, in relating the strange scene, said to us that he believed he had assisted at a spectacle of Bengal fire and electric sparks. After this terrible night, which had brought so much fright, Mme. Benaglia would not remain in the house and left with her husband for the country. As both husband and wife remarked that nothing abnormal took place when the little servant was out of the house, they decided to discharge her and return to their old home. The little servant, whose name was Filomena Ciaburri, had a little linen which was with the laundress. Mme. Benaglia gave her permission to return the following Saturday, at the time when the laundress was in the habit of bringing back the linen they had sent to the laundry. As this was convenient, the little Filomena did not neglect to come

on Saturday to the house of her old mistress. At the moment she came to receive her linen, Mme. Benaglia said to Filomena to take what belonged to her. In looking over her linen, in accordance with this order, she found it all cut as if with a razor; and Mme. Benaglia, fearing that the same might happen to the rest of the linen, if it passed through hands of the little girl, ordered her to take away the basket which contained it and to return to her own home.

Remarks: Such is the communication of MM. Ercole Chiaia and Augustin Barnaba, which they did not hesitate to sign.

Now, what role did the little servant, Filomena Ciaburri, play in all these acts, which were sufficiently strange and disagreeable? Was it simply a little ruse, a little trick, very delusive, very adroit, with which she amused herself at the expense of her mistress? Or was she an unconscious medium, ignorant of the singular faculty which she possessed? I am inclined to believe that the author of all these things was an invisible who has power to use this psychic force without the person knowing it. Surely, without knowing it, the poor child possessed this psychic force in superabundance; and by this psychic force they (the invisibles) have been able to clothe themselves so as to be invisible and to produce those acts which terrified Mme. Benaglia and astonished her husband. Is it very certain that the little Filomena possessed the psychic force, occult and mischievous, a knowledge of which she perhaps did not have? Or might it not have been Mme. Benaglia herself, entirely ignorant of her occult power, who possessed this psychic force in such excess? She might, without the least suspicion, have furnished to mischievous spirits arms against herself. The fact is not new. One has seen men gifted without their knowledge. Without doubt that immense quantity of vital fluid or psychic force, which, governed by intelligent invisibles, produces strange effects and causes to themselves continual fear.

HORACE PELLETIER.

Counselor of the Arrondissement,
Officer of the Academy.

A CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT.

By J. P. QUINCY.

"What you say about the change perceptible in my letters is probably significant of a deeper change—or rather of a new development—which is working in my life. Hitherto I have been little more than the fashionable rector,—a minister to wealth and worldliness, who, upon being entreated to go a mile with the demon of compromise, has been too ready to make it twain. If I now struggle towards a higher conception of duty, it is owing to the stimulus of familiar intercourse with Professor Hargrave and his wife. I have made you familiar with the career of the former Mrs. Souford,—a brilliant ruler of society, who never diffused a moral temperature above that of the social parade in which she displayed herself. But marriage, which changes most women by elimination and suppression, has lifted this one to a larger self,—a self that was concealed by the trivialities her position was supposed to exact. You know my hatred of exaggerated language, and will believe me sincere when I say that what Madame Récamier might have been had she married a man who was not as the average Frenchman, that Clara Hargrave now is. Her very organism seems to have undergone a change; it is balanced in such exquisite equilibrium as to be sensitive to all that is greatest in the professor. I am awed, yet fascinated, by her stately beauty, her noble grace of demeanor, her exquisite tact. You are guessing that there is something more to tell about this lady? Yes; and I shall reach it by the proper approach.

"Professor Hargrave, while giving the full instruction his department requires, devotes the rest of his time to that work of spiritual investigation which he thinks will be more useful to his generation than his famous achievements in science. To a few friends, among whom I am admitted, he has demonstrated that the fibres of the human brain vibrating to the waves of atmosphere may, under certain conditions, respond to the vibrations of alien brain fibres, and that this transmission and reception of vibratory energy conveys thought between man and man. My language is of doubtful correctness, but it will indicate the thing done. Well, Professor Hargrave has gone on to the collating and weighing of evidence which points to our susceptibility to impressions from super-

human intelligences. He is understood to believe that a way will be found of proving spiritual existences by those positive methods which have brought within our knowledge things quite as intangible as the disembodied soul. As strange as any of the strange things I am writing is the fact that our professor has gained the sympathy of Mr. Ephraim Peckater in his new line of research. Indeed, were the case otherwise, it is doubtful whether he would still hold the chair endowed by the great-grandfather of our notable millionaire.

"Have I yet prepared you for the extraordinary powers which some magic touch has awakened in Clara Hargrave? I fear not. Well, then, let me say bluntly that she has come into that faculty of spiritual discernment which in these latter days enables some sensitives to see—or to believe that they see—the inhabitants of another sphere of existence. 'A flighty hallucination!' you exclaim impatiently. As at present advised, I do not deny it; neither do I admit it. For to admit your characterization I must reckon with facts that it will not fit. First, the allegation of this faculty is by no means confined to those whose nervous organization may reasonably be suspected of instability; it is asserted by persons of sound health, well-balanced minds, and unscrupulous truthfulness. Secondly, circumstances are communicated and personal traits displayed by these shadows which could not have been known to their seers, but which have been verified by tedious processes of investigation. Now I claim no objective reality for these phantoms. Where I am absolutely ignorant, I prefer to make no assertion whatever. I say only that the hallucination theory put forward in the name of science is ludicrously inadequate to cover the facts of the case. Set aside the matter which a hundred periodicals devoted to 'Spiritualism' are laying before the public, there remains a mass of testimony which, though kept sacredly private, has yet been submitted to the scrutiny of a few persons of the highest competency. Some of this I have been permitted to examine, and I can assure you it is not to be disposed of with the convenient 'grin' with which the fops of Pope's time were wont to refute Berkeley.

"There is singular refreshment in the home I have mentioned. I never leave it without feeling that the truth that no man can live to himself alone is the statement of religion which overshadows and includes all its other teachings. We are far more receptive of foreign influences than is commonly realized. It is a dark moment when the soul stands face to face with this portentous fact; it may well paralyze one who has no consciousness of the power to repel allurements which would drag him down. Yet it is something to know the battle-ground upon which the higher life is to be won. Painfully incompetent to achieve the supreme victory, I yet assert the paradox that the more I feel the influence of the Hargraves the more I grow in such self-reliance as becomes a man. In the pulpit I am at times borne to a religion in which individuality is so merged in the general soul that I partake of knowledge which raises my poor speech to a higher power. I despair of making you understand the nature of the susceptibility which I assert; it is as undefinable as an ear for music, as unknowable as the force behind nature is to Mr. Spencer. I know what you are thinking of all this, for I know how your stolid countrymen cling to old conceptions. You are certain that man as he is asserted to be in divers reputable British text-books in no wise differs from man as he is. You don't believe that any impact from without can lift our better knowledge—if ours it be—to the surface! Well, I could show you by abundant instances that your unchangeable type of clerical character has varied greatly in America: I find such an instance in the paper which has just come in. Here is a letter from Dr. Hale, whose story of 'The Man Without a Country' you read aloud to us under the tent on Mount Hermon. He relates an incident in the life of the late Reverend Dr. Bellows, the distinguished head of our sanitary commission during the civil war. As my letter is already too long, I will use Dr. Hale's words, with some abridgment, in repeating the story. Dr. Bellows was to preach before an audience filling one of the largest theatres in the world. When it was time for the sermon he came forward with his manuscript. As he opened the pages a voice he had before heard in the privacy of his chamber said audibly to him: 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.' He did not pause for a moment; he told that vast assembly that an intimation of a sort he was not in the habit of disregarding suggested a text; its precise place in the Psalms he was unable to state. He then proceeded to preach a sermon never planned or in any way arranged. Many persons subsequently testified to the preacher that that sermon had recalled them to faith and worship.

"Well, there are the facts vouched for by an eminent gentleman who you know by reputation as I do in person. What do you make from them? This, at any rate, let us hope: that weaklings in judgment are not the only ones visited by these impulses. Do I

myself understand them? Certainly not,—or only so far as not to mistake for my personal virtue that which goes from me. What matters it whether I, or another, say the inspiring word? My sole concern is that such word be said. Yet I may well shudder in standing upon what my people believe to be a vantage-ground, for there I am open to possibilities of assault that were once unsuspected. I have become receptive of the influence of another attendant at St. Philemon's, from whom at times a dominant pressure seemed to creep up the sides of the pulpit. I was unconscious of it in the old days; now I know it, and know better than to affect to despise it. I recognize it as part of that urgency towards degradation always to be resisted—yet, alas, not always to be overcome—by such powers as are at present developed in man."

There is no need of copying more from a letter which an over-scrupulous editor might regard as too sacred and personal for publication. Doubtless, some future Mr. Froude will gratify the liberal curiosity of society with a light of the whole correspondence. In the mean time it will be well to explain the allusion in the sentences last quoted.

Dr. Fairchild Bense, who occupied the pew opposite that of the Hargraves, was a specialist in those feminine prostrations of which over-excitement and under-work are said to be the exciting causes. A lover of wholesome daylight and of strenuous common sense, he had passed his sixtieth milestone after which a man is apt to make up for his non-receptiveness of new ideas by clinging to the old ones with a tighter grasp. Such admiration as the non-voting attendants of St. Philemon's could spare from their rector was generally given to their doctor. In addition to his kindly manners and tender interest in their symptoms, he had the charm of a man of the world, who had observed and read beyond the narrow confines of a profession. Dr. Bense also enjoyed the repute of a successful author. His excellent little monograph tersely entitled "The Body" had passed through several American editions, and had been republished at Berlin in a German translation. It was declared by admirers to be so conclusive in its reasoning as to render a statement of the conclusion arrived at quite superfluous. This was undoubtedly the writer's own view of the matter, for surely there are reticences which a gentleman with a large female practice will wisely observe. The statements of the doctor's portable volume were well buttressed by quotations from Vogt, Büchner, Haeckel, Maudsley, and other authorities, and set forth that automatic and mechanical view of man's nature to which, in the judgment of the author, modern science was now fully committed. He told how he had made several interesting variations upon Professor Claude Bernard's neat little experiment with the brainless pigeon; and any one with half an eye might see that the deduction that mind was a production of the cerebral cells was the only legitimate outcome therefrom. But then it was unnecessary to put this conclusion into so many positive words,—quite unnecessary. The dear lady patients, whether actual or prospective, would be sure to skip through the book in their hasty novel-reading fashion, without seeing what was in it. And as for that handful of masculine acquaintances who might pause over the pages long enough to absorb the teaching, there was really no reason why they should shock their delicate sisters by revealing just what "Bense on the Body" was designed to set forth. If, indeed, they were worshippers at St. Philemon's, there were special motives for holding their peace. For Dr. Bense, if not exactly a pillar of the church, was an important unit in the congregation. He was ready to serve on all the charitable committees, and took great interest in the music. If he knew that science declared it to be as foolish to posit spirit for thought as for digestion, he also knew that the dream of a post-mortem existence stopped the rush of work and pleasure for one day in seven, and—when not taken too seriously—operated favorably upon that class of disorders which came under his treatment. And so the doctor treated such sacred observances as yet lingered in the world in a very respectful manner, saying that none but fools would destroy what could so easily be utilized. Was not the church the only barrier which had not yet yielded to the avalanche of democracy? Its dogmas and symbolic exercises had a soothing effect upon the nerves of the prosperous, and might be turned into channels of artistic culture for the less favored multitude who struggled into the free seats. Sensible men never neglect the outward observance of the contemporary cultus. It needed no Burke to tell us that there are decent draperies of life which are not to be removed with impunity. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEALTH AND WAGES.

Mr. B. F. Underwood's lecture at Powers' last night was attended by the largest audience which his discourses have yet attracted. The audience was made up of highly intelligent and thoughtful people, and among the number were a large proportion of young

men. This was the last of the series of liberal lectures to be delivered by Mr. Underwood. The lectures have been given entirely at the expense of Mr. D. A. Blodgett, and have afforded both amusement and instruction to a large number of persons. At the close of last night's discourse, the audience manifested its appreciation of Mr. Blodgett's generosity by giving him a rising vote of thanks. Following is a resume of Mr. Underwood's discourse:

Mr. Buckle says there is no passion, except the love of knowledge, that has had such a civilizing influence as the love of money. Money represents the necessities of life, its comforts, its luxuries. Wealth is the stored-up product of labor. "Not by silver and gold," says Adam Smith, "but by labor, was the wealth of the world produced." If wealth is the index of civilization, then this age must indeed be civilized; for never before in the history of the world has there been such a strong desire to accumulate riches.

Since 1860 wealth in England has increased three-fold, in France four-fold, and in the United States six-fold. This has been possible by means of machinery, the use of which in England enables 7,000,000 of men to do more work now in one year, than all the people in the world could accomplish in the same time 100 years ago. The productive power of England is equal to that of one thousand million men. These facts and figures give some idea of what machinery is accomplishing in this commercial age. Does this enormous wealth represent improvements in the modes of living, in the happiness of the millions, or is it chiefly found in the possession of a small portion of humanity? We must at the very outset admit that there has been in some respects great improvement. There are better facilities for education now than ever before in the history of the world. We have free libraries, and everywhere standard works of literature are sold at a nominal price. The daily and weekly newspapers find their way into every community. The houses in which the people live are better than they were in the past. And we have means of transportation such as were never before known, enabling the poor man, as well as the rich, to make journeys in a few hours, that would otherwise take days. All these are indications of man's increased facilities for learning and culture. The necessities of life are cheaper than they were. Meat is higher, and rents have gone up, a result of the increasing population, but, generally speaking, the necessities of life, and the luxuries, too, are cheaper, and therefore more attainable than in former years. There is decline in the death rate, due to the advance in medical and scientific knowledge, and longevity is increasing, showing the general well-being of the people. Wages are higher. Those who aim to make a point that the poor are growing poorer, and the rich are growing richer, without qualification, make a mistake. At the same time it must be admitted that wages have not kept pace with the profits of capital. That is the real point. Wages have not increased in the proportion that man's productive capacity has increased. If you go back to England's "golden age," as Thorold Rogers calls it, you will find that laborers and mechanics who received only four to six pence a day, but their wants were not so numerous, for the state of society was not so complex as now. While wages have gone on increasing in an arithmetical progression, the profits of capital have gone on in a geometrical progression. There is relatively a great disadvantage between capital and labor, owing to the fact that many have grown rapidly rich, while those whom they have employed have grown relatively poor, even though there has been an increase in wages.

There is an industrial competition going on, which is a continuation of that eternal battle for supremacy, that extends back to the time when all mankind were engaged in war, under one pretense or another—hunger, love, wealth, territory or religion. One of the fundamental principles of evolution is struggle. As you come up the scale of civilization, you find the more refined means of struggle. In the labor market the laborer sells his labor, and the price corresponds with the demand and supply. Merchants compete in purchasing from the producer, and selling to the people. Physicians compete with one another in advanced method of treating disease. Teachers compete with one another in the various systems of education. And we find the same principles in all the professions, all the occupations. One trying to produce a more excellent article. One acquiring a superior facility in manufacturing, another studying to overcome some obstacle in the way of a new method.

In this age of specialization of industries, a man

without a trade or profession cannot get a decent living unless he can take advantage of his fellow-man. The tendency is to specialization, to division of labor in all the trades and professions. If you study law, you must be a patent, criminal, divorce, probate, constitutional, real estate, marine, or mining lawyer. I have known mining lawyers in Colorado and California, who would beat a Webster, a Clay or a Choate, in mining cases. A few years ago the shoemaker made a whole shoe. Now he either cuts the leather, or drives the pegs, or puts on the heels, or rounds off the toes, or fastens the buckles, or does the fancy stitching; and as Henry George says, instead of seeing the shoe growing under his eye, a complete product of skillful hand and devising brain, a masterpiece of beauty and utility, his attention and energy are directed to the perfecting of one part only.

You find the physician that treats the eye, another the ear, another the lungs, another the throat and another the teeth. Besides these, there is the microscopist, the student of bacilli, the catarrh specialist, the skillful surgeon; and the special parts are becoming more specialized. All this develops great skill in certain lines, but, at the same time, the tendency is to narrow the man and prevent that breadth of view which comes from a distribution of the mental energies over a larger surface. If I wanted a skillful piece of work done in the way of medicine or surgery or law, I should go to a city specialist; but if I wanted to find a large well-rounded man, intellectually, I would go to the country physician, who has had forty years' experience in dealing with all kinds of ailments, and all classes of people.

Among the panaceas offered is state socialism, vast governmental monopoly, directed by the collective will, with the government in charge of all production and exchange. I do not think that independent men care to merge their individuality into any such scheme as that of collectivism. It is contrary to evolution. The progress has been toward removing governmental restraint and enlarging individuality. In France the wages were determined for the laborer by the government, by the church, instead of by himself. In England, at one time, a man could not take more pay than the government said he was entitled to.

We must consider certain facts. With the invention of the spinning-jenny, in 1760, began a series of inventions which have resulted in changes which Arnold Toynbee has rightly called an industrial revolution. The use of machinery has brought into existence the modern type of laborers—men with no property, only their own hands, who work for the proprietors of the machinery of production. Before this era men worked with tools which they owned, and then tools were relatively more important than capital in the industrial world. Workmen could control the conditions of work. The tool was simply an implement enabling the workman to use his own strength and skill to greater advantage. But a machine is different; it makes servants of the forces without man, and the men who own the mechanism of production control largely the conditions of labor. Competition meant, before the era of machinery, competition between men who owned the means of production. The employer and employed worked together. But with the use of machinery began the separation of the proprietors of the means of production—machinery—and a distinct laboring class. Old adjustments were destroyed; the factory system replaced small and widely diffused industries. For nearly half a century there was social disintegration. There was unregulated competition, in which women and children were sacrificed without mercy. The long series of factory acts mitigated the condition of labor.

It is the duty of government, now, not to stop competition but to protect the people from the encroachments of monopoly and from all interests that are against the public good. Government can and should regulate the plane of competition in accordance with the moral standard of the people. Railroad and telegraph companies can be regulated. Laborers, having lost all control of labor, naturally combine to regain their lost ground. These organizations will be more numerous in the future. Capital must recognize them. The public interests and common ethics demand that differences be settled by arbitration. The power which has grown from the invention of machinery is, as Professor Henry C. Adams has pointed out, a social power, and therefore a grant to the capitalist rather than a right which he can use unregulated by the people.

There can be no permanent political or religious liberty without individual liberty, and this cannot be realized under our present system without adjusting the blame of competition to the moral sense of the nation. No writer has presented this view more ably than has Professor Adams of the University of Michigan.

I do not think that there is any specific, any great cure-all for our industrial and social ills. We are what we are by reason of the generations that have gone before us. A chain is never stronger than its

weakest link. We must strive to develop the health and well-being of every individual. Every question ultimately becomes a moral question, and will finally have to be settled upon an ethical basis. It will have to be settled by thought, for thought rules the world. Improvement is possible, but no sudden transformation, involving change in the constitution of man, is possible.

The perpetuity of republican institutions depends upon the intelligence of the people, and our public schools should be defended against all opposition. But education must be broader, more practical, more useful, including training in the use of hand and eye. As Horace Mann says, the learning of the few is despotism; the learning of the multitude is liberty; and intelligent and principled liberty is fame, wisdom and power. The well educated operative does more work, does it better, earns more money, commands more confidence, rises faster, and to a higher post in his employment, than the uneducated workman can.

With increased intelligence workingmen must see more clearly the advantages of coöperation, and of securing interest in the establishments in which they work. Profit-sharing is a step in that direction, and it has worked well in many of the experiments which have been made in England, in Germany, in France and in this country. The men who work in order to secure a fair share of the products of labor, must have more than the mere wages, which interest and greed combined, are willing to pay them. There are a thousand reforms that deserve our support, but no one of them is going to bring us suddenly the republic of Plato, the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney, or the Kingdom of Heaven of Jesus of Nazareth which stirred the hearts of poor, despairing men nearly twenty centuries ago, on the banks of the Jordan, and along the shores of the Sea of Tiberius. Out of the competition and strife, the conflicting interests, and the discussion and agitation of to-day, will come, let us hope, a great movement which shall secure to the mass of workers a fair share of nature's bounties, and of the products of labor.—*Grand Rapids Eagle.*

CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

The Bystander (Albion W. Tourgee) contributes to the *Chicago Inter Ocean* an article on "Christianity and Civilization," from which the following is taken:

The Bystander is more and more impressed with the belief that we stand on the very threshold of great events. A moral and social revolution not less important than what we term the Reformation, and even more sweeping and universal, all thinkers and observers of the course of events begin to see approaching. That it will be social and political in its results there can be no doubt, that it will be moral in its character is beyond all question.

It is but natural, therefore, that those who discern the signs of the times should turn with anxious inquiry to the church, asking themselves two puzzling questions:

1. What can the church do to affect the character or the results of the impending change?
2. What will the church do to hasten or impede the result?

The answers to these questions will by no means wholly depend upon the relation the inquirer sustains to Christianity as a religious belief. Belief in Christian doctrine is wholly separable from confidence in the Christian cult, so far as the collective relations of man to humanity are concerned.

For instance, the Bystander is a firm believer in Christian dogma, and a most enthusiastic lover of Christian philosophy. He sees, as all the world must see, that during the next fifty or a hundred years Africa will be seized and occupied by Christian nations and professedly civilized peoples. In order to satisfy their lust of power and greed of gain, probably 50,000,000 of its native inhabitants will be destroyed by assassination, by war, by intemperance, and by the diseases which civilization always spreads among its victims. We shudder when we read that 15,000,000 Indians were slain in the process of planting civilization and Christianity on this continent, and are shocked when we try to realize the destruction which opium and the sword have wrought in British India in order to satisfy English pride and minister to English greed. But neither of these cataclysms of blood and lust is to be compared in enormity and horror with that which impends over Africa.

One of the chief characteristics of civilization is

that it multiplies with unaccountable rapidity the means of collective extermination. Seventy years ago the native Christians of the Sandwich Islands were half a million; to-day, less than one-tenth of that number are alive. When the teeming millions of Africa shall be exposed to the influences of civilization, who can picture the result? The settlements at the Cape may be taken as an indication, and it is beyond question that the march of civilization toward the heart of the continent, has left perhaps the bloodiest "spoor" that ever marked the track of man.

The Bystander fully realizes that the Christian church, theoretically, does not approve of the killing even of colored barbarians. It recognizes the fact, in a vague way, that they have a sort of abstract right to life; but it is not a right which can in any manner be allowed to interfere with the enterprise and aspiration or even the lust and impulse to destroy, of the civilized believer. It is not counted altogether the proper thing to kill them; but if they will get in the way of those who want the land and its products, or will not submit to the lash and ravishment and starvation, why of course they cannot expect to live.

Theoretically, Christianity is of the most ethical quality. The philosophy of Olivet places justice to man away above personal salvation. One would hardly guess from its founder's words that its sole purpose was to enable a part of the human family to enjoy the delights of heaven. On the contrary, one would suppose from the words of the Master that he was much more concerned about men and women being fit for heaven than about their getting there—and that his only test of fitness was the fact that they did justice to their fellows. But with his followers—the Christian cult which is the visible, earthly form of Christianity—salvation has so greatly overshadowed justice that we hear it proclaimed as the sole purpose for which the church exists and the Christ whose heart went out to the cure of man's infirmities by appeal to human justice and reason and the selfishness of human welfare, is made the excuse for crimes unparalleled in the world's history.

For with all its perfection of theory there can be no doubt that, in addition to the blood shed as a cure for unbelief, Christianity has "stood by consenting" while, to satisfy the raging lust of greed, more people have been destroyed than by all the other religions of the world.

It is a hard thing to say, especially for one who believes the essential core of truth and the very kernel of liberty and justice are found in the words of its founder. But truth is truth, and it does not besseem one who sees it to hide it from another.

The Bystander realizes that the Christian cult—the believers in Christianity—could very easily prevent the destruction that impends over Africa. Civilization obeys implicitly the will of Christianity. Whatever the Christian world declares to be sinful and unworthy, civilization will not do. But the Bystander knows, just as every one else knows, that Christianity will not prevent the slaughter which impends. It will talk about civilization, inevitable destiny, the survival of the fittest, and will no doubt erect magnificent churches, while the soil is yet wet with the blood of those whose lives it would not save because its favored followers wanted gold, which could only be gathered fast enough by slaughtering the weak "cumberers of the ground." Ethiopia will no doubt "stretch out her arms to God"—has been doing so, indeed, for ages—but God's people will look the other way until Mammon has sated his lust and the weak arms have grown too few to make any trouble in the world, and then most strenuous efforts will be made to save those who are left "before they die."

If one is forced to doubt whether Christianity will seriously attempt to prevent such unprecedented crime as we may expect to see perpetrated in Africa, is it strange that there should be two opinions as to the attitude of the church toward the evils which afflict our civilization and are crowding themselves upon the world's attention with such power that they can no longer be shut out from an enlightened consciousness?

As was said at the outset, irrespective of religious faith, there are two views of the church's relation to present conditions. One is hopeful. The man who entertains it says to himself, "the church is right; she represents the best tendency of human thought as well as a more or less correct view of the divine purpose. She only needs to be awakened, convinced, stirred up, in order to become at once the inspiring cause and conserving force of the changes which must come."

Is he right?

The other looks at Christian philosophy; finds justice and kindness (the words we have weakly translated "righteousness" and "charity") to be its central thought, and then looks at Christian civilization and sees that its strongest impulse is to crush out the weak in order that the strong may amass and control more readily and abundantly, and his heart grows hot as he sees the gulf between rich and poor growing wider and wider and the name of Christ made an excuse for

thrusting men into temptation. He feels that want and injustice are the chiefest whips by which souls are driven to perdition; wonders that the church does not see it, and even as a means of salvation merely pursue the betterment of human conditions. He says, and not altogether without reason:

"The church has had its eyes fixed on heaven so long that it has forgotten that its work is of the earth only. It cannot save; at the best it can only fit for salvation. It is charged with the mission of justice to man—God reserves mercy for himself—but it has become so wedded to the past that it is blind to the future. So the church has become an obstacle to truth and a hindrance to human justice and betterment!"

The unbeliever says this with anger, resenting, and very properly, too, the discrepancy between Christian theory and Christian practice. The believer says it regretfully, realizing the truth which comes at some time to all students of humanity, that the man of the best intentions is often a worse force to deal with than one of the very worst motives. He feels that the church is so sure that it cannot be wrong that it is almost a hopeless task to try and set it right for the great battle of Armageddon, which is presently to be fought.



IN GOD'S GARDEN.

"Mother, sweet Daisy is dead, they say,
What do they mean by the 'baby's clay'?"
Why is she lying so still to-day?"

"Darling, how can I make you know?
She, with her dear face white as the snow,
Only has gone from the life below.

"Don't you remember the beetle bright,
Round on the tree-trunk one summer's night,
Looking as if it were poised for flight?"

"But it was only the shape, within
All was empty, the shrivelled skin,
Shone in dull gold through its scales so thin.

"There were the eyes, but they had no sight;
The wings, but useless for air or flight;
Do you know what I told you that summer's night?"

"Out of such bodies beautiful things
Fly, in the azure, with silver wings,
Far as the lark when he soars and sings.

"So with Daisy, the soul has fled,
We call the dear little body dead,
And leave it alone in its mossy bed.

"But we shall meet sweet Daisy again,
Where there is nevermore parting nor pain,
And God and his holy angels reign.

"There, in a garden most fair to see,
The sweetest of flowers, to you and to me,
God's little Daisy, and ours, will be."

—ALICE ROBBINS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton tells this story of herself: When a child, 10 years old, I used to be hours every day in my father's office, listening to the complaints of women. I would ask the students why they suffered such injustice as I heard them relate from time to time. They would get down the great volumes of authorities and show me the laws that made husbands the owners of their wives, their property, wages and children. Amused with my indignation, every aggravating law they found in the course of their reading, they used to mark ready for me to read, when I appeared, to which they would add the most exasperating comments, until I hated the sight of my father's law library. I remember going into the office one Christmas morning to show the students my presents, among other things a coral necklace and bracelets. They admired them very much, but one said, "If you were my wife these jewels would be mine, and you could never wear them but when I gave you permission. I could sell them or give them away. Everything you have would belong to me." Whereupon he again pointed out the various laws that made mothers, wives and daughters practically bond slaves. This was at the time when the old common law of England still prevailed in the United States. One Saturday afternoon I was stirred to such

a pitch of indignation that I said, "Well, I shall soon end all of this injustice. Tomorrow when you are all in church, I shall come in here and out every one of these abominable laws out of those books. They are all marked and I know just where to find them." Supposing my father was the beginning and end of the law, I thought the destruction of his books would secure women's complete emancipation. Hearing of my proposed mutilation of his library, my father explained to me that night that it would make no difference in the laws of New York if his whole library should burn up, as there were innumerable lawyers with libraries all over the state. He said "The only way you can effectually destroy these laws, is to go down to the legislature at Albany, and ask for a hearing, then describe all the unhappiness you have seen here among women—show the members and senators the injustice and oppression such laws produce, then they will pass new statutes and make these old ones a dead letter." Twenty years after that we sat in the same office in consultation over my first speech before the legislature, and then the cutting-out was really commenced. Ernestine Rose, Paulina Wright Davis and Susan B. Anthony, scissors in hand, helped to organize the clipping brigade, which has since done good service in half the states of the Union.

There has been of late more or less discussion on the way in which a married lady should write her name, says the *New York Ledger*. Just what will come of it remains to be seen. There is, however, a very strong tide setting in in favor of the use of the maiden name in connection with that of the name of her husband. There are many reasons why this is convenient and therefore wise. When a lady makes her appearance in society where she is a comparative stranger, one of the first questions asked is: "Who was she before she was married?" If she were introduced by the two names, the query becomes unnecessary. Her identity is at once established and all discussion is avoided. It is said there are many men who would object to this sort of thing; but such objection seems scarcely well taken. A man who desires to merge a woman's entire individuality in the marriage relation is usually the sort of man for whose opinion the world should care very little. The absorption idea is very far out of date among intelligent people, and the fact that a woman had an independent existence before she became a wife is now quite universally accepted. The new arrangement would avoid confusion, save a great deal of talk, and fix a woman's identity at the announcement of her name. One might read pages about Mrs. McKee and not know, unless it were specifically stated, whether she were the daughter of the president of the United States or that of any private citizen, but if presented as "Mrs. Harrison McKee," the inference would at once be drawn that she was the daughter of the chief executive. It seems necessary, in view of the prominent position which women are taking in the work, that something of this sort be done. Especially is this desirable when a woman before marriage has won for herself some distinction, and is thereby entitled to a certain amount of consideration. There is probably no easier solution of this question, and certainly no way seems to present itself that is open to so few objections.

In the discussion of the church and her agencies in the recent Methodist Ecumenical Council at Washington, there appeared a very considerable weight of opinion, among the English delegates particularly, in favor of women's doing everything in the church they were capable of doing, including preaching. For once even the smart Dr. Buckley was sat upon with some emphasis. Rev. Dr. Walters, secretary of the London missions of the Wesleyans, speaking of sisterhoods, said it would have been far more fitting had a sister stood there to present her own cause, and he hoped that in the next council that would be the case. Then he described the work of "the sisters of the people" in White-chapel; Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, said Mr. Walters, was an extraordinary man, but he had an extraordinary wife. J. H. Little, of London, spoke in behalf of the importance of women's work, regretted that none sat in the council as a delegate, and mentioned Frances Willard, who was elected to sit therein, as one honored on both sides the Atlantic. Mr. Atkinson, a London member of Parliament, declared that women were more intelligent than men in their judgment of social questions;

his own wife and her sisters had been forty years leaders, and he would rather be led by them than by the president of the council himself. Rev. Thomas Hunt, of the Primitive Methodists, from Manchester, Eng., declared that as women constituted the majority of the church attendance, they should assume their part of the work; and if a woman had the necessary qualifications, why should she not preach? If God had ordained a woman, why should not the church recognize his ordination?

The Woman's club of Chicago estimates that there are nearly ten thousand children in this great city that are unable to attend school because of insufficient clothing. Last year the Woman's Club committee fitted out 725 waifs with new shoes and the county board furnished a contribution which temporarily provided shoes and clothes for others. This year the Woman's club is taking practical steps to provide suitable garments for a larger number than it was able to aid last year. While the estimate of ill-clad school children, as given above, is probably too high, it is certain that there are thousands of them. The causes of such poverty are not of immediate importance. The shiftlessness of parents should not be allowed to prevent any child of school age from taking advantage of the compulsory law which guarantees him or her a certain amount of school education. The Woman's club deserves praise for its efforts in behalf of needy children. Let charitable citizens endorse their labors in a practical way.

Miss Margaret Brint of Maryland, who conducted a case for Lord Baltimore in 1848, may be considered the pioneer of American women lawyers. In 1869 Miss Arabella Mansfield, of Iowa, began a law practice and made some money. Miss Phoebe Cousins was the first woman admitted to the Washington University in St. Louis, and in 1870 she began to practice with her father. In 1874 Mrs. Ellen Foster became known as the second Iowa woman in the profession. Her office adjoined the one occupied by her husband, but later they became partners under the firm name of Foster & Foster. Myra Bradwell, of Chicago, came to the front in 1871, with her husband badly crippled by the great fire of that year. Mrs. Belva Lockwood had a bill passed by the United States Senate in 1873, and now there are twenty-one law firms composed of husbands and wives and about 200 American women who teach, practice or manage legal publications.

Brown University has, after long discussion and deliberation, gone over to the majority and opened its examinations to the woman student. The victory is modified, however, by the usual restrictions. The instructors of the university may give to women the same class instruction the men receive and the women may pass better examinations than the men, but the work receives no official sanction and, instead of a Brown University diploma, the woman must content herself with a "certificate of proficiency," which she is assured is precisely the same thing as the diploma. But the problem still remains one of the most puzzling of the day why the universities grant so grudgingly and incompletely to young women what they so gladly give to young men. There are forty-three young women of Rhode Island in the colleges of the country and 100 in different schools preparing for college.

In private life Jane has ever been a good, wholesome name but in court circles it has a rather bad record. For instance, Lady Jane Gray was beheaded for treason; Jane Seymour was one of the victims of King Hal; Jane Beaufort, wife of James I. of Scotland, was savagely murdered; Jeanne de Valois, wife of Louis XII., was repudiated for her want of personal beauty; Jeanne d'Albert, mother of Henry IV., was poisoned by Catherine de Medici; Jane of Castille lost her reason through the neglect of her husband, Philip, the Handsome, Archduke of Austria; Jane I. of Naples caused her husband to be murdered and married his assassin, and Jane II. of Naples was one of the most wanton of women.

This word of encouragement is offered by some kind hearted woman to girls who lament their bright locks: "The Catherine who made Russia great had red hair; so had Maria Theresa, who saved Austria and made it the empire that it is; so had

Anne of Austria, who ruled France for so long; so had Elizabeth of England and Catherine Borgia, as well as Marie Antoinette, whose blond tresses had in them a glint of gold." Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, might be added to the list.

Since the death of her husband, several years ago, Mrs. Francis Woodring has held the office of superintendent of a coal mine at Ashland, Pa. She employs 180 men and is liked by all of them. At an early hour in the morning she appears at the head of the shaft, and she remains there until the men have all gone to work. She keeps a close supervision over the propping of the mine and the air supply, and is actively benevolent to the wives and families of the miners. Not a single accident has occurred in the mine since she has assumed charge of it.

A TEXAS CATECHISM.

Galveston Tribune: Of what is the surface of the earth composed?

Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, baseball grounds, cricket fields and skating rinks.

What portion of the globe is water?

About three-fourths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it.

What is a town?

A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who "run the party" and lend money on 15 per cent. interest.

What is a city?

A city is an incorporated town, with a Mayor, who believes that the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a cross-walk.

What is commerce?

Borrowing \$5 for a day or two and dodging the lender for a year or two.

Name the different races.

Horse race, boat race, bicycle race and racing around to find a man to indorse your note.

Into how many classes is mankind divided?

Six—Being enlightened, civilized, half civilized, savage, too utter, not worth a cent and Indian agents.

What nations are called enlightened?

Those which have the most wars and the worst laws and produce the most criminals.

How many motions has the earth?

That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home.

What is the earth's axis?

The lines passing between New York and San Francisco.

What causes day and night?

Day is caused by the night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street car and going home to supper.

What is a map?

A map is a drawing to show the jury where Smith stood when Jones gave him one under the eye.

What is a mariner's compass?

A jug holding four gallons.

In a review of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" in the *Pioneer*, Lowell used language which for its frankness will interest readers to-day. In his after-life Lowell never expressed any change of opinion on Macaulay's merits, and probably he saw no reason to modify his opinion of 1843.

Thomas Babington Macaulay is the best magazine writer of the day. Without being a learned man, he had a vast fund of information always at command, the accumulation of a quick eye and a retentive memory. Always brilliant, but never profound; witty, but not humorous; full of sparkling antithesis, polished, keen, graceful, he has more talent than any prose writer living. He is a kind of prose Pope, in whom we can find no great ideas, no true philosophy, but plenty of philosophizing; who never writes above his reader's easy comprehension, and whose sentences we always acknowledge as lucky, rather than admire as new or beautiful. He has thoughts enough but no thought. His analyses of character are like a professor's demonstrations in the dissecting-room; we see all the outward mechanism by which the spirit made itself visible and felt, but, after all, only a dead body lies before us. He galvanizes his subjects till they twitch with a seeming life, but he has not the power of calling back the spirit and making it give answers from the deep. In short, he is not a genius.—From *Edwin D. Mead's Lowell's Pioneer*, in *New England Magazine* for October.



SLATE WRITING.

TO THE EDITOR: The long and interesting letter from Mr. Coleman on this subject calls for a few words from me. I had no intention of criticising Mr. Coleman in my former letter except so far as the inference which I made, that he regarded the phenomena observed during the seances at which Mr. Savage was present as due to the agency of disembodied spirits, may be considered a criticism. I am glad to learn that I was in error, but I do not regret having made the mistake, seeing that it has called forth so very suggestive a communication, which I trust Mr. Coleman will supplement by an account of his further experiences. The general subject of his letter I do not now propose to discuss, beyond saying that I regard "spirit," in its present use, as a phrase expressive of certain conditions about which we really know nothing, whatever may be our belief, beyond the fact that they are associated in some way with the human organism, and apparently with that portion of it especially which is intended by the expression "sub-consciousness." I may add that, in abnormal cases, this sub-conscious existence appears to have an independent personality, which may or may not, according to attendant circumstances, be mentally superior or inferior to the super-consciousness with which it is associated.

The reference in my letter to Mr. Coleman's "faith" did not, and was not intended to, imply on his part either want of care in investigation or want of caution in drawing conclusions. It meant only that his frame of mind being one of general belief in the agency of spirits in the phenomena of "Spiritualism," and not one of doubt, was more favorable to the production of the phenomena in question, whatever their source, than would otherwise have been the case, and I am still of this opinion. How far such a state of mind may unintentionally and unknowingly affect the judgment is open to discussion.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

CANINE MEDIUMSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR: Whether Mrs. Emma Miner vouches for the substantial truth of her story, "The Old Brick Hearth," printed in THE JOURNAL of November 14th, as she did for the incidents of a previous one, or not; there is a basis of spiritual probability which she has discerned and built upon. Admitting the reality of mediumship, and of what are termed spiritual phenomena in general, the dog is a good subject, by intelligent impressibility and sympathy which render him often the reflector of his master's or mistress' character. Besides this, let us consider how nearly the discernment of persons or other animals by scent, approaches to psychometry. It is by a transcendent scent, that psychometry traces the impression of events, etc., of persons and their acts, upon the walls and furniture of a room or local sphere, and read thus chapters of history.

Another transcendent sense, not peculiar to dogs, but most frequently noted in them, instances of which abound in the records of natural history, is what we may call the geographical, as it bears such a relation to positions or situations of places; as does spontaneous arithmetic, or the transcendent sense of numbers peculiar to a few persons, toward our ordinary calculations with pen or pencil. It has been proved by numberless experiments with pigeons and swallows, as well as by a number with dogs, cats, pigs and even the otter, that the sense of places and direction is independent of sight and memory. The animals have been carried away from home great distances in boxes. The otter got back home from out at sea, even after its eyes had been put out. If the earth is alive and only a larger sort of animal than "weans," then this sense of places may be a co-planetary sympathy through the invisible but real magnetic currents in that sphere of the planetary organism which corresponds to our own nervous system.

Our nervous system of animal life, as technically distinguished from that of our organic life, is actively concerned in human sense of places and directions, but as this is more developed usually in brutal savages than in the brightest minded men, it seems probable that the consciousness

of the animal life in us is doubled by the synchronous senses of the organic. Human superiority over the brute is confined to the former.

Hearing, scent, taste and touch do not conceivably add anything to sight in solving the problem of places and directions; therefore the otter, with its eyes put out, was reduced to the resources of organic life alone.

Inferably the tie between us the individuated, and our collective earth-mother, is one not of eye to eye, but of heart to heart—the heart being the leading figure or representative of the great viscera.

These are the thoughts I found, latent but potential, in Emma Miner's dog story. M. E. LAZARUS.

MRS. MAYNARD'S BOOK TRUE BEYOND DOUBT.

TO THE EDITOR: I observe in your last issue my note to you relative to Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard's book "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist." The article says she mentioned the facts to me two years since. It should have read twenty years since. Of course most of those who were present at those seances have passed away. Among my acquaintances here is a gentleman who was a mere youth when those things occurred. He states that his uncle was present when those seances took place and he heard him at that time relate the occurrences to his father over and over again. Those men have both passed away since then. I had no idea that you would publish my note to you, or I would have written it differently.

Knowing her as I do, I have not the slightest shadow of doubt of the truth of her statement.

Yours truly,

FREDERICK FICKEY.

Baltimore, Ind., Nov. 21, 1891.

REFLECTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR: How many things there are in nature's productions that suggest thought. Our flats here subject to annual overflow are very productive. When the Ohio calls in her waters as is her custom every springtime, she allows them to leave a rich installment of earth which is for corn the very food it loves to feed on. We find stalks ten feet in height and upon some of them one, two and three mammoth ears; from a single kernel within a few weeks' time has sprung this wonderful creation; an ear with sixty kernels on a row, and fourteen rows on the ear, 840 kernels. Within each ear we have the lesson of life, and in every cornfield we can read a volume. We find a stalk here and there it is true without an ear upon it; in seeming but just a cumberer of the ground. How nearly does it symbolize humanity—what was it within that kernel of corn waiting nature's requirements to make it thus? That germ of life slumbering within the kernel ready to reproduce or feed the hungry. Nature is at work for her children and in so many ways. She brings into being a multitude. The glorious Ohio no doubt overflowed her banks long before the white man knew anything about it. The rich earth was in waiting and those great ears of corn are witnessing the progress of the ages. Chicago is a great city. What was it a century ago? Our country is the refuge of liberty-seeking humanity. All soul life is carried forward from the germ, and nature is ever aiding and correcting; every violation is followed with a penalty. Time and eternity are blending and unite for the accomplishment of infinite purpose. Let no one despair. PETER THOMPSON.

CEREDO, W. VA.

SLATE-WRITING.

TO THE EDITOR: There seems to be several theories with regard to the phenomena of slate-writing thought by Spiritualists to be the most conclusive proof of spirit communion. Most materialists claim that nothing of this kind takes place except by trickery and fraud. When pressed they will generally admit that they have never had a sitting with a good medium, but claim that the writing cannot take place as a psychical phenomenon because it is contrary to such laws of nature as they are acquainted with, assuming that there are no laws but what they fully understand.

In THE JOURNAL of October 31st C. Staniland Wake claims the phenomena are produced by the double or the sub-consciousness, whatever that is, of the sitter. But he acknowledges that he has had no experience in slate-writing. He has then

illogically drawn his conclusions before getting his premises. He says the double has been repeatedly seen and is of a physical nature. How he knows these appearances are not the semi-materialized spirits he does not inform us.

Some fifteen years ago I made a thorough study of slate-writing. From that time I have had several sittings with Mrs. Francis. No time is lost, as the writing commences as soon as we sit at the table; when one slate is full, I copy it and proceed till my hour has expired. These copies are in my desk. Questions written on slip of paper and rolled up like a cigarette were intelligently answered; also mental questions. I turned the top of the table over to see if there was a point on which the slate could be moved, but could not find none, nor could I see the slightest motion to her wrist; I am satisfied she is an honest medium, but others are more convincing to a skeptic owing to their method. All of my writings are signed by some of my spirit relatives, or Swedenborg. Some six years ago in San Francisco, Mrs. C. M. Reid, was an excellent medium for these writings. I have cleaned a pair of slates, held them together in my two hands with a bit of pencil between, sitting one side of a pine table, while she sat on the other and conversing on subjects in no way related to the writing. I could hear this writing distinctly. When one slate was filled I would copy it and sponge the slate off; when the writing would proceed on a subject, commencing where it was left on the other slate. Mrs. Reid acquired a medical education and is now practicing medicine.

In order to make a crucial test of these writings through Fred Evans, I purchased two slates at a stationers, and cut one initial of my name on each frame. I took these to Mr. Evans, who sat in broad daylight; he received them never leaving his seat, tied them together with a cord which he sealed with wax in five places, and handed them back to me. I held them firmly between the thumb and forefinger of both hands, he occasionally touching them with the tips of one hand. The writing commenced at once, and the slate was soon filled with four messages from my spirit-mother, brothers, and one signed Swedenborg. There is much in these writings to indicate to us the identity of the spirits whose names are signed, which would not be evidence to others. The writing obtained through these three mediums was similar in matter and form, and also signatures. As they lived in different parts of the city and were rivals in business, the theory of collusion is not to be entertained. Now to suppose that the double, or sub-consciousness writes these messages involves the absurdity that said sub-consciousness is systematically planning to humbug and deceive the every day consciousness. In signing these messages they often say this from your brother, or mother. That thought-transference occurs I admit, but it does nothing to explain these writings. JOHN ALLYN.

ST. HELENA, CALIFORNIA.

A SUGGESTED CREED.

TO THE EDITOR: As there is considerable talk and stir just now to "organize" Spiritualists into some sort of an organization; and as there have been several suggestions as to a "Creed" or some central truths around which to rally, I suggest the following as a covering, what many both in and out of the Spiritualists' ranks, can accept:

I believe in one Supreme Inscrutable Power, known only through its manifestations; in the continuity of personal existence beyond the grave, and in the brotherhood of man, the ethical law of whose life concentered in the customs of society and in the State. TRUTH.

CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR: Mr. Coleman affirms that Paul was personally acquainted with the twelve apostles. Paul himself says that three years after his conversion he "went up to Jerusalem to see Peter and abode with him fifteen days," and then adds: "But other apostles saw I none save James, the Lord's brother."

CRITIC.

Mr. Coleman will probably reply to the above in his own way, but the remark may here be made that the language quoted from Paul refers to his first visit to Jerusalem. He made another visit years later. See Acts, chap. 15 and Galatians, chap 11.—Ed.

CONJUGAL COMMANDMENTS.

FOR THE HUSBAND.

First.—I am the source of many an unhappy marriage, says the Mighty Dollar, therefore shalt thou make mutually satisfactory arrangements with thy wife concerning her pecuniary allowance immediately upon entering the matrimonial ranks.

Second.—Thou shalt not make thy wife's duties burdensome by comparing her cooking and household management to thy mother's, for every true wife doeth the best that she possibly can.

Third.—Thou shalt not take thy wife to account for shortcomings, but overlook slight failings and bear patiently with faults, as thou wouldst that the Lord thy God did unto thine own weakness.

Fourth.—Remember that thy wife is assisting thee very materially (financially) by being maid of all work, housekeeper, seamstress, nurse and cook. Six days shalt thou overlook unavoidable delays and mishaps (which annoy the good wife as much as they do thee), and every seventh day thou shalt allow her to rest from arduous household duties and enjoy thy cheerful companionship.

Fifth.—Honor thy wife with thy implicit confidence in all things, that she may counsel and advise thee, and lend her assistance over hard places in time of trouble.

Sixth.—Thou shalt not kill thy wife's respect for thee by doing those things which would grieve thee if done by her.

Seventh.—Thou shalt not commit the great error of being ashamed to apologize to thy wife and thou shalt do unto her as thou wouldst that she should do unto thee.

Eighth.—Thou shalt not steal happy moments from thy wife by parting from her in anger, but "forgive and forget" and avoid the quarrels which are the greatest destroyers of matrimonial bliss.

Ninth.—Thou shalt not bear ill will against thy wife without just cause, but shalt at all times permit her to defend herself.

Tenth.—Thou shalt not covet the pleasures of the club nor any other entertainment where thy wife must be excluded.

FOR THE WIFE.

First.—I am a great barrier to perfect matrimonial harmony, says Quick Temper. Thou shalt, therefore, either make every effort to get me thoroughly under control or be sure that my husband doth not possess the same unfortunate trait.

Second.—Thou shalt not take unto thee any evil imaginings concerning thy husband (being jealous and suspicious), for thou never canst be truly happy without placing implicit confidence and trust in him.

Third.—Thou shalt not take for granted that matrimony is the chief end of woman's existence and thou requirest no further knowledge and cultivation, but rather keep thyself thoroughly posted upon all interesting topics and endeavor in every way to retain thy husband's admiration and respect.

Fourth.—Remember it is the wife's first duty to please her husband. Six days shalt thou labor as a good cook, a tidy housewife and a cheerful companion, to satisfy thy husband, and every seventh day thou shalt strive to make the happiest in his existence.

Fifth.—Honor thy husband and spend not thy days in brooding over his faults, but count up his good qualities and see what a blessing he will become to thee and what a happy and contented wife thou shalt be.

Sixth.—Thou shalt not kill his affections by being unsympathizing in his troubles or expecting too much love-making.

Seventh.—Thou shalt not commit the error of restricting thy husband in his own home. Let him do as he pleases and do thou thy utmost to make home the most charming spot on earth to him, where he will forget business cares and worldly troubles and where he will find comfort, peace and genuine happiness.

Eighth.—Thou shalt not steal from thy husband his respect for thee by becoming less attentive to dress and manners than during courtship.

Ninth.—Thou shalt not bear tales to others concerning thy husband's actions and family affairs nor unveil his shortcomings to a third person.

Tenth.—Thou shalt not covet luxuries which may bring thy husband to financial difficulties or perhaps ruin; nor social pleasures which thy husband does not enjoy.—Westminster Review.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

How Salvador Won, and Other Recitations. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. New York. 1891. Edgar S. Werner. pp. 160. Cloth, 50 cents.

One of the peculiarities of Mrs. Wilcox's poems is their suitability for recitations. Nearly every one of her poems is intense with human interest, but in this book only those of the most dramatic tone have been admitted. A number of recitative poems were written by Mrs. Wilcox expressly for this volume. The leading one, from which the book takes its name, is powerful in action and strangely thrilling in every line, albeit only the record of a horse-race. The prose-poem "Dick's Family," at the close of the book, is as pathetically beautiful as anything from the hand of Dickens.

Happiness From Thoughts and Other Sermons. By James Vila Blake. Chicago: 1891. Charles H. Kerr & Company. pp. 291. Cloth, price \$1.00.

These recent sermons of Mr. Blake are uniform in binding and size with those published earlier in other volumes. They are full of that charitable spirit, breadth of culture, and high moral tone which mark all that the author gives to the public. There are thirteen sermons in all, on such topics as "Peace," "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion," "Forgiveness," "The Undertone of Life," "Losses," "The Natural Man," "Burden Bearing," and other like subjects of vital interest to humanity.

The Sixth Sense, or Electricity. A Story for the Masses. By Mary E. Buell. Boston: Colby & Rich. 1891. Pr. 521.

This story opens as follows: "The 'sixth sense' Aunt Dorothy! what is that, pray? I thought there were but five."

"It is sometimes called Intuition. If you do not know what this means I will explain."

"It means finding out things in some underhanded way, does it not?" ventured Tracy.

Dorothy smiled as she replied: "It seems to me to mean quite the contrary. At any rate I always feel considerably elevated when I discover facts by the aid of my sixth sense. However, you mean the same I imagine."

"O, sure; how stupid! But what definition would you give, auntie?"

"According to my logic," replied his Aunt Dorothy, still smiling happily, "the explanation is the ascertaining of anything in an occult or hidden way, which has not yet been explained by scientists. We neither see, smell, taste nor feel the fact, as we ordinarily do things, but we know it just the same. Now, I knew that our Aunt Mary was coming before we received her letter announcing her determination. I told your mother so."

Elsewhere Dorothy says, "this hidden or subtle force, which we call the sixth sense, or electricity, is weak or strong as the student has progressed in this philosophy." Jesus, she says, is the only scholar who ever graduated from this school. In the story there is some philosophy, some religion, considerable love, with all the elements necessary to make a novel entertaining. The last sentence of the work is the following: "So her husband kissed her and betook himself to his office without more ado." A very sensible act and a very sensible way to conclude a story. "The Sixth Sense, or Electricity," is a well written and attractive novel.

The Heirs of Bradley House. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891. pp. 431. Cloth, price \$1.50. Chicago: A. C. McCurg & Co.

Although this is the author's twentieth novel, yet it is evident that as yet her hand has not lost its cunning, nor her brain its fertility, or richness of imagination. A large fortune whose heirs have to be advertised for, has to be divided among four families of claimants. A forged will and love affairs between some of the male and female heirs, give the necessary complications which bring out the different characters of the heroes and heroines, all in varying degrees charming.

Extraordinary Experiences of Little Captain Doppelpop. on the Shores of Bubbleland. By Ingersoll Lockwood. Fully illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891. Pp. 287. Price, \$2.00.

This is a very funny book. The au-

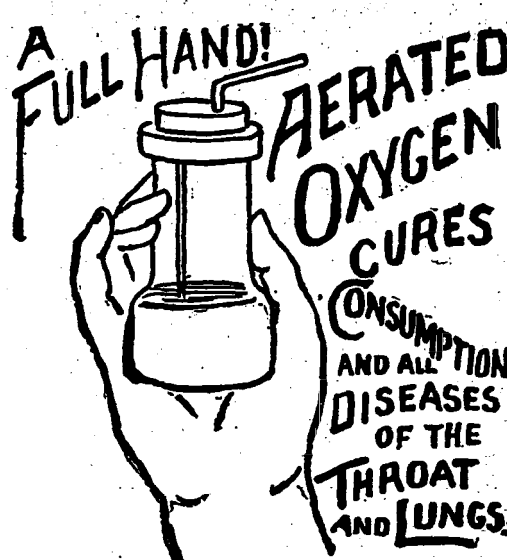
thor's other works, "Little Baron Trump," and "Little Giant Boab" were quaint, odd and mirth-provoking, but "Little Captain Doppelpop"—two separate children rolled into one, which is saying almost enough to give the secret away—is the most humorous of the three. Great pains have been taken to present the book in the best possible style, and the artist seems to have entered into the fun with his merry pencils and dancing crayons.

MAGAZINES.

The December number of the *North American Review* is fully up to its high standard. It opens with "Thoughts on the Negro Problem," by James Bryce, M. P., who is so well and favorably known in this country by his masterly work "The American Commonwealth." A most timely contribution is a statement by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley in regard to his "gold cure," called out by the recent death of Colonel John E. Mines, whose article describing his cure of drunkenness by the Keeley method appeared in *The Review* for October. This number of *The Review* brings to a close the one hundred and fifty-third volume of that well-known monthly, and contains a full index of the volume. A glance over the index will indicate the quality of the feast which the editor sets before his readers.—The November number of the *Unitarian Review* is one of unusual excellence. A paper by Prof. E. P. Evans on "Mind in Man and Brute" is remarkable for its ability and boldness. Its aim is to show the genetic and essential unity of organic nature.—In the December number of the *Popular Science Monthly* is a copiously illustrated paper by Edwin A. Barber on the "Rise of the Pottery Industry," in the series on American Industries. In this are described the undertakings of the early American potters, with figures of some of their ware, and of the apparatus used in making it. Mr. P. D. Ross contributes a description of the type casting machines just coming into use, which bid fair to revolutionize the printing trade. Cuts of the two rival machines are given. There is an able essay by Prof. E. P. Evans on "Progress and Perfection in the Lower Animals," and several other valuable contributions. The editorials deal with the decline of popular heroes, political justice, and modern charities. New York: D. Appleton & Company.—With the December number, the twenty-second volume of *The Homiletic Review* comes to its close. Its leading article is the second of Prof. Wilkinson's paper on Bersier, and is devoted to the illustrations of his peculiar power. Dr. E. G. Robinson, ex-President of Brown University, closes the Review Section with a paper on the practical subject of "Training Men to Preach." The Sermonic Section is unusually rich in material.—Funk & Wagnalls Company, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.

In *Current Literature* for December is an audacious and striking article from the *National Observer* (England) entitled "A Plea for Inconstancy." The readings from recent books are: "My Friend Vespa," from Stockton's "The House of Martha"; "Defiling the Sanctuary," from Crawford's "The Witch of Prague"; and "The Christian's Kiss," from Franz's "Judith Wachtenberg."—The December *Forum* contains an article by Governor William E. Russell on "The Significance of the Democratic Victory in Massachusetts and Its Bearings on Next Year's Campaign." The same number has an article on "Degradation of Pensions; the Protest of Loyal Volunteers," by Lieutenant R. Foot, founder of the Society of Loyal Volunteers, with other valuable papers such as are characteristic of this substantial magazine.—"Henry Ward Beecher" from the *Phrenological Point of View* is the opening paper of the *Phrenological Journal and Science of Health*, and in it we learn how much the great preacher craved for his power to his understanding of human nature. "Frederick Bly," the blind phrenologist, well known thirty-five years ago, follows: "Lines of Beauty" is a classical study in the physiognomical line. A good paper, "Is Hypnotism Harmful?" comes from a subject of thirteen years' experience, and is unique in its way. The editor discusses somewhat ironically "That Criminal Type" that some scientists are trying to create, and also "Convict Labor and Mutual Life Benefit Associations." Fowler & Wells Co., 775 Broadway, New York.

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A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

By PETER THOMPSON.

Yes, beautiful thought, when the daylight is ending,
And a halo of beauty illumines the west,
When the past and the future are peacefully blending,
And evening approaches with comfort and rest.

The past and the future, dear hope of to-morrow,
With the fruitage of life well garnered in store,
And a blessed relief from all burden and sorrow,
And blissful reunion with kindred of yore.

Yes, beautiful thought, that the soul is immortal.
And enters at once on a grander career,
When death has thrown open the mystical portal,
And banished forever our doubt and our fear.

Yes, beautiful thought, that now opening before us,
In a halo of glory are worlds to explore,
And the loved of our kindred are now watching o'er us,
And will bring us in peace to our own native shore.

Yes, beautiful thought, that our destiny ever,
Is to follow where wonders ne'er cease to enroll,
And that God has ordained by laws failing never,
To perfect the life and the growth of the soul.

CEREDO, W. VA.

AT BREAK OF DAY.

When our darling passed away
It was near the break of day;
And the birds with one accord
Sang their praises to the Lord.

What a burst of melody!
Just as if there could not be
In a world so fair as this
Room for anything but bliss.

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Then the peace which some call death
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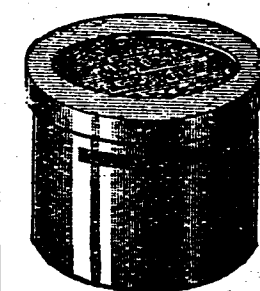
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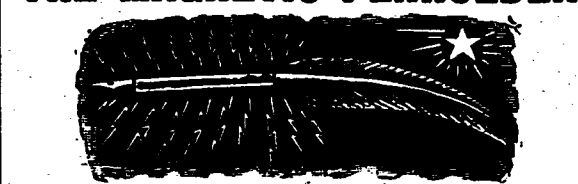


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Life appears to me to be too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world; but the time will soon come when I trust we shall put them off in putting off corruptible bodies; when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark will remain—the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it lested the Creator to inspire the creature; whence it came it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory, from the pale human soul to brighten to the seraph.... It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternity a rest, a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low. I live in calm, looking to the end.—Charlotte Bronte.

In a recent number of THE JOURNAL Rev. T. Ernest Allen, as secretary of the Psychical Society was criticized for combining with and allowing himself to be imposed upon by a trickster and moral monstrosity, in a professed investigation of Spiritualism, and for classing all professing Spiritualists together in his portrayal of their attitude toward accurate investigation," when he "knew perfectly well the attitude of THE JOURNAL and the large body of Spiritualists it stands for," and when THE JOURNAL unsolicited had supported the aims of Psychical Society from the time those aims were first announced. Why then does the *Christian Register* depart so far from its usual editorial fairness as to give its readers to understand that THE JOURNAL's strictures on Mr. Allen's course were made because he had objected to the condemnation of his Society without a hearing.

It is related by a writer in the *New England Magazine* for December that although Hawthorne at college took part in the "blows," and much as he enjoyed being present at these festal scenes, "he never told a story nor sang a song. His voice was never heard in any shout of merriment; but the silent beaming smile would testify to his keen appreciation of the scene, and to his enjoyment of the wit. He would sit for a whole evening with head gently inclined to one side, hearing every word, seeing every gesture, and yet scarcely a word would pass his lips."

It is related that Herbert Spencer was once advised by his physician to live for awhile in a boarding house in order that he might be rested mentally by the light, cheery and brainless conversation at the dinner table. He took the advice, but did not stay long. A lady who was accustomed to sit next to him at dinner was asked her opinion of the house and spoke of it generally with favor. "But," said she, "there's a Mr. Spencer here who thinks he knows something about science and philosophy. I have to correct him every night."

Hon. Henry H. Faxon, of Quincy, Mass., sent a kind letter to Miss Willard, enclosing checks for \$500 for the National W. C. T. U. work, \$500 for the Temple, \$500 to the Massachusetts W. C. T. U., \$500 for the department of scientific temperance, and \$500 for the Boston W. C. T. U., towards defraying the expenses of the convention.

The design for the seal for the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair has just been accepted. It is the work of Miss Bodtger, of Chicago, to whom the prize was awarded by August St. Gaudens, who examined the designs submitted. In the

centre is a caravel, or ancient Spanish ship, below which is the United States coat of arms; sprays of ivy and laurel are on either side of the coat of arms, while the whole is encircled by stars and the name of the board and date of organization. The motto is "Go forward."

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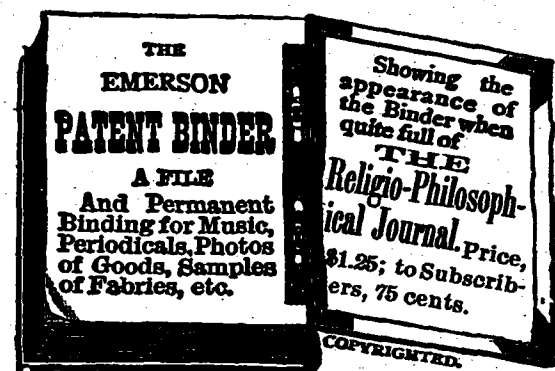
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CHICAGO, DEC. 12, 1891.

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For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Literature as a profession is not very profitable pecuniarily. The *Epoch* says that outside of Howells, Stockton, Stevenson, Bret Harte, Dr. Holmes and a few others, there are no authors in this country who are earning over \$2,500 a year, and many are not earning \$2,000. Certainly authorship does not offer great inducements to the money-makers.

Dom Pedro was called by Gladstone, the model ruler of the world. Under his reign the people of his country enjoyed a half century of continuous prosperity. While he held the empire of Brazil for many years in a firm grasp, and guided its affairs after the fashion of a monarch, it was the affection and the admiration of his people that he courted, and all his life was devoted to making them a contented people, and to the establishment of a monarchy that should have in it as little of government as was possible.

In the death of Henry Doty Maxon the Unitarians have lost an able and earnest advocate of liberal religious thought. *Unity* says: His work with the Wisconsin State Conference, the presidency of which had recently been given into his hands, indicates the rapid strides which he had made in the work of ministry. In three short busy years, he had become one of the best known and most trusted of the younger men of the denomination, trusted alike by the conservative and radical, a man of the West in sympathy and in spirit, yet honored and respected in the East. He carried that highest reconciling power, the superlative power of character.

"Benefit of clergy," as used in English law, did not refer at all to the ministrations of religion to a convict about to be executed, says the *Catholic News*. It had nothing to do with priest or priestly duties. In the Middle Ages, when reading and writing were confined to a comparative few, the man who had received some education was an important and valuable man in the community, and "benefit of clergy" was introduced. A man who could read and write was a "clerk," and if convicted of some offence escaped punishment on his first trial by showing that he could read and write. This was the "benefit of clergy." As education became more general, it became necessary to abolish this, and laws fixed the punishment of offences "without benefit of clergy," so that a scamp could not escape merely by writing his name.

It is not generally known that the light of the sun and the moon exercise a deleterious effect on edged tools, says *Iron*. Knives, drills, scythes and sickles assume a blue color if they are exposed for some time to the light and heat of the sun; the sharp edge disappears, and the tool is rendered absolutely useless until it is retempered. Purchasers therefore should be on their guard against buying tools from retail dealers and peddlers which, for show purposes, have probably been exposed for days together to the glare of the sun. The unserviceableness of tools acquired

under these conditions is generally wrongly attributed to bad material or to inferior workmanship. A similarly prejudicial effect has been exercised by moonlight. An ordinary cross-cut saw is asserted to have been put out of shape in a single night by exposure to the moon.

Senator Henry Keller, of Sauk Centre, Minn., is at work upon an invention which, if it proves a success will be of great value to farmers. The scheme is to attach an electric motor to a common breaking plow that will contain sufficient force to work in any kind of soil. Storage batteries are to be adjusted to the machine. Senator Keller has the utmost faith in his new "help to the farmer," and declares that it will reduce the cost of plowing to such a mere trifle, and do it with such ease and rapidity, that every farmer in the land will find it within his means to plow with electric machines.

A thoughtful contributor to the *Inter Ocean* says: This is by no means a dissolute or a wanton age, but all its virtues are gilded and without the gilding, are held in little esteem. A brain is nothing without a bank-book unless it be dead, that is, for that which is dead may be safely extolled without fear of too great reproach. But of the living, only he is envied who holds the golden chains which make others tributary to his will and the insatiable greed of possession. While this ideal remains unmodified it is useless to expect any great improvement in the conditions of life. At the best there can only be the difference between a cage of wild beasts enraged with hunger and the same beasts modified by the prey they have swallowed. A far more important subject of consideration than the "rights of labor," is the character and aspiration of the laborer; and an infinitely more important matter than "the distribution of wealth," is the prevalence and quality of the desire for wealth. In short, the more closely we study the progress of the past, the more clearly shall we learn the truth that the one element which "political economy" has wholly neglected, is infinitely more important to the betterment of human conditions than all the rest, to-wit: the character of the individual man who is the constituent unit of society. It is this force which we must try to define, if we would understand the really simple but apparently baffling and inscrutable problems of modern economics.

At a meeting of the Electric Club in New York, E. Rosewater, President of the Old-time Telegrapher's Association and editor of the *Omaha Bee*, spoke on "Government Telegraphs of Europe." He said: Our postal system cannot attain its full measure of success until the electric telegraph and long distance telephone have been made a part of our postal facilities with the pneumatic tube post as an adjunct. As to the public, the greatest benefit of the tube system is its cheapness. In New York a city message of ten words costs you 25 cents; in London you can send as many words as you can write for 12½ cents, and your message will be delivered before an operator would have time to copy. A telegram with the proper stamp attached dropped into any postoffice box in any city of Great Britain will be received from the nearest telegraph station just the same as if the sender had

gone through the tedious formality of handing it directly to the receiving clerk at the telegraphic station. For the accommodation of business and other patrons who use the telegraph frequently, stamped blanks are supplied at a trifling charge for paper. Similar conveniences are enjoyed by the people of France, Germany, Austria and other countries of Europe. The impression has prevailed in this country that the postal service of Europe does not afford as good facilities and cheap rates as does the lines of America. This is found to be erroneous.

Asked in regard to the probable future religion of the Japanese, Sir Edwin Arnold recently said: As to the eventual religion, touched by Buddhism—touched and modified by Buddhism, I look upon all great religions not as enemies, but as sisters. Somebody said to me the other day, "Are you a Buddhist, a Christian, a Pagan, or a Mohammedan?" "Sir," I replied, "am I most the brother to my eldest, to my second, to my third, or to my fourth sister?" Each religion has contributed a leading idea. A homely simile would be to liken the four great religions to four great ladies, wise and virtuous, talking on great subjects and correcting each other. The Mohammedan declares that there is but one God; the Buddhist holds that God is nameless—the unnameable; the Brahman comes with his pantheon of a million gods; finally we have Christianity, which boldly names God as love and as spirit. And I believe that just as the seven prismatic colors blend into white light, so if we had an intellect prismatic enough to combine perfectly the seven religions, we should get the white light of truth as the result. The phrase Thiers once used can be equally well applied to religion: *C'est le terrain qui nous divise le moins.*

Mr. Keely, proprietor of the place of the celebrated motor which is to move by a force as invisible and intangible as, up to the present writing, the motor itself has continued to be, says an exchange, has managed to once more revive a breath of public interest in himself and his subtle devices, by giving an exhibition of his control of the mystic force, which he claims to have discovered, before a couple of learned scientists. The result is unsatisfactory all around. The scientists declare that the results they saw might have been brought about by some very common and well-understood mechanical appliances, and for the present they withhold their belief in Mr. Keely's etheric force. For all of that, Mr. Keely may be a great man and may have the secret of a very wonderful force in nature of which other men are ignorant. We have long since learned from the revelations of the mahatmas to the theosophists that such secret but desirable and applicable forces do exist in nature. It is not improbable that in searching for manifestations of Keely's mystic power the scientists may have looked in the wrong place. If they would examine the stock ledger of the Keely Motor company and carefully consider the quantity of hard, material dollars which, very strangely, have been caused to flow into the coffers of his elusive and impalpable enterprise, might they not discover therein sufficient evidence that material and substantial things may be made to respond to an invisible and intangible force?

KIRKUP, THE PAINTER, A SPIRITUALIST.

Seymour Kirkup was for a while the best-known Englishman living in Florence. He was the friend and associate of Walter Savage Landor and of the Brownings. He was a conscientious student of art, and his paintings were highly valued for their wonderful delicacy. Well known to-day is Kirkup in all art circles for his discovery of the now famous youthful portrait of the poet Dante, for which he received some titled distinction from the Government of Italy. He was devoted to literature and in the latter part of his life he studied carefully the phenomena of Spiritualism and became, in consequence, convinced of the reality of spirit manifestations.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for December is an article contributed by William Sharp on "Joseph Severn and His Correspondents." Severn, whose name is familiar to all admirers of Keats, the poet, had among his friends and correspondents, Kirkup, whom he first met at the interment of Shelley's ashes, in the cemetery of Monte Testaccio, in Rome. Among the letters selected from the unpublished correspondence of Severn, Mr. Sharp gives four from Kirkup, which are of especial interest to Spiritualists, and a few extracts from them are here reproduced for the readers of THE JOURNAL.

In 1861 Kirkup wrote: "You talk a new Jerusalem of art and speak of breathing in company of its immortal spirits." Now real Spiritualism is a science that requires the greatest exercise of reason. You are afraid of being carried off your feet."

The following is from a letter written by Kirkup in 1863: "I found an old letter of yours of forty years ago. The handwriting is the same as now and so are the thoughts. Strange it is, for your whole carcass has been renewed thirteen times in that period. I look on that as a greater sign of the immortality of the soul than all the nonsense of an old Jewish book of forgeries and falsifications. But I have more positive proofs than either. You should see the life of my friend Daniel Home, just published. Books are no proof, for they lie as much as living men; but I know that a part of that book is true. If you had the means of knowing the truth that Home has, I make no doubt you would see, hear and feel with joy that your poor wife is often with you. A satisfaction of that sort I have often had, and it continues."

Again "I don't know any person alive who can even remember either of my grandfathers, and they were remarkable men. One was the first Latin scholar in England, and the other had a museum of art and antiquities,—all depersed and gone, like dust. But we never really die; twenty minutes of insensibility in a trance is all. We wake and find ourselves in the midst of our dearest old friends. The bad man avoids them from an instinct of shame, and seeks his equals, by whom he is persecuted until he is saved by good spirits. We are all sons of God, even the worst assassins. We are not responsible for our constitution or our education, and there are no eternal pitch-forks, brimstone or hell, or any such successful rival to God as Monseigneur le Diable. This rests on better authority than any book. It is curious that Moses, in all his books, never says one word about the future state. Of what use is religion without it?"

This is an extract from a letter written in 1864. "I wanted to recommend to you, my friend, Daniel Home, but I was sure if he wanted protection he would find it in you who have done so much good to your countrymen and others, and I foresaw he would need it to defend himself against the Jesuits and priests, who are of course, omnipotent in Rome; and so it turned out, and I saw from the newspapers that you had done all you could for him. I can answer for his being neither an impostor nor a sorcerer (which is absurd) and I have found him a man of honor, by his actions, not by words of his or hearsay of others; and I know him to be very generous though poor, and good-hearted. All which is in his favor, and so likewise are the phenomena that spontaneously accompany him, and of which I have had sufficient experience in my own house, watched and guarded with the most suspicious incredulity, which is stronger with me than with most people as perhaps you may remem-

ber, for I was always so. My own proofs of our existence after death are entirely independent of Home and began before I knew him or the works of Judge Edmonds, which confirmed them, and they settled my creed, very far from a canonical ope, either Roman or Calvinistic, which *entre nous* are about equally blasphemous and Jewish. . . . After I proved the truth of Spiritualism, which I scouted for a long time, I was induced to follow up my experiments in hopes of some day seeing something worthy to paint. I longed for a good vision, and do still, but I am not enough of a medium. I have only seen, heard and felt enough to be sure of the existence of spirits. Neither books nor men were enough for me, and I sought witnesses of my own experience and would not rely on my own impressions alone, which might have been effects of imagination, waking dreams! But when half a dozen were present they could not all be dreaming of the same thing. A lady wrote to me the other day that Home had been raised in the air a hundred times since he came to London and had been seen by a thousand people. Basta! You have doubtless heard enough about it and I have seen enough in my own house. . . . I have been long an admirer of Dante, but I think Shakespeare a greater poet. Dante has been much with me in this room. His poem is not true and Beatrice was not a Portinari, as it has proved: The pope has forbid the title of 'La Divina Commedia'. . . . Tasso was in favor of good spirits like Socrates."

In 1868 Kirkup concluded a letter thus: "I am now living with a little daughter. She is now fourteen. Her maid is an ex-nun—very good and glad to be free. They are both mediums, the former ever since she was two years old."

How many more there are, eminent in the different departments of thought and action, whose unpublished correspondence, if it could appear, would prove them to be strong believers in Spiritualism.

DR. WESTBROOK AND THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

The National Liberal League formed in Philadelphia in 1876 for the purpose of promoting state secularization was a very creditable organization. It numbered among its officers and supporters some of the ablest and most distinguished men of this country. Its work was favorably commented upon by the press, and it contributed in no small degree to attract attention to a reform for the advancement of which there had never been any organized effort in America and the discussion of which had been confined to a few liberal and Spiritualist papers.

In 1878 an element obtained control of the League which was more interested in the repeal of all United States postal laws against the transmission of obscene literature through the mails than the separation of church and state. The men and women of influence, who had made the organization a recognized power immediately withdrew from it, when it commenced the work of agitating for the repeal of the laws referred to above. This policy was continued with immeasurable folly until the organization was not only without influence with any class of people, but was so weak that only about a dozen delegates could be called together at its annual meetings. Its very name was a stench in the nostrils of decent men and women, whether Christians or freethinkers. The name was therefore changed, the repeal folly was dropped, and thenceforth the organization was to confine its work to the promotion of state secularization; and donations were solicited from all, Christians and anti-Christians, who believed that church and state should be entirely separate. But the men who made this announcement commenced immediately to lecture in their official capacities in defence of crude eighteenth century materialism. Indeed they said that by state secularization they meant secularism, not knowing the difference between a movement which aimed at the disjunction of church and state and a system of philosophy which ignores spirit life and which its most eminent representative, Charles Bradlaugh, maintained was an atheistic system. Money raised by appeals to all who believed in a state with no ecclesiastical

functions, was used in paying the expenses of men who preached materialism as the *ne plus ultra* of intellectualism. Intelligent and fair minded liberals would have nothing to do with such a dishonest and hypocritical concern, while internal discussion threatened its very existence. Then it was, in 1888, that Dr. Richard B. Westbrook, of Philadelphia, who had never been connected with the organization and knew nothing of its history, was elected president. He sent a telegram to the convention accepting the office provisionally in these words:

Regarding the American Secular Union as an organization for protection and promotion of the principle implied in its name, and not for the advancement of any dogma of religious belief or disbelief, I cordially accept the presidency unanimously tendered me, and publicly pledge myself to resist the encroachments of sacerdotalism, whether Papal or Puritan."

The provisional acceptance was apparently satisfactory to the convention. It was probably thought that the words quoted had no more meaning for the new president than similar statements had for his predecessor. But he found during the first year of his administration that persons and papers representing the Union were dissatisfied with him for not putting the body directly in opposition to Christianity, and for not supporting a propaganda of secularism. Nevertheless, Dr. Westbrook had energy and influence enough at the next convention, at which he was reelected, to secure the adoption of the following amendment to the constitution:

"The American Secular Union is strictly unsectarian and non-partisan in both religion and politics, but will use any and all honorable means to secure its objects as above stated. It is not either publicly or privately committed to the advancement of any system of religious belief or disbelief, but honestly welcomes all persons of whatever faith or party to its membership, on the basis of 'no-union-of church and state.' The word 'secular' is here used in the broadest sense, as applied to the state, and not to any system of religion or philosophy."

For trying to carry on the work of the Union, in accordance with this provision of the constitution, Dr. Westbrook has been roundly abused by members of the organization with whom state secularization means materialism and opposition to all religious belief. In his address at the last convention held October 31, 1891, Dr. Westbrook said:

If the leaders were not satisfied with this provisional acceptance, the Pittsburgh congress should have said so at once, as it was still in session, and the succeeding Philadelphia congress should not have incorporated it in its fundamental law. The freethought papers have kept up a frequent fire upon the president and secretary, either editorially or by their correspondents, for not renouncing their well-known principles and openly violating the essential provisions of our constitution. This narrow and extreme policy of a few of our members, and notably of some of our liberal papers, has brought the American Secular Union where it is to-day. Nearly 300 Auxiliary societies have been reduced to a dozen, while such men as Francis E. Abbot, B. F. Underwood, and the whole army of the free religious association and many others have been driven from our ranks. Even Robert G. Ingersoll has been pushed aside, and for several years no longer cooperates with us, because of side issues that were dragged into the society.

In the same address Dr. Westbrook says: In securing a complete separation of church and state, a large number of persons of every possible creed, and of no creed, can work and are working with great energy. We have now before us a large list of patriotic secular religious societies, all pledged to work for state secularization. Some of those organizations are a hundred times larger, and have done proportionally more work than we have ever done. The same is true regarding individuals who are members of orthodox churches. We do not expect to interest churches as organized bodies; but they are full of individuals who are anxious to co-operate with us for state secularization. Moreover many churches in their organized form have taken action for the taxation of churches and prohibition of reading the Bible in the public schools. "Dr. Westbrook argues that the coöperation of all these classes is desirable in working for the total separation of church and state and he says 'for our part we are not willing to be a

party of any deceit. We are not all believers in this kind of secular philosophy, though through the mistaken zeal of some who have spoken at our annual meetings we are naturally considered such. We cannot identify a materialistic philosophy with our one avowed object of state secularization, and in our judgment to attempt it is neither honest nor honorable. . . . We have been under the necessity of communicating with Liberals through our Liberal papers, while at the same time those papers have inveighed against the society and its executive officers. Editors of papers have a perfect right to advocate their own views; it is nevertheless a fact that they should not do it in such a way as to disgust and drive from our rank theists' and Spiritualists and other freethinkers. Theists are said to 'buy a god and a pig in a poke.' 'God is given a lashing.' . . . 'God (under certain conditions) is the biggest and the meanest villian ever heard of' and 'the Christian's God is a dirty dog!' The same style is adopted toward Spiritualists, as they are seldom spoken of without a sneer at 'spook' and 'spookdom.' Now, these papers have a perfect right to be vulgar if they so desire, but it is a question whether the American Secular Union should make them its organs.

After the experience which he had had with the American Secular Union it is not surprising that Dr. Westbrook declined at the last convention to be a candidate for reelection. He sees now how useless it was to carry on any reform work as president of such an organization as was the American Secular Union. THE JOURNAL congratulates him on his retirement from the concern. Nothing has been so becoming to him in connection with the Union since he joined it. This paper could not give support to the organization, even during Dr. Westbrook's administration, for reasons which he now understands. That during this time he personally did good work for the cause of state secularization is undeniable, but this was done in spite of, rather than with the help of the element that controlled the papers and turned them against him; the papers that freely supported the Union when its policy was hypocritical and dishonest and its management was corrupt.

In a contribution to the Chicago *Herald* on psychical phenomena, Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman, the able philosophic writer, says: After eliminating whatever can be ascribed to exaggeration, hallucinations, optical illusions and a hundred other possible deceptions, an immense amount remains to be accounted for. By a moderate computation nine millions have been burned or hanged for witchcraft since the establishment of Christianity. Who has satisfactorily explained what that witchcraft was? What were the facts in the case?—What were the peculiar physical conditions which created that tremendous mental disturbance, or what was the mental force that could bring about those awful physical diseases? Who has fathomed the mysteries of the Delphic oracle? Or if an easy explanation of its wisdom be found in the statement that its priests were wise men, who saw from near and far the highest needs of the Hellenic people, that problem may pass, giving way to another regarding the demon of Socrates. Socrates was the sanest of men, yet he declared in all seriousness that from childhood a voice had frequently come to him forbidding him to do what he was about to do, but never commanded him in a positive way. Socrates is too explicit in regard to this demon to leave the supposition that he was speaking in a figurative way and personifying his own keen, practical instinct. He considered it the source of his deepest intuitions, and enjoyed his guidance as that of a mysterious divinity. . . . If the premonition which Mrs. Browning received of her death is readily accounted for on the score of physical weakness and gradual decay, what is the natural explanation of Mr. Browning's anticipation of a murder so definite as to locate the exact spot on a lonely field?—Goethe, once at least, had a similar presentiment, and the circumstances were given in even more minute detail. . . . What is needed is a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Newton and a Darwin, who will study the facts of the psychical forces with the

same patience, the same unswerving fidelity to truth which these men exercised in the study of material forces.

In his work entitled "White Slaves, or the Oppression of the Worthy Poor," Rev. L. A. Banks protests vigorously against the sweating system as practiced in our cities, and calls for honest investigation of the condition of the workers. He would do away with the middleman or sweater and compel firms to give fair prices for honest work. No candid woman, he points out, can doubt as she examines the ready-made article of underclothing offered her in every shop for less than she would be obliged to pay for the material alone, that she has in her hand evidence of the wrong done to the sewing-woman; no man who boasts of the bargain he made in buying his last ready-made overcoat but must acknowledge, if he reflects on its real value, that someone worked at starving wages upon it. He really does not wish to believe that the woman who made it received only 80 cents for her labor; he could not have the heart to ask anyone to do such a thing. He simply doesn't think about it at all. Yet all the time people are slaving and toiling over such garments. It ought to be possible, Mr. Banks thinks, to abolish the sweater and compel firms to pay fair prices; how to house the poor comfortably and cheaply is a more puzzling question.

Scarcely has the baccarat scandal subsided when Earl Russell, the English aristocrat and grandson of Lord John Russell, is stripped of the tawdry of royalty in a divorce court, before a gaping crowd. The jury's verdict in the case cannot reinstate even an earl in the eyes of honest and clear-minded people of any or no rank. Whatever his wife's faults, on his side there were, to say the least, neglect, bitter recrimination and conduct unbecoming any man. He has shown himself callous to those demands made upon every gentleman, whether he is an earl or a hod carrier. Not only has the honored name of one of the greatest among English statesmen of this century been dragged in the mire, but a family name that has been adorned for generations with men known in many struggles for liberty against privilege been disgraced. These scandalous suits among the aristocracy of England have been coming with alarming frequency during the past few years, until it is not too much to say that that country has furnished more "celebrated cases" of this kind than all the countries of the civilized world put together. Where the love for a lord is so strong the demoralizing effect of these things upon every rank and grade of toadies is appalling. As the *Denver News* says: "It was the exposed rottenness in the charmed circle of English nobility that made it possible for Mr. Gladstone to declare at the late annual conference of the Liberals at Birmingham, that if the Commons should pass a home rule measure for Ireland and the House of Lords should defeat it, the Liberal party would go to the country upon a proposition to abolish that chamber, upon the ground that it was inimical to English liberty and in defiance of the spirit of English progress. In such an issue, with manhood suffrage in England almost unrestricted, it is fair to assume that that hereditary body would become a thing of the past through one of England's forceful but peaceful revolutions." The potency of the spell that titles have cast about their owners in England is shaken now as it never was before.

The *Inter Ocean*, while advocating energetic and uncompromising dealing with venders of indecent literature, wisely says: Mr. Comstock has been known to exercise his authority ill-advisedly and tyrannously. There should be no puritanic narrowness and snicky prejudices that embarrass or make miscarry a matter of such grave importance as protecting youthful minds from pollution. Attacks upon art and esteemed literature should not be permitted on the pretence that they do violence to morals. There is no reason to confound the proper duty of societies for the suppression of vice with the general responsibilities of educated, enlightened communities. There is no excuse for carrying duty to the extreme of officiousness.

The distinction between obscene "literature" and literature that should be guarded from immature readers is sufficiently clear and well-defined to obviate the necessity of arbitrary action. We do not care to have repeated here the folly that in an Eastern city tried to exclude a poem by Longfellow from the public prints. Let there be the most earnest, the most thorough efforts to hunt down and lodge behind prison bars the infamous crew that is writing and printing and selling bawdy stuff the nature of which is well understood; but let there be no prurient and indecent interference with approved art and with literature that has the sanction of abler and not less moral critics than Mr. Comstock.

That Archbishop Corrigan some time ago declared it to be the duty of all Roman Catholics to adopt the pope's views of the land question as laid down in his recent encyclical, and venture to hold no other. Right Rev. Mgr. O'Breyn, one of the pope's chamberlains, while attending the golden jubilee of Archbishop Kendrick at St. Louis said in reply to a reporter's question: "Archbishop Corrigan is perfectly correct. The decision of the holy father must be unquestioningly accepted by every one who looks up to him as a teacher. The question of private property in land is not a new one. It has been the universal practice of mankind from the beginning, and what the pope did was simply to announce a fact and give the reason for its existence. It is not done lightly but only after the most profound study and consultation with the members of the sacred college. Now, if people were still to look upon the question as either right or wrong after he has rendered his decision, what is the use of having a judge?" But the reporter persisted: "Has one as a Catholic no right to believe that private property in land is an injustice?" and the chamberlain replied: "Certainly not when the holy father has decided to the contrary." If these statements are suffered to stand without contradiction from those in authority in church in this country, says the *New York Standard*, it will be difficult to perpetuate the "prevailing opinion" that Roman Catholicism is not endeavoring to undermine political liberty in this country.

Augustus Jay DuBois in the *Century* says: "Herbert Spencer in an outline of something like 4,500 pages, has made the serious attempt to unify all human knowledge to comprehend in one principle every event that has ever occurred in the entire universe, to reduce all science and all human knowledge to a single principle—that of the 'persistence of force.' The bare statement of the attempt is stupendous and the execution is the most brilliant and daring philosophical achievement of this or any age. It is an attempt moreover in line with the scientific thought of the day. Such unity is the dream of science. Its progress is marked with such striving, from Kepler and Newton to Darwin and Spencer. The attempt has been carried out by the hand of a master and stamps its author among of the first philosophers of the age." Yet this writer thinks there are gaps in the Spencer system which are completely closed when the admission is made that all force is the manifestation of mind.

Dr. Wier Mitchell, in the December *Century* says: I am quite certain that if to-day France and Germany were suddenly and miraculously to interchange tongues, the two nations would shortly undergo some unlooked-for alterations. I have known some people whose superficial characteristics were quite different according as they spoke French or English, although they were as fluent in one as in the other. I know of one woman who is common and ill-bred as an Englishwoman, but who, when she speaks French, which she knows well, is apparently well-mannered and rather attractive. Nor, as we reflect, does this seem altogether strange when we consider how much national character has to do with the evolution of language, and how impossible exact translation is. I have heard a man say that to read or speak French made him feel gay, and that the effect of like uses of German was quieting.



WAS HAWTHORNE A SPIRITUALIST?

By M. L. H.

A book has been written to prove that Lincoln was a Spiritualist. I have never doubted that, in one sense, he was. A vast majority of people are to a limited degree Spiritualists. They believe in a spiritual world. They believe that spirits, or the souls of the dead, dwell there. Many believe that these spirits sometimes appear to mortals. I have a dear friend who says he never gets into a tight place and is in trouble but he sees the apparition of his departed wife standing near, and then he knows just what to do, and that all will be well. She does not tell him what to do, but the right thing comes to him like a flash, or as if by revelation. I know a Congregational clergyman who told me he could not remember the time when he did not feel the presence of his departed mother on all occasions when he needed her help. She was as much a mother, indeed more so, than when alive in the flesh. These people are not counted as Spiritualists, but they are. And Hawthorne was one at least in this same way. In his early life he was of a gloomy temperament, and underrated his own abilities. A Mr. Pike, of Salem, where he lived, and who was a schoolmate and a friend, knew much of his inner life. He says that when Hawthorne was removed from the Salem custom house "he was the most wretched man alive, and even contemplated suicide." His friend James Oakes, a Boston salt merchant, offered to assist him with money, but he declined on the ground that he saw no prospect of repaying him, and he could not think of receiving alms. Although every one who knew him was his friend (he had no enemies), he had a morbid feeling that the whole human race was combined against him. It was this feeling which led him to write so unkindly of some of his associates in the custom house. Every one of those whom he wrote unkindly of in 'The Scarlet Letter' would have gone out of his way to serve him, and Pike told him so. He said he was sorry, but a power greater than himself had influenced him, and he consoled himself with the reflection that in a very few years at furthest the book and himself would be forgotten. He told Pike that in one of his dark moods his mother appeared to him, stroked his hair, and told him 'not to despair, for he would live to have more money than he would know what to do with.' He distrusted the vision, thought it hallucination, the result of his own morbid feelings, but the visit was so frequently repeated that at last he became a firm believer in Spiritualism long before the advent of modern Spiritualism.

He was an intimate friend of Franklin Pierce, and the latter as president did much for him, indeed put him on his feet. When Frank was nominated for president by the Democrats, the spirit of one of Hawthorne's ancestors visited him and told him that "the long lane" had at last turned, and that the last of his life "would be plain sailing." And so it turned out, and he often referred to it in his social chats with Oakes and Pike. Hawthorne told his friend, Mr. Oakes, that in his last interview with Mr. Pierce, before he left for Liverpool to assume the duties of his consulate, Pierce said to him at parting, "Don't be a sheep any longer; stand up in your boots and be a man; John Bull is a good fellow, and will think the more of you if you face him man-fashion." Hawthorne said that he could not keep back the tears that dimmed his eyes as he shook hands with his friend; he had taken from his back the burden of his life, the dread of poverty, and had made him a free man. When his term of office expired, and he returned from Europe, he recalled to Pike his mother's prediction, that "he would live to have more money than he would know what to do with," which was literally fulfilled. He was rich far beyond his wants, and enjoyed all that he possessed.

Pike saw him occasionally after his return from Europe, and found him more reconciled to life. But from the first he regarded life as a burden to be borne; he saw so much evil in the world—not all the consequences of sin, as theologians asserted, and which no human wisdom could overcome—that he often doubted whether the world was governed by a benevolent Power. He felt that if he had the power ascribed to God, he would not permit the strong to oppress the weak, would not permit the wicked to bear rule. For himself he was involved in the general ruin of the race, and often sighed to be at rest. Pike said that Pierce made Hawthorne, for he would not make himself; he was too timid and distrustful to take a step in advance, for fear he should stumble; that he required to be pushed forward and kept on the move from behind. Pike says that he was so fastidious in his writings that he probably destroyed more than he published, and that he often polished the life out of some of his best publications.

I do not doubt but if we knew the inner lives of all great men we should find that they had some belief in the presence of a Spirit-world guiding and helping them in times of need. If this belief could be taken out of the realm of superstition and placed on its true basis, it would be far more helpful and help the real to higher, nobler and fuller living.

OCCULT EXPERIENCES.

By MRS. TASCHER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COBWEBBED CHAMBER.

Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark, deserted house.—TENNYSON.

About a mile from our home there stands an old deserted house, and—as is often the case with such lonely dwellings—this decaying mansion is said to be haunted. One beautiful May morning our girls, together with Madge's friend Carrie and her sister Nellie, started off for a ramble in the woods. They had filled their baskets with wood lore and were returning along the wide, breezy road which led past the old house standing in a field some distance from the highway. Noticing the broken gateway through which the grass-grown path diverged, bordered on either side with spreading clumps of lilac, syringa, clove-currant and other old-fashioned shrubs that were now in bright bloom, the girls clambered into the enclosure with the intention of adding to their store of spring blossoms. They kept wandering on until they neared the house.

This had once been a neat, handsome residence, and the girls went up on the shady veranda to rest. It was a two-story cottage, with gable end fronting the distant road. Once it had been white, and tasteful green blinds had shaded its pleasant windows, but now the broken steps, wide-open, hingeless doors, dingy, loosened clapboards and general decay, gave evidence that "Life and thought had gone away." The lively girls went in, looking curiously from room to room. They continued their explorations up the dingy staircase. Here one of them recalled the popular story of the haunted chamber, which they knew to be the front room which they were now entering. The story not being very blood-curdling, they went in, and after peering around into the dark closets and corners the thought struck them that here would be a good place to sit for manifestations; for, argued they, coolly, "the spirits must want to come here, as they have repeatedly carried on so that nobody will live here."

The plan to sit seemed interesting—and it certainly was unique—so they bustled about gathering the remains of a few rickety chairs and other pieces of discarded furniture and soon had a temporary table and seats arranged where the four sat down.

It was a narrow, low-ceiled room, with sloping sides under the eaves. Fluttering shreds of paper hung from the crumbling walls and the light struggled in, dim and uncertain, through the cobwebbed windows that were partially covered with the rickety blinds

that it was said could not be kept shut. The glass was mostly shattered and through the narrow openings dark flickering shadows, mournful sighs and whispers were wafted through the overhanging boughs of a couple of enormous Norway pines, one of which looked as if blasted by lightning. There they sat in the dusky old chamber, cobweb curtains drearily waving above the four bright, rosy faces waiting seriously, with hands spread upon the extemporized table, for what might come.

Sure enough! rapping began in a few moments on the table, their chairs, and on the dusty old floor. And now Leda's hand began to tremble, flutter, and beat about. Nothing daunted, they fumbled in pockets bringing forth a stubby lead pencil, and a strip of smooth wrapping paper, watching with dilating eyes to see what was written. First, came a name, Lenore, then several long communications respecting the ghost of the old house. Lenore wrote that long before she had lived in the house—giving the date—that even then there was a restless spirit haunting the premises, that she did not know why he did so; but that this had been her room then, and she had often seen the figure of a man beating with his hands, on the windows, in the night. Just at this interesting place in Lenore's narrative the scribbling hand paused.

Beginning again in a few moments they were disappointed to see altogether a different style of chirography. It wrote on rapidly and on reading it they saw it seemed to be a lengthy reply to some question irrelevant wholly in meaning, as in hand writing, to the subject their minds were occupied with. Provoked and puzzled they pored over it trying to fit it out with some sort of sense or connection with the first writing. At length Leda and Madge remembered the writing as identical with that of a relative of Mr. Boardman, who had communicated through Leda's hand several times since the night the first raps came when Mr. B. was with us. The writing was very peculiar, and it had astonished Mr. Boardman very much when it was first given, as he said he never saw any thing like its crabbed characters but once, and this was a perfect fac-simile of the writing to which the name of a long dead relative of his was appended.

In one of her messages, this peculiar person had told Mr. Boardman to write some question and lay it on his desk in his office down town, saying she would find Leda, wherever she might be, and write a reply. This had been sometime before, and Leda had forgotten the circumstance, besides not knowing whether Mr. Boardman had complied with the request or not. However, here was a direct reply—albeit pretty lengthy;—but Leda tore off the paper, and tucked it in her pocket, waiting again in hope that Lenore would return; and now the taps grew louder, and foot-steps began to resound, echoing loudly as they pattered busily around the chamber. Back and forth they tramped leaving no track upon the dusty old floor, and when, a few moments later, a dragging, halting step was heard upon the stairs, accompanied by the thumping of a cane or crutch, the noise was so loud and natural that the girls thought some lame person had entered the building, and was climbing the stairs. They did not move, but when the coming step slowly dragged over the door sill of the chamber they were in, and limped across the floor, stopping by the table where they all sat, nothing being visible, Nellie's face grew white with fear, and jumping from their seats they scampered away. It was almost dark when they arrived at home, and came rushing into the sitting room to me, each piling my lap with their fragrant treasures, both talking at once telling their exploit in the old house, when Madge, catching a glimpse of some one riding by exclaimed "Oh, there is Mr. Boardman now! I'm going to ask him!" and away she ran calling to him. Turning, he drove up to the gate. The moment he entered the door, both the girls demanded at once. "Did you write that question L. G. told you to?" "Why, yes, I happened to think of it, and wrote one yesterday and laid it on the office desk. It lies there yet." "Does that answer it?" said Leda, drawing the

bit of crumbled wrapping paper from her pocket handing it to him. "To a dot!" said he. "And here are names that I know you never heard, included in the answer. I thought I had been very ingenious in asking the question," he explained to me, "I asked a mighty crooked one, that involved several people—this not only answers the question but clears a mystery, telling the whole story—that is, if it is true! It tells it all plain enough."

"But see here!" he added anxiously, looking down from his tall height into the two eager girl faces upturned before him. "Don't you two midgets ever try such a caper again. Its all well enough for you to investigate occult theosophysical theurgy right here at home with auntie, but what possessed you to go rummaging around in that moldy old box?" "Why?" replied Ledy, "I didn't see any harm in running in there; we've been in the old house lots of times, haven't we Madge? It's a short cut through the field and the grove of pines back of the house to our street. We most always go that way." "I should think," put in Madge airily, "that you would have more faith in guardian spirits after what we have told you. They would have warned us, of course, if anything was dangerous there." Mr. Boardman laughed good naturedly as he untied his horses, nodding at the two bright faces, repeating his caution, as he drove away. "Now, this affair," said Miss Vale, pausing in her reading, it seems to me is chiefly valuable on account of the positive proof it gives. That concentration of mind, expectancy or surroundings have nothing whatever to do with the demonstrations." "How much did the story of this Lenore agree with the tales the girls had previously heard told of the old house?" asked Dr. Eads. "Not at all; the only thing we knew about the place was that it stood there very much the same as now, when we came to the city; we had heard the remark that it was haunted. Carrie repeated, as they entered the rooms, the story of a woman who sometimes came to her mother's. She said that no one could live there, as the chairs would be lifted while they were sitting in them, and carried across the room, and the furniture was moved about, or suddenly flung out doors with no visible agency. "Did you find out if there had ever been such a person as 'Lenore' inquired the poet. "Yes," said Miss Vale, "I took pains to ascertain; I learned that at the very date given, there had been a family there with a young lady daughter called Lenore; that she was a frail, delicate girl who subsequently died in the south where her family removed hoping to benefit her health." "How do you explain her story as to the man beating upon the chamber windows all these years?" asked the doctor; "of what possible use could that be?" "I do not explain," replied Miss Vale, fixing her fathomless eyes on the doctor's face in incontrovertible silence. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE.

When I was seventeen years old, I had an experience which I remember to this day with a certain shudder, says a writer in *Sphinx*. Although it was not frightful, I found out its meaning only in later years. I was living with my grand-mother and had a cosy little room to myself. It was in mid-winter shortly after Christmas. I was completely well, happy and in the bloom of youth. On that evening I had about 10 o'clock gone to bed and had immediately sunk into a sound sleep. It may have been about the middle of the night that I was half awakened from my sleep by a crashing noise. I could not, in spite of my earnest effort, quite come to my consciousness. I lay as it were oppressed with the weight of the Alps and yet felt myself awake. After a short delay the crackling noise as if of fire breaking out into flame was repeated, and in my great terror lest something might burn, I resumed all my will-power, turned from the wall toward the center of the room and gazed at the stove. There I saw now a red illumination go out from a spot near by, and as I rubbed my eyes and looked again, there stood in a red light a male form clothed from head to foot in clothing of a variable red scales, a feather cap on the really handsome head. I

wanted to cry out and could not and I plainly saw the form smile scornfully. I was barely capable, stricken with terror as I was, of thinking, "What does this being want?" and as if he had heard my thought, I heard him say: "You I want!" I tried to close my eyes but could not. "Who are you, pray?" I finally exclaimed. "That is no matter," hissed out the form, "but, I have the power to give happiness and riches." "I don't believe it" I said. He became apparently angry; I trembled with terror, but had the feeling that I must neither fear nor obey the being. "You doubt my power; I will give you proof of it." On the moment my little room became illuminated; a fragrance of roses filled it, and as I looked around there were suspended hundreds of different sorts of roses; it was a sight not soon to be forgotten, "Do you now believe in me?" said he. "O, no," I answered. Then sounded in my ear a clinking, clanging sound. There rolled on the floor, and the air was filled with falling gold pieces so that I held my hand to protect my face. "See there," he began again, "this and much more is there for you if you believe on me." As I looked up there shone on the floor great heaps of gold and silver coin; I could not speak for my terror and only shook my head deprecatingly in refusal. "Not yet!" angrily exclaimed he, "Will you flee? say whither?" In my terror of death I said involuntarily: "To my father!" And at the same moment I felt myself raised, the window opened and with a speed of a storm I was borne high over the houses out into the night. My father dwelt at a considerable distance from us and before I was aware of what I was about I stood within the walls of his dwelling; but from the gas lamp in the street there fell into the room a gleam, and thereby I was enabled to see my father quietly slumbering in bed, not far from him my younger brother and I heard the deep breathing of both. An unspeakable fright came upon me, since in my ear was whispered: "Will you follow me now?" "No," I said, "I will go home!" Immediately I was again raised up and was carried with the speed of a storm through the air; into my room to my bed. I believed that I was now released, but there stood the red form again before me. It gazed at me with an evil look and said threateningly: "For the last time I ask you, will you belong to me?" No: never and never more," cried I. "Then is misery your lot?" I heard again, then there was a creaking, a blustering a crashing noise as if the entire room were going to pieces. I hid my head in the pillows and when finally with full comprehension I came to myself and could again use my limbs, all had vanished and I heard the clock in the room of my grandmother adjoining mine strike one. Terror controlled me so strongly that I, spite of my purpose did not get up. I prayed a Lord's prayer and again fell into a sleep; but on the next day I was "all broken up" as if in consequence of a great exertion; had a headache for several days and found myself quite "out of sorts" and much oppressed in soul. An inconceivable terror kept me from relating this event for a long time to my mother and I never made any mention of it to any one. In later years the threat of that being certainly came to fulfillment so far as earthly goods were concerned, yet was this richly made up to me by more lofty devotion.

A UNIVERSALIST ON SPIRITUALISM.

The following is taken from an article entitled "Spiritualism, or the Religion of Demonstration," by Rev. W. S. Crowe, in the November number of the *Universalist Monthly*, of which he is the editor:

The evangelical churches, which are so relentless in their devotion to physical proof of the life beyond, ought to be a little more charitable toward the Spiritualists, who are trying to do in this age what the churches declare was done many centuries ago in this work of demonstrating man's other-world existence. One would naturally expect the orthodox church to give Spiritualists an undivided support of sympathy and good will. What a marvelous confirmation of the Bible if Spiritualism be true! If it can be proven beyond a peradventure that departed spirits come back and show themselves in what appear to be material forms, how grandly that would pave the way to an

easy belief in the after-death appearances of Jesus! We have in the classics the story of the Siege of Troy. The world was coming to think of it as a myth. Dr. Schlieimann made his excavations and the world rejoiced, and said: "Now we have more confidence in history." The churches themselves are sending men to explore every old Bible country for confirmatory evidence, that such a city as Babylon and such a man as Nebuchednezzar existed. One would naturally expect the evangelical churches to hail Spiritualism with rapture as the long-sought confirmation of their most deeply-loved beliefs. The natural expectation, however, is doomed to a very harsh disappointment. Spiritualists have no other such enemies in the world as the evangelical churches. Why? I can imagine but one reason why. Spiritualists are not evangelical. Their communications from the other shore do not accord with traditional theology. They proclaim that people enter the next world as they leave this; that character is continuous; that happiness or misery depends on what people are, not on what they believe; that the future is a realm of progress—from bad to good, from good to better. Spiritualists renounce the doctrines of the trinity and atonement and salvation by faith and endless punishment. That is why their confirmatory evidence is not accepted. Prejudice against them as unevangelical has become enmity to their work. How deeply this prejudice has entered the public mind one must pause and consider to appreciate. We have the story of Jesus' bodily resurrection. We have not the word of a single eye-witness. The earliest record we possess of the event was written at least half a century after the event—in an age of credulity, when such a thing as criticism or the careful sifting of evidence was unknown. The records we have are singularly and seriously at variance with each other; but that testimony, floating down through eighteen centuries, sinking as it does into perfect obscurity in the early stages so that no scholarship can determine what changes may have been made in the text during the second or third century—that evidence is received without question. Here are good people and true, your neighbors and friends and business associates, hundreds of them, thousands of them, who testify that last week or last night they saw, heard, touched, the materialized spirit of a dead friend; and that testimony is thrust aside with a compassionate sneer as unworthy of a moment's consideration. We have ten thousand times the evidence for modern materializations that we have for any biblical reappearance. We scoff at this, and sacredly believe that. The power of prejudice is truly wonderful.

It is often asked why Spiritualism is a thing so modern. The answer is that until recently the world was satisfied with biblical demonstration. Everybody believed what the church said—that of old the spirits did appear on earth, and the popular heart rested in that dictum of the church. Then materialistic science and destructive criticism came upon us like a Conemaugh flood and carried us away from our faith-homes and stranded us upon the barren shoals of negation. All classes of religious folk set to work to battle or avoid materialism. The orthodox world met the difficulty in a blind, blundering way; but with honest and motherly intention to save its hopes. It said, "Children, you must not read what the materialists write. You must not allow yourselves to think upon the arguments they make. You must reverently close your ears and keep saying rapidly, under-breath, 'I do believe.'" The liberal religionists looked the facts of the materialists squarely in the face and said, "But is there not a spiritual way of interpreting these facts?" When materialism showed that the earth came into existence, not by creation but by evolution, these men of broader spiritual genius said, "Well, what of it? Where did evolution come from? Evolution, just as much as creation, requires a God to make it work. It is only a different, a grander and more worthy view of the divine method. Thank you, gentlemen, for the suggestion." So, with a wider philosophy, the liberals have turned science to account, have harnessed its forces to their faith and reverence. When materialism had pretty thoroughly settled it that these bodies of ours are not to be resurrected, the liberals began a new study of our souls, and they have found such power, such measureless life, such divine possibility and prophecy in them as to reply, "Very well, let the body go; the soul can live on without it." In this general conflict with materialism the Spiritualists have done execution according to their genius. It must be confessed that they have been the bravest soldiers on the field. Orthodoxy has lingered far in the rear and exhorted its soldiers to run away, to keep beyond sight and hearing of the enemy's guns. Its hope was not to conquer the foe, but to preserve its own camp. The liberals have skirted the edges of the battle-field and tried to capture the enemy's ordnance by a philosophic manoeuvre. The Spiritualists accepted boldly and without equivocation the gauge of battle. They marched straight up in the center of the field and leveled their guns at the citadel. They said, "We

will meet you in the arena of the most careful research. We are ready to settle this controversy with scientific demonstrations. You undertake to show that there is no such thing as a spirit outside of a human body. We undertake to show that there is. Let the facts decide. We will go with you into the laboratory and watch your experiments. You come with us into the séance and watch our experiments. Put us to every possible test. If we are frauds, expose and denounce us. If we show you things that your material science cannot account for, be honest with us; confess the fact." That is fair and manly, and yet there are only a few scientists who stand up in soldierly fashion and fight the battle out. Far too many scientists reply, "We have our own demonstrations of the physical sort, and they are sufficient. You people are all crazy." Science learned that kind of reply from the church. Your genuinely traditional scientist is about as dogmatic, about as bigoted, about as pompously ignorant of what the other side has to offer, as your genuinely traditional bishop or cardinal himself.

A few scientists have examined the alleged facts of Spiritualism. Some of them have been tremendously shaken in their materialistic dogmatism. Mr. Wallace, one of the most illustrious thinkers and experimenters of the age, companion of Darwin, who shares with Darwin the honor of the evolution philosophy, is a brilliant example of those who went to disprove and remained to proclaim. Some years ago Mr. Wallace took the broad stand that science should include all facts. If Spiritualism presented any seeming facts, it was the scientist's duty to examine them. In that mood he entered the Society for Psychical Research, which was composed of eminent scholars of many professions. Through several years these gentlemen have conducted a careful, analytical, thoroughly scientific investigation of alleged spiritualistic phenomena. Their reports of what they have seen and heard and established by competent testimony form several hundred pages of very interesting reading. It is not quite to be expected that the extreme parties are satisfied with these investigations. There are Spiritualists who claim that the Society for Psychical Research has not entered heartily and sympathetically into an examination of séances. There are materialists who doubt the thoroughness and absolute reliability of many of the reported observations. As on-lookers, reporters, unprejudiced jurors, we shall be safe in concluding, I think, that the reports present a series of facts, however they are to be interpreted, that are reasonably well established. After deducting all that may be due to tricks and self-deception, and leaving a wide margin for the frailty of eyes and ears and instruments, it still does seem that a solid body of most peculiar and prophetic phenomena remains.

If you wish to follow up this investigation, read either the Society's reports or Mr. Wallace's résumé of the Society's reports in the *Arena* for January and February, 1891. Mr. Wallace groups the facts obtained under five separate heads. He uses the words "phantom" and "apparition," not wishing to prejudice his articles by the use of such words as "spirit" or "person." He shows:

First. That, in hundreds of instances, "apparitions" have been seen—objects that looked like people without physical bodies. The "apparitions" have been seen by two, three, twenty persons at once, in the dark, in broad daylight; in houses, in open fields, when "mediums" were present, when "mediums" were not present.

Secondly. These "apparitions" have been seen to move about. For instance, one particular "phantom" was seen by a person in front of a house; a moment later it was seen by another person in the house; a moment later by a third person at the rear of the house, just as a man who walked into and through and beyond the house would have been seen by those three persons who were so situated that they could not see each other.

Thirdly. These "phantoms," on many occasions, have been seen by animals, cats, dogs, horses, which manifested every sign of surprise, fear, recognition, that they would show in the presence of real objects or people.

Fourthly. These "phantoms," in countless instances, have produced effects on material objects, opening and shutting doors, moving furniture, lifting and carrying people, etc.

Fifthly. These "apparitions" have been photographed.

Well, here are the facts, if human evidence is not all untrustworthy for that order of facts. I am free to confess that I am not quite ready to say, without hesitation, and a reserved "if," here are the facts. I am just as free to confess that such an array of evidence would leave no doubt at all in my mind concerning a different order of facts. Perhaps that is prejudice, and if so I am ashamed of it. With crime and vice I feel that prejudice is a legitimate cause for shame. So mightily does this evidence press upon my mind that I must treat the phenomena, notwithstanding

my own hesitation, as real and established until disproved. This weight of the testimony shifts the responsibility, of establishing a negative, to the opposition.

Granting the facts, how are they to be explained? Are they the work of disembodied spirits, or the work of our own spirits? Is there in the human mind an unconscious power that is capable of producing these phenomena? Is there in the soul of man an undiscovered force, subtler than electricity or life itself, which, under proper conditions, can operate to lift physical weights without the application of any material agent, even the touch of a finger? One may conceive that there is. But could this subtle force or spiritual substance go out from the mind and assume a shape that other people, that animals, will see? Or, may it be that other people, that animals, are unconsciously hypnotized by us so that they see what we see or imagine? One may dimly appreciate that either is the case. Can this spiritual substance go out from our minds and assume a form that may be photographed? I confess that is a staggering proposition. An out-going soul-force must gather matter about itself, or itself transform into matter, before the camera would act upon it. But, before a disembodied spirit could be photographed, it would have to do the same. If either is possible, the other may be. If one could only know what matter is, or what it is not, the problem might not be so tremendous. If we could really grasp the remarkable saying of Faraday that an atom of matter is a point of force; if we could follow a thought of God downward and backward through the eternities until we saw it transform into a nodule of physical substance; if we could understand the sublime principle that the external universe thus proceeds from the Eternal Spirit, we might arouse to the fact that soul-substance, or force, or essence, can, under proper conditions, materialize. What a world we could fill with the things we don't know! We are not, however, to deny or scoff at a fact because it is inexplicable.

The alleged "communications" from "spirits" constitute one of the strongest arguments against Spiritualism. I have read hundreds of them, but not one that seemed in any literary or intellectual sense above the possibilities of the "medium." Spiritualists are par excellence the teachers of the doctrine of progress beyond death. I have read scores of alleged essays, poems, discourses from Shakespeare and St. Paul and Socrates, after these hundreds and thousands of years of progress, which were not half as worthy as those men could write when they were in their teens. I have never had the fortune to read anything from the other side that could for a moment be compared with the average literature, not to speak of the works of genius, of this poor undeveloped world. The claim which is often made that a "medium" who writes a barely respectable little poem is herself an entirely ignorant person, quite incapable of doing even so much—that claim is fatal. If Mrs. Browning "controls" a "medium" and speaks anything above the mediumistic ability, then she can and ought to speak something worthy of Mrs. Browning. So, at least, it seems to me. The entire theory of "spirit control" may be placed on a par with the orthodox theory of "divine control" in biblical inspiration. If God can, or ever did, speak to man or through man in this way, we should expect a perfect revelation of religion and morals and truth and duty and past and future. If man with his own spirit rises up to apprehend God, to meet him, to be impressed by him, to the full measure of his human ability, then we must only expect a Bible of human depths and heights. If departed spirits stand forth to the half-conscious or sub-conscious mood of an embodied spirit, I can understand that in that (as one might call it) "mediumistic mood," receptive mood, a silent influence could be exerted; as the presence of a mountain or a grand picture would exert its influence; as the presence of any other human mind might exert its influence; the "medium" simply responding with the best and highest there is in him to the spiritual presence. Substituting this action-of-presence theory for the control theory I can use the word "inspiration" for prophets and mediums alike. This substitution of the action-of-presence theory also removes the objection, the fatal negation, which I can not otherwise remove, in the puerile character of so-called "communications." Standing beside Niagara a school-boy can only put his aroused emotions into school-boy language. The sub-consciousness awakened, the mediumistic mood nobly challenged by Mrs. Browning or Shakespeare in spirit form, the embodied soul indistinctly but powerfully realizing the approach of the disembodied soul, I can understand that the "medium" would be inspired up into his best, into an intellectual grasp and literary form that are far better than his usual; but still that he must use his own powers of expression. Thus, when I find mistakes in grammar, blunders in syntax, slaughters in prosody, platitudes in rhetoric, vagaries in philosophy, I am not compelled to charge the "communication" with fraud. The action-of-presence

theory, and the impossibility of the control theory, leave my mind still free to believe in the actual appearance of the other-world dweller amid these earthly scenes again. I am aware that this is a rather bold attempt to save Spiritualism from itself, but in my present attitude that seems a necessity. If the dead can literally speak to us they ought to do it. They ought to tell us many things that they certainly have learned. They ought to give warning and counsel in a thousand situations. They ought to reveal great facts, laws, truths, principles, such as, and higher than, our scientists, inventors, poets, philosophers and moralists on earth are discovering. The fact that they do not is very close to a demonstration that they cannot. I can understand that the loss of the body requires altogether a different method of communication from this method which we know as human speech. I can understand that they might take form and come near us and look tender love into our eyes without being any longer able to use our language. I can understand that their environment is so unlike ours, their bodies and their world made up of such a different kind of material, that the manner of their life cannot be explained in our symbols and representations of thought. I can understand that, while they lose our language, they gain a higher language, incommunicable to us—possibly a language of music or color or exquisite sensation—so that all they can do is to come near us, and by action or sound or light and shade make their presence known. Only by this method of saving Spiritualism from certain phases of its own ism can I see any of the blessed probability of it. I shall be perfectly willing, however, and immeasurably happy, to cast aside all this theorizing in that very day when Shakespeare shall publish a nobler drama than Hamlet, or Faraday shall give us an invention that outdoes the telephone.

If Spiritualism be established, then this human life of ours immediately takes on an indefinitely greater value. To know, and not merely to hope, there is life beyond death, and reunion with our beloved, and studentship at the feet of the seers of all ages, and progress in that pursuit of knowledge and happiness and helpfulness that is our divine dream here—that would enfold the hardest lot with pleasure and canopy the lowliest path with glory. Then we could suffer and wait. Then we could toil and die with a sweet confidence. Then we could bid our loved ones the brief adieu and not break our hearts with agony. The evidence is not yet sufficient to satisfy my mind—perhaps naturally skeptical. Perhaps, also, I have not come into sufficiently close contact with the evidence, and am not acquainted with the most convincing phases of it. Hypnotism and telepathy, and thought-transference, and mind-projection, and the possible materialization of our own occult soul-force rise up to challenge the "phantoms" in a scientific explanation of all the facts reported by the Society for Psychical Research. If I have uttered many suggestions and ventured few opinions it is simply because my mind is crowded with suggestion and somewhat barren of opinion on this subject.

One word, however, of real, though lesser, satisfaction. If the phenomena we have been considering were, and if all such phenomena are, produced by a force within our own souls, then do they prove that our souls, here and now, are endowed with powers which are super-physical—powers which relate vitally to a realm of activities and laws which material science is not able to penetrate. A soul thus endowed, thus hinting its divine independence of ordinary methods, thus lifting itself into touch with a really spiritual universe, is not likely to be exterminated by the death of the body.

A CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT.

By J. P. QUINCY.

[CONTINUED.]

Such being the views of Dr. Bense, judicious readers will readily perceive the completeness of his equipment for a prominent position in the service of psychical research, and we feel no surprise that one of our American societies, about to paddle upon these dark waters, besought his name as chairman of its committee on obsessions. The doctor considered the application with his usual urbanity, and pleasantly remarked that, if he could only besure the right men were behind him, he would take the presidency of a corporation for the manufacture of the philosopher's stone, or personally conduct a party to look up the fountain of youth. Upon assurance that these "right men" would press steadily in the rear, the kindly gentleman accepted the office, with the observation that, although he had little time to devote to these fooleries, he thought he could do what was wanted of him; he would see that nobody else discovered anything at variance with the canons of scientific orthodoxy.

It is no wonder that the sensitive rector felt a depressing influence when he caught the glittering eye

of Dr. Bense. The portly figure, made up of ponderous masses of flesh, adequately supplied with blood and muscle; the gray head, holding sixty years of experience; the eminently respectable position of its proprietor,—these bore heavily against the hundred and thirty pounds of physical man which scarcely served to stiffen a surplice. It became painfully evident that the gaze of the doctor contained little of the admiration which is so sustaining to a preacher. There sat the distinguished neurologist, supported by that iron scaffolding of reasoning erected in his work on "The Body"; it was clearly fire-proof; the burning appeals of the pulpit would assail it in vain. That the hortatory powers of the preacher had recently acquired fresh energy was clear to this worthy specialist in morbid phenomena of the nervous system. He went to church with increased interest. He watched the play of the rector's features, the outlines and carriage of the body,—signs to his practiced eye of the abnormal condition of the nerve-centres. "There will be over-fatigue after such excitement," murmured the doctor to himself; "he will be coming to me for a course of bromides before long. If we could only get at the mechanical equivalent for all this cell disturbance! We shall hit upon it yet. Yes, Huxley is right; we have discovered it for heat, and are bound to find it for consciousness."

Mr. Greyson winced a little as he felt himself the subject of this professional interest. It was an element of confusion; a blur upon the mirror that should reflect supreme truth. How humiliating to believe that spiritual power could attain its maximum only when some ill-understood condition was supplied by the auditors! Yet notwithstanding the limitation of which the rector was so conscious, the fact that a fresh vitality had gone into the sermonizing at St. Philemon's was widely recognized. The hearts of the young and frivolous fluttered with a new sensation, while those which kept their beating into middle life swelled with a sense of higher realities than had hitherto touched them. The usual remoteness of the pulpit was removed. The sermon struck the level of the pews, and even the curiosity-hunters and strollers from the hotels were startled into a half hour of serious meditation.

As Mr. Greyson rose to preach on the Sunday afternoon when the petition for Ephraim Peckster had been inserted in the service, he perceived that Dr. Bense was not in the church, and that the Hargraves—who, coming late, found their pew occupied by strangers—had taken seats within ten feet of the pulpit. The penetrative energy with which the rector spoke that afternoon will not soon fade from the memories of those who heard him. The text (Eph. vi. 11, 12) has been taken for hundreds of evanescent discourses, weighted with commonplace which speedily sank them below the attention of their auditors. But a coercive power came into the familiar verses as they were now repeated; there was intuitive insight, something that seemed like the holy confidence of inspiration, as the speaker proceeded to develop the lesson they contained. The whole armor of God,—that is what we must put on before contending with the spiritual wickedness in high places with which the apostle asserts that man must wrestle. The rich emphasis of voice made everyone shrink with a sense of the utter poverty of his personal equipment for this mighty strife. Whether mind be embodied or disembodied,—so ran the preacher's message,—it may cast a spell upon those about it. That influence may be strengthening, widening, elevating; or it may be degrading, perverting, poisoning. "We contend not against flesh and blood." The negative of the apostle clashes with that hypothesis, exclusive of spiritual existence, which is so favored by the science of our day. He knew that faith in the existence of agents of wickedness who assail man was a safer belief, because it was a truer belief, than the doctrine that our thoughts and actions express our influential individualities. And it was here that the rector, as his eye fell upon a party of returned tourists who had gabbled to him of "doing" the Castle of Wartburg, and of inspecting the stain upon its wall, was betrayed into the Luther illustration which caused such uneasiness. The great reformer had hurled his inkstand at—what? Science was ready with its glib answer: "A subjective hallucination arising from the eccentric pseudopia of functional disturbance." Perhaps so; yet not necessarily so. Let it never be forgotten that the great fast of the church identifies the temptation it commemorates with an objective source. Modern investigation may yet prove, what ancient inspiration has asserted, that chaotic spiritual regions infest the neighborhood of human life. But those too dull to feel susceptibility to these influences declare that they do not exist! Suppose the metals which do not respond to the loadstone should meet in convention, and pass a resolution that its power was imaginary! There have been periods in the world's history when knowledge of the unseen was poured upon men with Pentecostal power; also there have been epochs when mortals were tempted into abnormal relations with the lower spiritual world. And then the preacher

showed how materialistic prosperity, Sadducean blindness, and the pride of intellectual culture had darkened the faculty of supersensual discernment. The sermon closed with a glowing description of the tangible refutation of a doubter that had once been permitted in the room at Jerusalem when the doors were shut.

But it is impossible to give in shadowy outline words which swayed the listeners to and fro,—words as full of refinement as of fire. They came with the mighty rush of a river, which nevertheless yields to the graceful flexures of its bed. Truly the rector appeared to have risen to a sphere where realities behind appearances were laid bare. Certain medical pupils of Dr. Bense, whose slender purses necessitated the gallery, marveled that what seemed a towering spiritual ego should be no more than a secretion of that tremulous, half-effeminate organism. They puzzled over this great scientific verity instead of following the words of the last hymn, as it is clear they ought to have done.

That evening, as the minister sat in his study, awaiting the summons of Professor Hargrave, the reaction came. Fullness of life had been his a few short hours ago, yet his late elevation now appeared empty and deceptive. Why should a worn-out, good-for-nothing man arrest one momentary stage in a long series of bodily changes, and give that the name of life? This fidget of the nerves, these vaporous prognostics peeping at us from behind the curtain which conceals our destiny,—are not these also life? Ah, they are emphatically life, since according to our modern democratic notions they are the ruling majority of our sensations. Ministers get no exemption from these doleful questionings,—puppets keeping step with the music of their physical nutrition, as in this world the best of us are in some sort compelled to do.

The ring of the door-bell startled Mr. Greyson from his reverie. The message had come; a cap and ulster coat would be wanted, and the maid had thoughtfully brought them.

The rector shuddered as he passed into the street, but it was not from the snow-laden blast which struck him in the face; it was from doubt of the errand upon which he was bound.

"Add to your faith knowledge."

There was comfort in recalling the apostle's words; they were repeated more than once on the way to that older part of the city where the Hargraves lived.

II.

When Mr. Greyson entered the familiar parlor in Primrose street, he found Professor Hargrave engaged in a perplexed walk up and down the room, eyeing the carpet the while with the anxious inquiry of one who was deciphering some oracular message that had been woven into its pattern. Clara occupied her low sewing-chair near the table; as usual she seemed begirt with a blessed feminine atmosphere of light and encouragement,—the *ewigweibliche* which the dying lines of Goethe's poem point out as man's best guide along the dusky highway of the world.

The rector had become so much a part of the family that the conversation was not interrupted by his arrival.

"No, I cannot leave this to Greyson," exclaimed the professor, making a sudden pause in his movement. Now he is here, I had as lief say what I should say in his absence. The clergy are no better advisers than women on matters which involve a certain disturbance of personal feeling and personal taste. They attribute too much to petty social proprieties; they do not see that the large interests of the social organization must at times overrule them. No, my dear, your opinion is formed from a point of view quite outside the mode of thinking applicable to the subject. I have already succeeded in lifting some portion of that fog of assumptions and guesses in which the spiritual nature of man is enveloped. I have done little, to be sure, but what I have accomplished has been by the methods of scientific research."

"You mean what you have accomplished for others," said Clara, quietly. "The information gained by yourself, and which you have enabled me to receive, has surely been obtained by other methods, and is as certain as it is priceless. What was my knowledge before you enlarged its boundaries? A parrot-like repetition of the creed of my Spencerian Lectureship mingled with that of my church. One taught me that matter passed from indefinite coherent heterogeneity, and that this ponderous passage was effected by evolutionary processes; the other provided me with some phraseology equally mouth-filling, and both left me to the frivolous worldly life from which you raised me."

"And must all my time and study be lost?" remonstrated Hargrave. "I mean all that have been given to the methods and instruments which promise success in this experiment! No, I am not justified in wasting such an opportunity."

"No honest work can be lost to the doer of it,"

said his wife. "I say only that you are not bound to make a vulgar demonstration upon the lowest plane of a fact which better ways of research have established for as many as can profit by it."

"Despite the professor's uncivil remark about the clergy," said Mr. Greyson, "I think him the best judge of value of this experiment; and if it is to be made, I cannot justify myself in withholding such assistance as may be found in my presence."

"And that settles it," said Hargrave, with a triumphant glance at his wife. "Greyson must pardon me for thinking that he might falter, that he might not be the large-minded man he evidently is. We shall convince Bense that there is a spirit in man which survives death. We can win such men only by demonstration of positive science."

"I fear that nothing you can accomplish will move Dr. Bense," objected Clara. "There are conditions of organic density about him which will defy you."

"Well, we can prove that fact, at all events," rejoined the professor. "In the meantime, remember that the doctor has been put forward by the research people, and heads one of their committees. My associations with scientific bodies compel me to provide him with the sort of evidence he is able to appreciate."

"Is it not useless," said Clara, "to provide more evidence for those who will make no fair use of the evidence now at their disposal, for men who claim to be teachers before those whom they should come with the humility of learners? Let them first show courage and candor in dealing with the mass of evidence now accessible. Grant that the delicate apparatus you have so labored to perfect does its work, Dr. Bense will believe you to be a conjurer clever enough to deceive so good an observer as himself. He has already decided that men whose achievements in science are equal to yours are either tricked or tricksters in these matters."

"I must try to bend knees even as stubborn as his," rejoined Hargrave. "I do not fear the legitimate skepticism of science, and have twenty reasons for thinking that I shall convert Bense. But there is his step upon the stairs, so it will be as well to reserve them until after the event."

The sturdy, corpulent figure of Dr. Bense was now added to the party. Mixed with the good nature which always beamed from his face, there was a subdued sense of the comical, such as might be detected in one invited to walk into a quagmire upon the assurance that good substantial footing was there obtainable. The doctor was willing to go as far as the edge, and watch those who had lost sight of realities founder in the mud. Classification was a point of pride with him. He was acquainted with most of the deteriorated varieties of humanity, and liked to put them under their proper headings in the noble volume of medical science.

"Thank you heartily for answering my summons," was the cordial greeting of Professor Hargrave. "I want you to witness an experiment which may result in giving you that evidence of a spiritual world which your society professes to be seeking."

"I am not aware that any society with which I am connected makes such profession," replied Dr. Bense. "We are seeking a remedy for that reversion to the delusions of our savage ancestors which the great forces of civilization are not yet able to prevent."

"I hope to be able to show you," continued the professor, undismayed by this dash of cold water, "that what we call the soul is a distinct entity, and does not depend on organic structure for its existence."

"Ah!" said the doctor, in a long drawn-out exclamation, and raising his eyebrows as far as a contraction of the occipito-frontalis muscle would carry them. "I am aware that some persons assert a zone of spiritual being, and then posit in man a faculty competent to its cognition. I can have nothing to do with any such circular reasoning. Do you propose to proceed by the methods which have given us all that science can recognize as knowledge?"

"Had I had any other purpose, you would not have been sent for," answered Hargrave, proudly. "I ask you to join me in a scientific investigation of the phenomena of death."

"Who is your subject?"

"Ephraim Peckster."

The eyebrows of the inquirer went up again at this reply.

"I have been with him this afternoon," continued Hargrave. "His mind is clear, though the body is hourly weakening. We have often talked over this matter, and he begged me, should he be called first, to see that his passage to the other world was prepared for the increase of knowledge in this. I promised him that I would do so. To-day he sent me word that the time had come."

"I fear that our code of medical etiquette will prevent my intrusion," said Dr. Bense. "Who has the case?"

"Old Dr. Simpson, of Medville. Mr. Peckster's summer home is in that town, and he has unbounded confidence in its physician."

"Simpson was a good practitioner thirty years ago," remarked the doctor, "but he is far behind date. I'll wager he bled him!"

"He did," assented the professor; "he declared that it gave him his only chance."

"The exploded practice!" muttered Dr. Bense. "No city physician would bleed for peritonitis, though our fathers thought there was nothing else to be done. Veratrum viride and the obvious antiphlogistics are now found to answer the purpose. Well, I suppose that although the disease has been conquered, the patient can retain nothing on his stomach, and is fast sinking from exhaustion?"

"You describe his condition as I understand it," said Hargrave. "At all events, Dr. Simpson has given him up, and is perfectly willing that you should assist at the experiment which Mr. Peckster has assured him he desires should be made. Mr. Greyson, the other witness I have selected, is now with us. Dr. Simpson may summon us by telephone at any moment."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



LEFT UNDONE.

It isn't the thing you do, dear—
It's the thing you've left undone—
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun;
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted,
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds:
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear—
It's the thing you leave undone—
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

IN THE JOURNAL of November 21st was an article on "Woman Suffrage," contributed by "Edgeworth," in which he took exception to some of the positions advanced in a lecture by Mr. Underwood. In reply to that article Mrs. S. F. J. Fay, of Atlanta, Ga., has sent a letter which is deemed acceptable for this department of the paper, and is therefore printed below!

As a woman, a thinker, and a worker in the cause of progress [writes Mrs. Fay] I would like to reply to the article which appeared in THE JOURNAL of November, 21st on "Woman Suffrage," by Edgeworth.

Many of our deepest and most able minds are inclined to the views expressed by him, and my first impression on reading his article was that he was right, but on reconsideration, I found insurmountable objections to his theory. Ignorance and superstition are like the Siamese twins, and the condition of woman throughout Christendom is especially favorable to ignorance and superstition. But when liberalized by education, responsibility and contact with the world, I think women are quite as progressive as men. However that may be, we must look deeper for the solution of this problem. The right of suffrage is the right to defend ourselves against injustice. Women hold property,

pay taxes and mingle freely with the world in business and in society. Now the want of suffrage places them on a level with children, as regards personal importance or power, while thousands upon thousands of them have the burdens and responsibilities of men. They are not protected as children are by the public when private or family protection fails them through death, or what is worse, unfaithfulness. In many of the states there are laws in force at this day discriminating most inhumanly against woman, and making her the property of her husband without any rights in law. If women were voters how long would such laws remain on the statutes? Besides, whether politic or not, if woman has a right to liberty she must have a right to vote; for suffrage is the symbol and guarantee of liberty.

I know that many educated women who ought to have better sense, are working with might and main for theocratic government, that the country has always been to some extent the victim of ignorance and injustice, and is still in some danger; but only by a fair fight on the lines of absolute equity, can we ever hope for a victory worth having. The ignorant people must have their vote, and liberals must defend themselves against injustice by educating them. An ignorant man's incompetence is no excuse for making him a slave; neither is woman's incompetence.

To protect ourselves against the possibility of theoretic government, it behooves us to work constantly and vigorously for the education of the masses. We must support lectureships and scatter the literature of liberty and liberalism with a free hand in every nook and corner of the land. The practical shrewdness of those who establish Bible societies, tract societies, missionary societies, and force into their service every imaginable device for proselytizing, would be a profitable study for us. But let us not imitate their injustice, and withhold liberty from a portion of our people, because we have the power to do so. Let us hold firmly to the faith that truth and right must prevail.

Suffrage limited to a class. Is not that the most complete, final and fatal class legislation that could be conceived? The want of suffrage is political slavery. Those who do not vote are required to obey laws, in the making of which they had no voice—is not that slavery? It is no doubt true that majority rule enslaves minority, but minority rule would enslave the majority; and the ignorant majority would not have the advantage of knowledge and tact to find their way out of slavery.

The pessimism which consigns the majority to a perpetual depravity seems to be the key-note to Edgeworth's article. Now the mass of mankind is steadily improving in character and intellect wherever there is a pretence of liberty; but where they are relegated to the jail of incompetence, they remain stunted and brutal forever, even when arts and science are most liberally patronized by their rulers. In this country the evolution of intellect has been wonderful during the last century. Hordes of ignorant and depraved immigrants have swarmed to our shore from every country on the globe. Here they have strutted and blustered and made themselves ridiculous, sometimes dangerous, but their sons and their sons' sons are now gentlemen, educated in our public schools, taking part, many of them in our most important social and political interests. And so the good work must go on. Our country must be protected against despotism, not by despotism but by liberty, education and "eternal vigilance." In the nature of equity, women have the same right to vote that men have. Whether they will vote to suit us or not is a different matter. Certain it is we have no right to make them do so against their will, nor to suppress their vote. The majority of them do not care to vote, but that does not effect their right to do so if they wish. Absolute right can never be the standard of a government, however, until the majority of the people are educated to a knowledge and appreciation of it. In the meantime let us not transmute the truth and think that "policy is the best honesty."

Mrs. Stowe used to go through the streets of Brunswick with a brown paper bundle and a new-bought broom,—the picture of the womanly independence you desire for the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," writes Charles Lewis Slattery in *New England Magazine* for December. But in a recent after-dinner speech in the town hall, a friend of "Freddy" Stowe's, when the Stowes lived in Brunswick, said that although Mrs. Stowe had written a book to thrill the world, her pies and cakes were abominable. One is inclined to think

that the economical and skillful Mrs. Stowe could have made good cake and pie if she had wanted to; but realizing how bad they were at best, she gloried in their weight and sour flour, because the hungry boy, once fed with them, would desire no more.

Dr. Ham Griffin, Mary Anderson's step-father, says: "Our Mary is sweeter, happier and prettier than ever, and her married life is simply a dream. She has no intention of ever returning to the stage, and has never had any such desire nor expressed since her marriage any wish to do so. When she married she put the stage away forever." He also says she has had an offer of \$10,000 from a newspaper publisher for a love story of thirty-six columns, but she does not think she will consider it.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont is reported as being engaged on an important piece of literary work, which has engrossed her attention for the past six months.

The Chicago Women's Club gave its first evening social of the year at the Art Institute last week. Lord and Lady Aberdeen were the guests of the club. The programme included a paper by Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson in answer to Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Wild Women" in the *Nineteenth Century*. Besides this there was music, both vocal and instrumental. An innovation in the usual course of the club's entertainments was dancing, which followed the other part of the programme.

The venerable Dr. Bartol writes to the *Critic* that Lowell owed part of his power to his mother, and he adds: "She was a woman of such force of character that her admiring physician had frequent opportunities to test her wit and will, and his own signal determination found such a foil as gave him occasion, with characteristic quaintness, to remark: 'Had it pleased the Lord to drop her spirit into the pantaloons, she would have been a great general.'"

Miss Anna Cora Ritchie, Thackeray's charming daughter, lives in a country house near London. She is a delicate, cultivated woman, and has an unusually large circle of friends, including some of the best known men and women of Europe and America. Her own fame as a novelist and the glory of her father's name are not so powerful in winning the friendship of the world as her own sincere, cordial manner.

Miss Olive Schreiner was one of the chief guests at a recent dinner given to the journalists of Cape Town, and herself replied to Sir Charles Metcalfe's complimentary reference to her as one "who had spread the knowledge of South African literature all the world over." Miss Schreiner is described by a contemporary as "of petite figure, with dark hair and eyes. She is a brilliant talker, and feels a vivid interest in public affairs."

A CLERGYMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: I am not a Spiritualist in the general acceptance of the term, but in reading over for the first time your paper, THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, placed in my hands by a person of intelligence, I have been so impressed with what I have read as to send you a brief statement of my own experience, and of what has come under my own personal observation. The names of all the parties referred to could be given, but the expediency of this might be questioned. I am and have been for many years a clergyman, and in evidence of my sincerity and good faith, enclose to you my card, with my address; not however for public use. Some years ago, when in charge of a parish in a neighboring state, and occupying the rectory of the church, a member of my family, a young lady grown, was amusing herself and some of her companions with a little board known as "planchette" watching the development. I was surprised and interested to find that the lead pencil attached to the board, wrote distinctly in a hand I at once recognized, and signed the name of the person believed to be the author of the communication made. The handwriting, readily recognized, appeared to be that of Bishop —, who had ordained me many years before to the ministry, and in whose piety and Christian character I had implicit confidence. He died at the South during the late civil war. Surprised at the recognition of the writing, I asked, is this communication from Bishop —? The reply was yes, from William. I

asked, will you dictate to me a sermon that I may preach to the world? The answer was "I am not writing or dictating sermons now." This was followed by the questions. Q. Can an evil spirit as well as good communicate with us from the other world? A. Yes, both. Q. Can we discriminate between them? A. Not always. The thought passed through my mind that that was very remarkable, which was answered as follows, before I had time to frame the thought in speech: A. Not more remarkable than that we cannot discriminate between the good and the bad in our daily intercourse with men here upon earth.

Suddenly a name was written, and the medium exclaimed, You are not dead! The answer came, Not dead, but in the world of spirit. Q. Where did you die? Ans. In South America. You don't believe it is I who communicates with you; I will prove it. Do you remember the tub race? Up to this time the whole thing had been treated lightly as a matter of amusement; every thing approaching levity ceased, and an expression of awe and solemnity marked the features of the medium. What does it mean? I asked; explain it! I give the answer as nearly as I can recall it. "Some years ago as you well know I attended the boarding school of Madam —. My room mate at this school was Miss Kitty —. On one occasion her mother came from her home in New York to visit her, and while on this visit, with the approval of her teacher, invited her to take a carriage drive with me, her room mate, and to choose the direction of the drive. It happened to be the day fixed upon by the students of the Polytechnic school in the neighborhood of the Ladies' Seminary, for a tub race on the river, which was largely attended by the better class of people in the city. Every thing was bright and promising, and the students, flattered by the presence of the young ladies, started in the race in a gay and frolicsome spirit. Suddenly the tub containing the young man whose name was written, by some accident turned bottom up, leaving him submerged in the water, covered with the tub, without any prospect in the brief time that followed, of getting relief. The excitement was great. When nearly drowned the young man was relieved from his perilous condition more dead than alive. It can occasion no surprise that this incident, which must have left a very strong impression upon his mind, should have been used for identification in reasoning with one in doubt, who yet had witnessed the startling accident. It was currently reported that this young man was the son of a wealthy contractor in San Francisco, whose business complications had been unfortunate, rendering it expedient for him to remove to Chili. Some years after, in traveling on a railway in the State of New York, I entered into conversation with a stranger, who was then and had been for many years a professor in the Institution to which I have alluded, and to my surprise learned from him that he was present at the tub race referred to, and that the young man who came so near being drowned by the upsetting of the tub was from San Francisco, and that the gentleman believed to be his father paid his bills."

While the facts stated may not prove satisfactory the truth of spiritual communication, they are certainly interesting as furnishing a chain of corroborative evidence worthy of consideration. The general tone of your paper, so eminently fair and just, ready to acknowledge and rebuke fraud and imposition, where an attempt is made to practice it, has emboldened me to address you upon the subject of spiritual communication, and to state briefly the reason why its further investigation was discontinued for a time, and then was ultimately ignored in my family. Among the many communications, some of which were received and welcomed with satisfaction, came others of an openly blasphemous character, which an effort to suppress developed in a most persistent determination, accompanied with profanity to get and hold possession of the board. The expressed determination then followed to have nothing more to do with it. Some months after however, in a spirit of frivolity, some of the young friends of the medium urged her to gratify them with the working of planchette, among the questions propounded by them being, will I ever marry? This question was repeated by the medium, with the addition "and if so, whom?" The answer was prompt and emphatic, yes! and a coffin drawn upon the paper. In a few weeks the medium who put these questions died from heart disease, having put planchette aside, never to resume its use again. X.



LILLY DALE.

TO THE EDITOR: I am just home from a tour of five weeks eastward, of which it must suffice to say that it was pleasant and satisfactory.

I spent a Sunday at Lilly Dale camp grounds to note the changes in ten years since my last visit there soon after the opening of the grounds. Then stumps and bogs were plenty, houses few, and those few only board shanties, and a hotel very plain yet comfortable. Now I find the streets cleared, the forest back left standing, but cleaned up; two hundred neat cottages, some large houses, forty or more resident families, a library hall, school house, stores and post office, the great auditorium boarded up for winter shelter, and a large hotel for summer use. The feeling in the vicinity is that village, camp ground, school and library have come to stay; and no liquor being allowed on the premises gives all a good name. While doubtless the managers may make some mistakes, their general course and aims command confidence and maintain harmony. Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore make their home on the pleasant street looking upon the fine lake, and are devoted to the best interests of the enterprise.

I cannot close without bearing my testimony to the varied excellence and high character of the last numbers of THE JOURNAL—full of interest they are.

DETROIT, MICH. G. B. STEBBINS.

IDENTITY OF SPIRITS.

TO THE EDITOR: As the identity of spirit is a subject often treated and by many deemed impossible, I have thought a brief account of one of my experiences with phenomena attending an investigation would help in the solution of the problem. I appreciate the difficulty of demonstrating the identity of the personality of the alleged spirit; and no one more fully realizes this than one who has been studying the subject for forty years. What constitutes the evidence of identity may be different among investigators; hence until some definite statement is made and agreed upon the difficulty remains.

In reference to the alleged spirit mentioned in my statement of September 12th, in THE JOURNAL, I would relate as follows: When, after several weeks of exercise of the arm and hand automatically, the character of the writings changed to communications, giving information upon many subjects, and among them was one giving the name, former residence, occupation etc., of the control who was now, it was declared, a spirit decarnated who once lived as aforesaid on this earth in a human body. A letter was written to parties residing in the town, and answer was made confirming in every particular the statements made in the communication. After some further tests the spirit became one of our especial friends and was always welcomed to our family firesides. So far as could be ascertained all those who were familiar with the early visits of our friend were entirely ignorant of the person ever having lived on this planet.

The medium very soon after this became clairvoyant and clairaudient, and on the announcement of the presence of this spirit friend a season of extreme felicity was expected, and very often realized. This was continued for a space of ten years, or until the breaking out of the civil war, when our neighbor was drafted and went into the army. We made many experiments with him during that time. Some said he was controlled by electricity, so we would put his chair and stool in glass tumblers, isolating him, but it made no difference; the control came all the same, always asserting his personality. Even after the visitors had left for their home the spirit would inform those who remained of their conversation while on their way.

During one of my interviews with our spirit friend I asked him to give me some token that I could show my friends as coming from him. He said he would if possible. In due time the medium informed me that our spirit friend wished to fulfill his promise, and if I would be present at such a time he would attempt it. On my way to meet the appointment I purchased a quire of letter paper, not knowing the nature of the effort he would make. I

took with me an intimate friend, and on arriving at the house we went into a chamber, with no one present but the three, the medium, friend and myself. The medium seated himself on one side a melodeon and I took a seat on the opposite side. I locked the instrument and hung the key on the wall; turned light down so as just to see the objects in the room. The medium worked the bellows of the instrument; a familiar tune was produced audibly. I then put two inkstands on the melodeon, one with blue and the other containing red ink, and two pens. I took a large silk handkerchief and bound it around his head, completely covering his eyes. He took his seat one side, and after I had reduced the light so that I could only just discern the objects in the room, I took two sheets of the paper I had brought with me and placed them on the top of the instrument and took my seat opposite the medium, as close as I could sit, with the sheets of paper clearly in my view. After about twenty minutes I took the sheets of paper and the following was found upon them:

PROGRESSIVE.

No, never can you lose the worth,
Of what you learn while here on earth;
And should your spirit's hope grow weak,
Or should you ever doubt the power,
This lofty scene again you'll seek,
At a future calm and peaceful hour;
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That nature ever reared to thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And feel your immortality.

FREEMAN KNOWLES.

The word "Progressive" is written in ornamental hand in red and blue ink, and the text in symmetrical long hand in blue ink, and his signature is also written in ornamental hand in red and blue ink. After many years of study of this subject, with many individuals in private and public positions, I am convinced that the identity of the personality of the spirit is by preponderance of the evidence fully proven.

I know not whether the poem is original or quoted, but my friend Knowles gave me to understand it was original.

A. B. PLIMPTON.

SPIRIT MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR: In 1832 I was at a spiritual gathering of a few friends when the name of a Miss Julia Ann M—, a former familiar associate, was spelled out to me. I bethought me of imploring her aid in the condolence of my wife for the loss of our child, which she readily assented to, but in what way I was only left to imagine. In this state of uncertainty I returned to my home. As usual I found my wife bemoaning the child's death. In her paroxysms of grief she would exclaim, that if she had done this or that thing the child might be still alive. Her nights were sleepless for three weeks subsequent to the child's death; and I really became alarmed for my wife's intellect.

This Miss Julia Ann was in her day remarkable for her perception of music and her vocal powers. Well, I arrived home, and as usual found my wife in an insupportable state of grief, but as it were by effort I was soon asleep. In the morning I was aroused by my wife's saying, "O, what heavenly music I heard last night!" "Some passenger" I remarked, "on his way homeward from the ferry, I suppose." "Far, far better than that. For it was in this very room and I remember the words; it was 'Love not ye hapless sons of clay.' I wonder it did not wake you up."

It certainly had a very beneficial effect upon her mind. From that musical séance she seldom whimpered at the child's death, but looked upon death rationally.

BROOKLYN, L. I.

D. B.

FIRST MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: Perhaps a leaf from my experience will be of interest to some skeptical mind, as previous to becoming a medium. I was as strongly a skeptic as one can well be. I knew nothing of Spiritualism. There were a few in my circle of acquaintances who were believers in spirit return, but while I thought them sincere, I pitied them in their delusion. I had no idea of what spiritual philosophy was; indeed, had not given it sufficient thought to inquire. I had become a firm materialist, when I was spoken to by spirits. Alone at night, in my room, earnestly thinking of an early ride some miles away into the country, which would necessitate early rising, I stood before my mirror, when a very loud rap, as with a heavy stick, came on the wall behind me.

Soon another still louder came. I turned and said: "Well, what is it?" Instantly there came three still louder raps in quick succession, as if it was a messenger in very great haste. I was transfixed to the spot; then sank into a chair, and shook with fear! Then like an electric flash of light, all fear left me and I thought: It is all true. Spirits can come back. They are in this room, and I am what I detested, a medium. I was not afraid as I turned off the gas, and laid down on my bed; but I did not sleep. The raps continued around every part of the room, and over my bed, and on my pillow all night. Although I did not close my eyes in sleep during the night, I rose refreshed in the morning, in time for the early train. My invisible visitors went with me, making their presence known by continued raps on my clothing. I did not mention my startling experience to any one. The evening after my arrival at my destination, sitting by a table talking to a friend, I picked up a pencil without any thought of writing, but as a slip of paper was lying close by I touched it with the pencil as I talked; soon I began to realize that the pencil was moving as if to write and was startled when it wrote out plainly the word "Medium." Immediately I knew that it was done by influence of spirits and that they wrote that name to let me know that they rather enjoyed my chagrin at finding that I would be obliged to confess to the world that I was a medium, as they desired me to. I received some very strange messages, others amusing, and many times some which were so pathetic as to bring tears to the eyes of the many who called to witness the phenomena. Many other phases of mediumship have been given me; but that which is most worthy of note to an investigator, is the instruction I have received; as I soon became very clairaudient, and conversed with them as fully and freely as one person can talk with another. They followed out a line of instruction peculiar to themselves, and in a manner entirely at variance with any mortal's idea of teaching—but they knew me and my skeptical nature. At the end of a few months I conversed with some of my friends who were Spiritualists. They said I must go to a developing circle and be developed, but in talking with such mediums as Mrs. Watson and others who had attained to a high plane of spirit unfoldment, and in my earnest search for truth, asking them many questions, I found I had already been well taught in spiritual philosophy.

In view of the fact that I was a materialist when I was first conscious of a plural presence; that I was bitterly prejudiced against mediums, classing them all as frauds because some had been proven to be so; that I knew nothing and did not desire to know anything of their so-called philosophy (as I termed it), "is it subconsciousness or what?" I have given but a very brief outline of my experience, but I think sufficient for the earnest, sincere skeptic to see that no one can answer so well the questions that searchers after psychical knowledge are trying to solve, as those who have passed beyond the pale of doubts, because they know.

(MRS.) ELIZABETH STRANGER.

MUSKOGON, MICH.

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

TO THE EDITOR: In the month of September, 1888, I, sitting in my parlor reading the *Enquirer*, happened to read the column about Spiritualism. I began to ponder upon it and made up my mind to investigate and see for myself. Accordingly I went to consult with a medium and was somewhat surprised when she told me of things that no living mortal knew but myself. I then went to a séance, but was disgusted. I was a skeptic and very conservative, being a member of the M. E. Church; had been for many years. What puzzled me was, if there is good in Spiritualism why are all orthodox ministers opposed to it? But what has been the result of my investigations? This: I am a firm believer and advocate of the truth, but I would say to all, don't believe unless you can investigate and prove or have it proven to you. The majority of people are not willing to talk about these things and they put the experience as something unaccountable or credit it to imagination; but let it be what it will, it gives us solid comfort, for what can satisfy the yearnings of the soul more than to feel and know that our dear ones who have laid aside this mortal body are ever near us to cheer us on our way. We cannot see them with the physical eye, but we can spiritually. I love to sit alone, with no human being near me,

and turn my mind inward to catch the faintest whisperings of my dearest friends who have gone before, but I am not alone; they are with me. The one that first taught me the philosophy of Spiritualism has joined that innumerable throng. I shall be happy and only too glad to have all my friends investigate as I did. That is all I ask. You will throw aside the dogmas and come with us.

A. B. COPELAND.

THE FAITHIST'S BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR: In a recent number of THE JOURNAL, under the heading "The Faithists in Court," sneering expressions were used in regard to that most remarkable of all books—"Oahspe."

I am not a faithist, nor have I any personal knowledge of any legal contentions they may be engaged in; but the bible of their faith has, for several months past, closely excited my attention. I do not think any one can give this strange and wonderful work a fair examination without becoming convinced that it is, to say the least, an unexplainable literary phenomenon.

I venture to predict that the time will come when "Oahspe" will demand the attention it truly deserves.

A few weeks ago, THE JOURNAL published a letter from Dr. A. R. Wallace, concerning the "Spirit World." In that letter Dr. Wallace said that the statement in that book, that neither light, nor heat came from the sun to the earth, would prejudice scientific men against the "Spirit World." "Oahspe" not only upholds the statement in Dr. Crowell's work but demonstrates it. The internal evidence in "Oahspe" of the truths of Spiritualism, outside of ocular evidence, has done more to convince me of the genuineness of the spiritual philosophy than anything else. It is for this reason that I ask THE JOURNAL not to kick against the strongest prop (in my opinion) that Spiritualism has.

TRUTH.

HE HAS A BIG HEAD.

There is a man in this city who has the biggest head in the world, says a Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record*. His name is Loftus Jones Parker, and his head measures a little more than thirty-two inches around. The girth of the average man's head is about twenty-one inches. Mr. Parker is forty-eight years old, and is a respected citizen of the capital. He has been a business-man, with a place on Louisiana avenue near State street, but for about twenty years he has been leading a retired life. He did not retire upon the accumulation of an active business career, as many worthy men do, but upon a bonus or subsidy given by three noted physicians of Washington, who wanted to secure his remarkable head for an autopsy when he came to shake off the mortal coil. That subsidy was begun twenty years ago. He was then twenty-eight years old, and the enterprising medicine men thought that he would not live much longer. They could not see how a man with so big a head and so small a body to feed it could hold out beyond thirty-three years, the average of human life. So the endowment was set aside for his maintenance, the conditions being that he was not permanently to leave the District of Columbia and that the doctors were to have his body for scientific purposes when he had no further use for it. The correspondent had a talk with this great physical curiosity the other day. He has a pretty clear head, but there is a striking peculiarity about his mental processes which has led some of the experts to think that he has in his prodigious skull two distinct brains, which sometimes work in unison and sometimes do not. Dime-museum people have been after him for ten years, but, being provided for amply, his sense of family pride has led him to refuse all offers. Afterward he remarked, with a glance of cool shrewdness, that, if it was any object to anyone to know it, two out of the three doctors in question were dead. Then he added, still with a strange expression of cunning on his Quilpike countenance: "In regard to the third one I think my lease of life is about as good as his." A good many people about Washington believe that it is a simple case of hydrocephalus or water-head, though this notion is seemingly negated by the fact that this ailment has never been known to allow its victim to enjoy forty-eight years of life, good health and good wit.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

A Chicago Bible Class. By Ursula N. Gestefeld, New York: United States Book Co., successors to J. W. Lovell & Co., 150 Worth St. 1891. pp 305. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

This work contains a number of essays in which there is thoughtful discussion of religious question based on passages from the Jewish and Christian scriptures. The author's views are very broadly and liberally Christian; and the numerous scripture passages which she quotes she interprets in a way to make them harmonize with rational philosophical and religious thought. For instance the account of Adam's disobedience and fall is regarded as merely figurative, illustrative of the experience of every person, by means of which it is learned what sin actually is. Adam was thus a type of the race. Jesus too is held up as a type of mankind, advanced to its highest possibilities. In becoming what Jesus typically represents we are redeemed from sin through atonement, the sin which began with Adam. In this way, as by one man, death entered the world and all men became sinners, by Jesus, the highest type-man is the atonement effected, and mankind spiritually saved. Most readers will probably think that Mrs. Gestefeld gives some scripture passages rather strained interpretations to avoid their natural but obvious meanings, but such even will admire her ingenuity, and all readers of the book will have to admit that it contains much inspiring and elevating thought. The discussions admit of condensation which would increase their value.

MAGAZINES.

The Westminster Review for November, published in this country by the Leonard Scott Publication Co., contains several noteworthy and valuable articles relative to woman and woman's work. Arabella Kenely writes on "The Surplus of women," and Margaret McMillan on "The Woman's Labor Day," a study of women's work and its possibilities. John Downie compares "The Scottish and Irish Unions," and his historical study is well supplemented by a survey of "The Outlook in Ireland," by J. F. Hogan. There is an interesting article on "Side Lights of the Sweating Commission," dealing with some phases of lower life in London. The number has other valuable contributions, and concludes with the usual varied and trustworthy reviews of recent books under the general title of "Contemporary Literature." This is a special feature of the *Westminster*, and is one of its most valuable parts.—*The New England Magazine* for December, opens with an interesting study of Canadian journalism by Walter Blackburn Hart. Mr. Hart's remarks, "In a Corner at Dodsley's," on the tendencies of contemporary literature to dispense altogether with literary men, will also interest and amuse journalists and literatures. Herbert D. Ward contributes a story, full of humor and quiet pathos, called "Only an Incident." "Pen Pictures of the Bosphorus" is a cleverly written study of impressionism in words by Alfred D. F. Hamlin. An interesting series of articles under the caption of "Stories of Salem Witchcraft" by W. S. Nevins is begun in this number. The illustrations are thickly strewn through the *New England Magazine's* articles, and are a feature of the magazine. One of Lillie B. Chace Wyman's appealing Anti-Slavery articles called "Black and White," with reminiscences of Lucy Stone, has a place in this number.—*The Christmas Wide Awake* is as gay as old Santa Claus himself, and it is a big pack of holiday delights. Its exquisite frontispiece, in color, is from the terra cotta bas-relief "Day and Night" by Caroline Hunt Rimmer, daughter of Dr. Rimmer the late famous Art-Anatomist. Rarely has anything more beautiful been given in a magazine. Perhaps the story that will attract the most attention is the first one of the "Fair Harvard" series, "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of," by John Mead Howells. The opening story is as delicious and fresh: "How Christmas Came in the Little Black Tent," by Mrs. Charlotte M. Vaile. There is a great range of story, ballad, and picture, all full of the Christmas spirit. D. Lothrop Company: Boston.—*The Atlantic Monthly* for December, opens with the second part of Mr. James' "Chaperon." This is followed by a paper the first of the series of such articles on "Joseph Severn and His Correspondents." The correspondents are Richard Westmacott, the painter,

George Richmond, the painter, John Ruskin and Seymour Kirkup. Professor A. V. G. Allen, writes sympathetically of "The Transition of New England Theology," a paper which is based on the teachings of Dr. Hopkins; and Mr. Lafcadio Hearn continues his Japanese sketches in a paper on "The Most Ancient Shrine of Japan," a shrine never before visited by a foreigner, and the treasures of which Mr. Lafcadio Hearn describes with his usual vivid color. Miss Repplier has a paper on "The Praises of War," and tells about the poets who have sung them, giving quotations from some of the most stirring war ballads and war songs which celebrate "the deeds that belong to all ages and all nations, a heritage for every man who walks this troubled earth." The editor announces for the January number the beginning of a serial entitled "Don Orsino," by F. Marion Crawford, author of "Sant Ilario," "Saracinesca," etc., and an article by Henry James on Lowell's London Life.—*The Christmas Century* is pervaded with the spirit of Christmas, and both directly and indirectly touches upon the Christian celebration. The frontispiece is a reproduction of the painting of "The Holy Family" by Du Mond, a young American artist, who presents in this picture an original conception of the subject. The number also contains engravings of modern pictures relating to Christmas. Quite appropriate to the season is Mr. Stillman's article on "Raphael," accompanied by Mr. Cole's engraving of "The Madonna of the Goldfinch," made especially for this number, and three other examples of Raphael's work—the *Zeus* and *Parnassus* groups from the Vatican, and the portrait of *Maddalena Doni*. Relating to the season also are four stories: "The Christmas Shadrach," by Frank R. Stockton; "A Christmas Fantasy, with a Moral," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Wulfy: A Wolf," a Christmas ketch from life by Miss Vida D. Scudder, and "The Rapture of Hetty," by Mrs. Mary Hallow Foote, illustrated by a full-page drawing by the writer. The Mozart centenary is the occasion of a paper by Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason, author of "The Women of the French Saloons," entitled "Mozart." Many other fine articles by eminent authors appear in this number.—*Our Little Ones* for December is full of bright stories and pretty pictures for the small boys and girls. We wish they could all have copies of this little nursery monthly. \$1.50 per year. Single copies, 15cts. The Russell Publishing Co., 196 Summer St. Boston, Mass.

The Art Institute of Chicago. The annual report of the trustees of the *Art Institute of Chicago* for the year ending June 2, 1891, including report of the director, the curator of classical antiquities, catalogue of members, donations and treasurer's report, etc., is just now being distributed. It can be marked as the red letter year in the history of the institute. The prospect for commodious quarters in the near future, after being cramped for room, is excellent. The city council, the World's Fair Directory, and the friends of art have worked harmoniously in accomplishing the best possible results. The World's Fair will appropriate \$200,000 for the building, the city gives the lot, and the friends of the Institute are expected to furnish the other \$400,000 necessary for the building. The institute is one in which the city may well take a pride.

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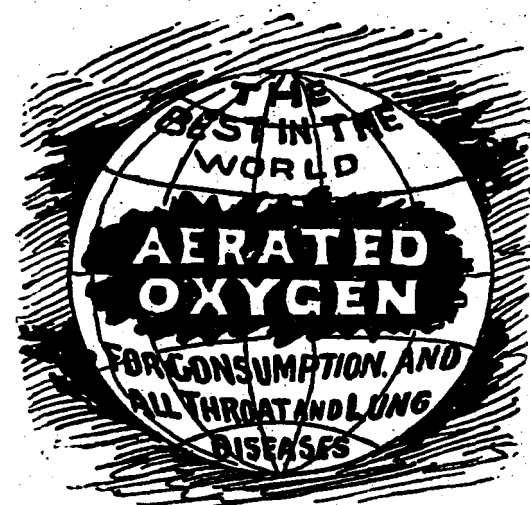
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TO THE EDITOR: About three years ago I had the curiosity to make some extracts from Wigglesworth's poem, "The Day of Doom," which I found in an obscure corner of the Boston Library, after something of a hunt, assisted by the librarian. My object was to show the progress of religious ideas in the last two hundred years by reading them before the Ladies' Aid Society of Chelsea. Tumbling over my papers the other day I came across the precious old doggerel and looking at it by the light of the nineteenth century it seemed to me unfinished and, as I felt like having some fun, I concluded to finish it. Whether I have done it in a way which would have pleased the old Puritan poet or his learned and pedantic eulogist, Cotton Mather, is more than doubtful. R. C. CRANE.

THE TORMENTS OF THE DAMNED.

With iron bands they bind their hands
And cross feet together,
And cast them all, both great and small,
Into that lake, forever.

Where day and night, without respite,
They wall and cry and howl;
For torturing pain which they sustain
In body and in soul.

For day and night, in their despite,
Their torments' smoke ascendeth;
Their pain and grief have no relief,
Their anguish never endeth.

THE BLISS OF THE SAINTS.

The saints behold with courage bold
And thankful wonderment,
And see all those who were their foes
Thus sent to punishment.

Then do they sing unto their king
A song of endless praise;
They praise his name and do proclaim
That just are all his ways.

THE DOOM OF UNBAPTIZED INFANTS.

You sinners, are and such a share
As sinners may expect;
Such shall you have, for I do save
None but mine own elect.

Yet to compare your sin with theirs—
Who lived a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
Though every sin's a crime.

A crime it is; herefore in bliss
You may not hope to dwell,
But unto you I shall allow
The easiest room in hell.

—MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH, 1662.

There paused the bard, as though he feared
The awful theme would craze him,
And turned his ear as if to hear
The hosts of heaven praise him.

In solemn mood the angels stood,
Unused to jokes or sinning;
Each tuned his lyre to praise God's ire,
Yet none could keep from grinning.

Then said the Son: "I see the fun
This thing will cause hereafter,
Millions unborn will read with scorn
And shake their sides with laughter."

Then spake the Lord: "Upon my word,
I have not found on earth
So great an ass eschewing grass
As old Mike Wigglesworth."

Next came a sound from depths profound—
From Satan, prince of evil:
"Those priests," quoth he, "for cruelty
Outdo the very devil."

Then came there Mary, robed in holiness;
The love of God beamed from her queenly eye,
Till round her shone an atmosphere to bless
All infant souls; serene and motherly,
She with charmed lips and musical caress
Hushed with a holy tenderness each sigh,
Till, smiling in angelic loveliness,
Those infant pilgrims of eternity—
Each fair young spirit of that countless host—
Slept neath the shadow of the Holy Ghost,

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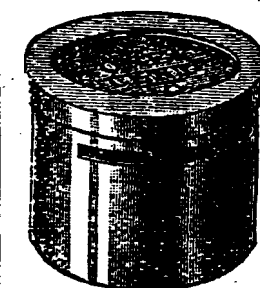
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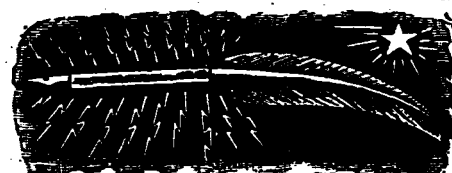
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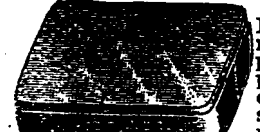
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FOURTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.
FIFTEENTH PAGE.—Miscellaneous Advertisements.
SIXTEENTH PAGE.—Will Celebrate Their Golden Anniversary in the Spirit-world. Readers Should be Supporters. Miss Judson. Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

WILL CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

He was an old man of seventy-eight. His life had always been one of toil; a carpenter by trade, he worked until two or three days before entering spirit-life. Pneumonia, the physician called it, but it matters little by what route he crossed the mysterious border. His was a rounded-out and perfect character—leastwise as perfect as one can grow on this plane of life. Thomas G. Howland was his name and Providence, R. I., his home. Unknown to fame, modest and retiring in his nature, Mr. Howland was a man of more than ordinary intellectual strength and of the highest character. In all our long list of correspondents we can scarcely name one whose letters were more welcome and strength-giving than those of this well-poised man. We never met him face to face, but have no doubt we shall one of these days. He passed away on November 19th, during our absence from home. He had requested that Mr. J. Frank Baxter should deliver his funeral discourse and his wish was complied with. On November 23rd, Mr. Baxter officiated in the presence of a throng of long-time friends.

Thomas and Phoebe Howland had traveled life's journey together for nearly fifty years. The golden anniversary of their wedding will be in April, 1892; and

Mr. Howland referring to the event while in health, had said they would celebrate it if he lived in this world; if not, then in the Spirit-world. The loving couple had grown closer together as the years rolled by. The magnetic bonds were indissoluble, not even death could rend them. So when the golden bowl was broken and the silver cord loosened for Thomas, and he was ushered into the grand scenes of the new life, the event was too great a shock for his aged companion to endure. Four days after his form had been consigned to the grave, his beloved Phoebe joined him in the Summer Land. United in life they were scarcely parted at death. When taking her last look at the coffined form, the wife said; "We will celebrate our golden wedding together in the Spirit-world." The bride of his youth, the stay and comfort of his old age could not tarry behind. The bridegroom of fifty years ago lingered near that he might be the first to greet his dearest, and with her set up a home in a "house not made with hands."

"In the bowers and beside the crystal streams of that high and holy Home," wrote Mary Fenn Davis, "begins the new life of the late enfranchised being. Blessings and beauties before undreamed of in her wildest imaginings cluster thick around her. Avenues to knowledge, wisdom, and progression open on every hand. Loving eyes beam upon her, gentle hands clasp her own. The mighty soul which once struggled in vain to force its way through its limitations now rises up and claims its kindred and its destiny. Deep gratitude fills her being for the kindly ministrations of Death, and in the garden of an eternal Eden she is forever blest."

When next the Easter bells ring out their joyous peals on earth the marriage bells of heaven will summon guests to the golden wedding of Thomas and Phoebe Howland,—and some of us who read these lines may be among the number.

READERS SHOULD BE SUPPORTERS.

The following editorial under the above heading from *The Banner of Light* gives a glimpse of one of the obstacles free-thought papers have always had to contend against: It may be comforting if not immediately encouraging to Brother Colby to be told that a few thousand years hence things will be different. In that good time coming when the race has mastered those mean and selfish survivals of its infancy as yet so marked, and has in its upward struggle reached that grand religio-philosophical plane which lies on the road to eternal happiness, publishers and editors will never have a care or an anxiety as to finance. The investigator of that day though he carry an electric light of a million candle power will fail to find the man or woman who seeks to get something for nothing, or fails to express the courage of convictions and to support the exponent of what is to them truth. In the meantime all of us publishers and editors must keep a stiff upper lip and scrub along as best we can. But here is the testimony of veterans. Read it and then put a blue mark around it so that those who borrow your copy of THE JOURNAL will see it and hand it to some other person whom they think it hits:

The late J. P. Mendum of *The Investigator* on one occasion recited editorially his experience in publishing a freethought paper, and remarked that while many liked to read, few cared to pay for the privilege. "There have been scores of low-priced liberal papers published within the last fifty years," he said, "and there were freethinkers enough to give them a liberal support. Did they do it? No. *The Investigator* is the only paper that has struggled for fifty years and still lives." Then he proceeded to show some Wisconsin correspondents, who said the only objection made to his paper out there was its price—

"too high"—that that is the very excuse men make when they don't care to help along a cause, but want others to support what they get the benefit of. "So long as good, paying subscribers are willing to furnish them gratis with books and papers," he said, "they will not put out their means to buy either."

Yielding to this oft-repeated objection the price of *The Investigator*, he says, was reduced, but the act did not result in the hearty support expected. Such, at the time of making it, was the criticism of that veteran freethought publisher. What shall be said of certain Spiritualists (who copy this action of the liberals, (?) so-called,) who, while boasting that they number by the millions, and while proving as eager as ever to peruse weekly the thoroughly prepared pages of *The Banner*, declined to send in their subscriptions to it, borrow rather than buy it for reading, and practice every scheme of evasion possible to event in order to get rid of supporting the paper on which they steadily rely, and whose disappearance they would unquestionably regret? If they want a paper like *The Banner*, it is their duty to support it. Nov. 21, 1891, B. of L.

MISS JUDSON.

Than Miss Abby Judson, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, we know of no one better qualified by heredity, acquirements and character to present the ethical and religious aspects of Spiritualism to intelligent people. The daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, both missionaries, Miss Abby inherits a deeply religious nature, fired with genuine love of humanity and altruistic spirit so essential for pioneer and missionary work in the field of progressive religion. She has the courage of her convictions as has been amply proven. If her zeal has pushed her faster in her new field than was compatible with her worldly interests she is the only sufferer, and is entitled to additional sympathy and support in consequence. In Minneapolis there is a considerable number of influential Spiritualists and many other people of standing in full sympathy with the claims of Spiritualism who cannot do better than to encourage and assist Miss Judson in the noble work to which she has consecrated her life and fine abilities. That she may have made mistakes in judgment is quite likely; they were to be expected in one of an ardent temperament, fresh in a field heretofore untraveled by her; but if she has, she possesses the courage and strength of character to remedy them. The JOURNAL cordially commends Miss Judson to the public, not as its representative in doctrines or methods, nor as the representative of any sect or newspaper, but as an honest and talented exponent of Spiritual truth as she sees it.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer lectured during November in Brooklyn, N. Y., where she was formerly stationed for several years. Her old friends rallied to listen once more to her inspiring and logical discourses; and hundreds of new seekers gained fresh hope from her. At the close of her services on the 29th ult., at Conservatory Hall, Judge Dailey expressed the sentiment of the audience in regrets at her departure and hopes of an early return and long engagement.

A correspondent reports that Abby N. Burnham, of Boston, lectured in Watertown and Normal, N. Y. during October and November to steadily increasing audiences. Miss Burnham's permanent address is Station A, Boston, Mass.

Our old subscriber and occasional correspondent, Captain B. R. Pegram, has been appointed to the responsible position of Superintendent of the Union Pacific railroad's ocean and river lines at Portland, Oregon. For twenty years Captain Pegram commanded some of the finest boats on the Mississippi, and he has been the recipient of valuable presents from distinguished travelers who have had the pleasure of travel-

ing with him, among the rest, a gold ring from Grand Duke Alexis. THE JOURNAL congratulates the U. P. on the wisdom of its appointment.

Correspondents in cities and wherever there is postal carrier service will confer special favor by invariably prefacing their letters with their street and number; and this no matter how often they write or however familiar with their address we are presumed to be.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson is lecturing in San Jose, Cal., during this month; and has been kept busy filling engagements within easy distance of her rancho, Sunny Brae, as it is so happily named.

MRS. ABBIE N. BURNHAM.

TO THE EDITOR: Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, of Boston, Mass., has just completed a most successful engagement here of four weeks, and now goes to other fields of labor; for like all our best speakers, her time seems to be fully employed. Her audiences have been good from the first, and constantly increased, and great interest was manifested.

She is an excellent speaker and so far as our experience has gone, has no superior as a test medium; and to this is added the manners of a perfect lady, refined and courteous in the highest degree. The very best wishes of the society go with her, and we hope at no distant day that her engagements will permit her to give us at least another month's time.

ABEL DAVIS, President.

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THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, DEC. 19, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2, NO. 30.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Rev. Anna Shaw is not as orthodox and puritanic as she used to be when she was pastor of a Methodist Church down on Cape Cod some years ago. Lately she was asked to speak at a temperance convention in Boston on the question of opening the World's Fair on Sunday. The little lady has a mind of her own, and promptly replied: "You had better not call on me, for I don't believe in playing into the devil's hand by making Sunday a dull day. I am in favor of opening the Fair on the people's chief holiday."

It is said at Paris that the late Lord Lytton was a devoted Spiritualist; that he believed he had communications with Joan of Arc, Balzac and Napoleon, and that he complained that he was always baffled in trying to have access to the spirit of his father. One thing, at least, should be remembered to the credit of the late Lord Lytton; it is that a principal cause of his unpopularity among the English in India was that he would treat the native people too much like men, instead of like beasts. He had a heart sensitive to humanity outside of the dominant race,—a fault that, as Rudyard Kipling has shown, is not at all common in official circles there.

According to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, a physician just returned from Germany believes that the emperor has not long to reign, and that before the lapse of a great length of time his insanity will be a matter about which there can be no dispute. "I have," he says, "seen him several times of late in his own country and in his every action he seemed restless lest people should not feel to the full that he is the mighty ruler of a great nation. He is eternally posing. At one time the two forefingers of the right hand fly to his forehead in answer to the salute of some citizen. The next moment the hand springs to the hilt of his sword as if he longed to unsheath it and throw away the scabbard."

Home rule with a vengeance! Supporters of the rival candidate of the Parnell and McCarthy candidates for the seat in Parliament, made vacant by the death of Richard Powers, fought viciously at Waterford, last Sunday. Volleys of stones were hurled through the air, formidable black thorn shellalabs were in common use, injuring many of the howling rioters. Six hundred policemen had been drafted into the town, in the belief that the presence of such a force would secure order, but for a long time the indiscriminate blows of the police fell on the heads and backs of the excited Irishmen, with but little effect in restoring order. Michael Davitt was cut on the forehead. The Parnellites began the row. The feeling between the two factions is intensely bitter. Irishmen seem to be Ireland's worst foes.

Sir Edwin Arnold was asked by a New York acquaintance the other day if missionaries of the Christian religion were making much impression on the Buddhists of India. He replied with a laugh that they were making about as much impression as if any one should attempt to perfume the ocean by pouring

cologne water into it. He added that while his comparison might be considered laughable, it was a serious reflection of the situation because there are 280,000,000 people in India, and each Buddhist among them has an idea that no one can bring him any better religion than he already possesses. Their attitude in this respect reminded Sir Edwin of the two soldiers who were walking along, when one remarked to the other: "You are out of step, Jack." Said the offender: "Oh, I am, am I? Well, just change your'n."

The rural conference which opened in London on the 10th inst. exhibited greater hostility to the clergy and to the land-owners than was ever shown before in England by an assemblage of representative men, *Dispatches* say: Delegates lauding themselves as persistent parson-fighters and denouncing squire tyranny were cheered to the echo, and their scornful allusions to the patronizing airs of the clergy toward rural inhabitants were keenly relished. An occasional delegate feebly admitted that he had met a liberal landlord or an open-minded cleric, but the entire sympathy of the conference was reserved for the motto, "Down with the church and the landlord." The speakers and the bulk of the delegates were fluent and forcible in speeches, obviously not Hodge in the rough, but rather Hodge trained to spout in dissenting conventicles. If the sentiment and spirit of the meeting fairly represent the agricultural element of Great Britain, the country would seem to be on the eve of a social and political revolution.

The great mass of religious teachers in France, the Catholic clergy, are enemies of the republic and do all they can to undermine it. In the French Senate last week M. Dede described the bishops as attacking the laws of the republic and working to establish the temporal power of the papacy, and the priests as evading every obligation of the concordat. M. Gobelet advised the government to pave the way for the separation of church and state by legislation, giving further control of public worship. M. Fallieres, Minister of Justice and Public Worship, replied that the government favored a policy of conciliation. The provisions of the concordat were amply sufficient to recall the clergy to a sense of the respect they owe the constitution. Premier de Freycinet said that the attitude of certain bishops was truly unsupportable. The government would never allow it to be said that prelates were not under the authority of the executive in temporal matters. The bishops were subject to and must obey the laws of the state. If the separation of church and state should become necessary, it would be the fault of the clergy themselves. By a vote of 570 to 211 the Senate adopted an order of the day pledging the government to avail itself of its rights to compel the clergy to respect the republic and submit to the laws.

Dr. Charles W. Hidden, of Newburyport, Mass., gave a lecture recently in that city on "Spiritualism, True and False," in which, according to the Boston *Globe's* report, the lecturer maintained that the teachings of Spiritualism had been perverted and distorted that trickery and deceit might flourish, and he added that the most unblushing deceivers had attached themselves to the cause for the purposes of gain. It is

not the fault of Spiritualism, he said, that such a condition of things exists; the fault rests with the Spiritualists, who shelter the fraud and trickster. The dark circle and séance room offer opportunities for the perpetration of fraud not lost sight of by those who are willing to sacrifice honor to gain, and it is plain that the methods falsely proclaimed to be necessary for the production of phenomena have served as the open door, through which knavery has crept. We have a right to know whether the medium is under control or shamming; whether the "spirits" of the séance room are really visitors from another world, or the paid flesh and blood hirelings of this. Spiritualists are beginning to be exacting about the moral status of mediums, said the speaker. They are beginning to demand that mediums be of good repute—not angels or gods exactly, but men and women clean enough to be handled without gloves. He held true phenomena to be necessary to the welfare of Spiritualism. The mission of phenomena is to guide, to point the way, to teach. They serve to attract attention, are the banner on the outer wall, the kindergarten of Spiritualism. True Spiritualism teaches the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; to be good and to do good; to defend that which is just and to condemn that which is unjust; to become broadly tolerant, and to so live that the world will be made better by our presence in it. Dr. Hidden's words, as reported, are sensible and timely.

The recent earthquake in Japan, was the most destructive of the present century, if not of modern times. The catastrophe differs from all others of the like nature, in that water cut no figure as a destructive agent, and that the wholesale destruction of life and property was the work of earth waves, followed by fire. At Lisbon there was a water wave, which overthrew buildings, and of which the undertow carried people to drown in the waters of the bay; this was followed by another precisely similar water wave, which swept away those who had come out of their houses to see what was happening. At Simoda, again, it was a water wave which wrecked the Russian frigate *Diana*, and washed the people of the shore into the sea. It was the same water wave which did the mischief at Arica, in South America, in 1868. Again at the Krakatoa earthquake in 1883, it was a tidal wave which annihilated Anjier, and the seacoast towns of Java and Sumatra. No water wave nor tidal wave accompanied the recent earthquake in Japan. At about 6:45 o'clock in the morning of the 28th, after a number of preliminary warnings in the shape of rumblings, the earth began to shake over an area roughly estimated at a thousand square miles. An earth wave, with the usual rotary motion, swept over this area and caused the fall of a number of buildings, whose ruins almost immediately took fire. Among the inmates of the buildings a number were crushed by the falling roofs and walls, and many pinned under the wreck were burned to death. The shocks continued for five days, not all with equal violence, but still severe enough to destroy buildings which had been shaken by the first temblor; in some places as many as 600 consecutive shocks at intervals of a minute or two were counted. But the chief destruction of life was due to the subsidence of the earth and the opening of wide crevices in its surface.

PSYCHICAL SCIENCE.

Phenomena which have hitherto been ignored by men of science are now being proven by those processes of observation and experiment which have yielded such brilliant results in the domain of physics. Among these phenomena is mind-reading. There are those who still doubt and even deny the possibility of direct communication between two minds, except by signs of sense and the ordinary channels of consciousness. They refer to the trickery and deception which have been practiced by charlatans before audiences, the methods they have employed, and the exposures of these performances. But persons who to-day deny the facts of telepathy are compelled to put their negative opinions not against tricksters merely, but in opposition to the testimony of thousands, including men who have conducted careful experiments through weeks, months and even years.

Professor Oliver J. Lodge, of England, the president of the Physical Section of the British Association, at Cardiff, in an able address given recently, said: "Is it possible that an idea can be transferred from one person to another by a process such as we have not yet grown accustomed to and know nothing practically about. In this case I have evidence. I assert that I have seen it done, and am perfectly convinced of the fact. Many others are satisfied of the truth of it, too. Why must we speak of it with bated breath, as of a thing of which we are ashamed? . . . But the whole region is unexplored territory, and it is conceivable that matter may react on mind in a way we can at present only dimly imagine. In fact, the barrier between the two may gradually melt away, as so many other barriers have done, and we may end in a wider perception of the unity of nature, such as philosophers have already dreamt of. I care not what the end may be. I do care that the inquiry shall be conducted by us, and that we shall be free from the disgrace of jogging along accustomed roads, leaving to outsiders the work and the gratification of unfolding a new region to unwilling eyes."

There is in some circles, including those in which well-known physicists are prominent, a secret and indeed often an avowed hostility to the investigations conducted by the Society for Psychical Research. Some think, doubtless, that the reported psychical phenomena, if established, will upset the orthodox scheme of physics, or, at least, expose the falsity of certain assumptions made by physicists in ignorance of the human mind. Many men of ability, many who have made useful contributions to the fund of human knowledge, having become intellectually rigid, are unable to assimilate newly-discovered or newly-established truths and to adjust their minds to new conceptions in conflict, or apparently in conflict, with their long-cherished convictions. Knowledge of this fact once induced Huxley to make the rather savage remark that every man of science, as soon as he reaches the age of fifty years, ought to be killed. His own valuable work after passing the half-century milestone is sufficient to show the unwisdom of carrying out his suggestion, which, however, conveys all it was intended to indicate—an important truth as to the hampering and hindering influence of teachers who have lost all mental flexibility and become in consequence the opponents of advancing beyond the point at which they became fossilized.

Thousands among Spiritualists and others have known for years of the phenomenon of telepathy, having had it again and again demonstrated in their own personal experiences, but this kind of communication between mind and mind is not at the command of subjects at any time or under any conditions, and hence the difficulty of proving it to those who insisted that if communication independently of the known organs of sense was possible at any time it should be possible at all times. The systematic and sustained investigations of the Society for Psychical Research have brought the subject before scientific men generally in a way that will not permit any of them to ignore it much longer. To Spiritualists the questions involved

in these investigations of psychical phenomena are of deepest interest, and the investigation should receive cordial encouragement.

A PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE.

Aksakof in his work "Animismus und Spiritismus" (Animism and Spiritism) relates an exceedingly interesting experience which is worth rendering into English for the readers of THE JOURNAL.

On October 29, 1873, on a Tuesday when I was in London at a séance with a professional medium, Mrs. Olive, he says, one of her controlling spirits, Hambo, who declared himself to be a certain negro from Jamaica, directed his speech to me and among other things said that he was fond of busying himself with the development of mediums. Noticing the smaragd ring which I wore upon my finger, he declared, he did not like the smaragd, for its emanations aroused no good feelings; but that it would not injure me because it was a reminder of a friend (which was correct); he added, that he and other spirits generally preferred the diamond as a symbol of purity. "Your wife," said he, "wears a diamond on the left ring-finger" (which was correct). "Do you see it?" I asked, "Yes," he answered, "she is an excellent medium (which was also true); a good lady; her left hand does not know what her right hand does." (Which likewise was a fact.)

He promised to try to visit us in St. Petersburg, in order to help in the development of the mediumistic powers of my wife; and we came to an agreement that his first visit should take place on the 5th Tuesday from the 17th of October, that is on the 20th of November at eight o'clock and that he should communicate by raps, as my wife did not speak in trance. I had chosen a Tuesday, for that was the day on which I was at that time in the habit of holding quite confidential séances with my wife. When I had returned to St. Petersburg we again resumed our séances; I said to no one anything about the promise of Hambo, and as the séance of November was approaching, I was of course previously possessed by the thought, whether or not it would be held, and to be sure my wishes would be gratified—I thought. But nothing of the kind happened. That the failure did not occur from any fault of my wife, the fact that the séance did not pass without result and we received a communication from the other side shows. Yet so operated the somnambule consciousness and the opportunity was fully presented to read my thoughts and bring Mr. Hambo to speaking. However, it may be, the experiment did not succeed. I was not very much surprised at it, since I knew how very unreliable these controlling "spirits" are and I thought no more about it, as I had failed in my wish. I told no one anything about it. The following Tuesday we held our little séance as usual, this time with three, with Professor Butlerow. I extinguished the taper but the room was sufficiently lighted from the gas-light from the street.

The English alphabet was demanded, I repeated it and noted on paper the letters indicated by the striking of the foot of the table around which we sat, since I could not catch the meaning of the communication if I stopped and lit the taper to inform myself. My wife was already sleeping (in trance) and on the paper I found something was spelled out which would have to be deciphered thereafter.

I extinguished the taper again and continued calling out the alphabet; the meaning escaped me as just before, but when it was at an end, I again lighted the taper, and it happened that this time I noted the following almost without error:

"As I promised, but cannot yet take entirely control of her. HAMBO."

The letters were sometimes also indicated by raps on the table and the last word by violent movements of the table. My wife had remained the entire time in a trance and at the end of the communication came quietly to consciousness. Thereupon I devoted myself to deciphering the first sentence and with the supplying of some letters I received the following:

"I am here and was last time with you."

At the following séance we were also three together

and we expected Hambo to manifest; instead of this the Russian alphabet was asked for. After some sentences which referred to my wife's mediumship the alphabet was anew demanded.

I had extinguished the light, while I was calling out the Russian letters and noting them down without being able to see them. I remarked, there stands "nitur" "yur," that is probably the English word "which" and I must call out the English alphabet. (Here it must be observed that the three letters given were Russian, which pronounced together, form the English word "which.") I began now to call out the English alphabet. The communication soon ceased. I lighted the taper and saw that that which I had been noting down in the dark formed two properly written English words:—"your wife."

So that the first word which I had understood in the dark as "nitsch" was the English word "your" and this word was spelled out as I called out the English alphabet, therefore that person (or intelligence) who was dictating it had made use of the form of the letters which were mirrored in my thoughts as I called out the letters in order to form an English word in this way. That communications in a foreign language have been formed in Russian letters according to their similarity in sound to the foreign letters, if the Russian alphabet is spoken, is a circumstance which has already often occurred in my experience, therefore I have held the Russian "yur" for the English "which," but that the form of Russian letters which answer to the form of certain foreign letters should be used I experienced here for the first and last time and have never met a similar case in the annals of Spiritism. He further observes that if the equivalent word for "your" in Russian were required it was simply "nop" and this proves that no action or interaction of any consciousness of himself or medium was operating to produce this strange phenomenon.

WHAT IS ELECTRICITY?

Mr. Crookes, F. R. S., in the chair at the annual dinner of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, London, said in substance.

"Substantialists" told them electricity was a kind of matter. Others viewed it, not as matter, but as a form of energy. Others, again, rejected both these views. High authorities could not even yet agree whether we had one electricity or two opposite electricities. The only way to tackle the difficulty was to persevere in experiment and observation. The light which the study of electricity threw upon a variety of chemical phenomena could not be overlooked. The facts of electrolysis were by no means either completely detected or coördinated. They pointed to the great probability that electricity was atomic; that an electrical atom was as definite a quantity as a chemical atom. It had been computed that in a single cubic foot of the ether which filled all space there were locked up 10,000 foot tons of energy which had hitherto escaped notice. To unlock this boundless store and subdue it to the service of man was a task which awaited the electrician of the future. The latest researches gave well-founded hopes that this vast storehouse of power was not hopelessly inaccessible. Up to the present time they had been acquainted with only a very narrow range of ethereal vibrations. But the researches of Lodge in England and Hertz in Germany gave an almost infinite range of ethereal vibrations or electrical rays, from wavelengths of thousands of miles down to a few feet. Here was unfolded a new and astonishing universe—one which it was hard to conceive should be powerless to transmit and impart intelligence.

Another tempting field for research, scarcely yet attacked by pioneers, awaited exploration. He alluded to the mutual action of electricity and life. No sound man of science endorsed the assertion that "electricity is life"; nor could they even venture to speak of life as one of the varieties or manifestations of energy. Nevertheless, electricity had an important influence upon vital phenomena, and was in turn set in action by the living being—animal or vegetable. In the study of such facts and such relations the scientific electrician had before him an almost infinite

field of inquiry. The slower vibrations to which he had referred, revealed the bewildering possibility of telegraphy without wires, posts, cables, or any of our present costly appliances. It was vain to attempt to picture the marvels of the future. Progress, as Dean Swift observed, might be too fast for endurance. Sufficient for this generation were the wonders thereof.

BURNS AND IMMORTALITY.

The following taken from the *Agnostic Journal* (London) is from the pen of "Saladin," the talented author of that ably-conducted paper:

It would have been as impossible for Burns to have been irreligious as it would have been impossible for him to have been religious, as that term is defined by flammens and accepted by Daimos the Unthinking. He denied not the existence of the oracle—indeed, the shrine thereof he felt to be in his own soul; but he, at least practically, denied that the creeds and confessions of faith contained any real spiritual echo of that oracle's voice. In the Black Russells and Daddy Aulds he found only wolves in sheep's clothing, or, rather, asses who mistook their own braying for the anthems of seraphim. To guard religion against ridicule he mercilessly ridiculed what passed for religion—a duty in which I strongly sympathize with him; as, for having done likewise, I have trodden the winepress of wrath, have been robbed of substantial reward for unwearied labor, have been racked on the Procrustes bed of care and penury, and driven out from among men to eat husks with the swine. All this because I know the voice of the good shepherd, but will not listen to the voice of an alien. And the irreligion with which I have been charged is precisely the only kind of irreligion I can find in Robert Burns—the setting of an inestimable value on the pure gold of religious intuition, and the regarding with scorn the exoteric dross behind which the mass of mankind look not for the hidden glory. He knew the, by sense undemonstrable, truth of immortality; and Dugald Stewart has left on record the enthusiasm with which he quoted from Beattie's "Minstrel":

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury and pain?
No! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

I believe in proof as regards theorems which are provable. But, as regards the higher arcana of existence, there are truths I know with such certainty that, were it possible to prove them, the proof might weaken my belief, but could not fortify it.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

The dean of St. Paul's, London, has an article in the December number of the *North American Review* in favor of corporal punishment. He thinks the disposition to make sacrifice for parents in after-life and to feel reverence and affection for them is greater where the treatment in youth has been severe. This ecclesiastic, who no doubt regards himself as a disciple of Christ, illustrates his views by the following statement: "I knew a woman whose widowed mother had brought her up in a manner that seemed to me most harsh and unjust. They were in very poor circumstances and at times the girl was sent out to gather sticks to light the fire; if the child brought too large a stick, the mother would beat her for having stolen it out of a hedge, without examining into the truth of what she asserted. I give this as a sample of the home discipline. Of all the affectionate children I ever knew that daughter was one of the most remarkable. Her wages were freely given to her mother; there was nothing that she would not do to help her; I believe she would willingly have laid down her life for her. It is only right to say that both mother and daughter were excellent Christians." The

dean of St. Paul's does not say anything about the intelligence of the girl who was so loving to the Christian mother who beat her "without examining into the truth of what she asserted!" She might have been an idiot. Even dogs come to lose their attachment to masters, however much they may fear them, when they are often victims of their masters' indiscriminating cruelty. The *Review* writer is able, of course, to quote freely from Deuteronomy and the Book of Proverbs in favor of the "rod" and "stripes" as a means of eradicating vice and implanting habits of virtue in children. Why does the *North American Review* inflict such articles as this upon its readers? There is enough moral savagery in the most enlightened countries to insure corporal punishment of children by beating and other methods without its advocacy by the dean of St. Paul's.

Leibnitz, the German philosopher, had many warm admirers but none whom he prized more highly than Sophia Charlotte, wife of Frederick, the first king of Prussia. She was really a remarkable woman. Her royal spouse had a passion for show and ceremony and indulged in it to his heart's content. She looked upon pomp and display with quiet contempt. Leibnitz, whether through gallantry and sincere admiration, expressed it as his opinion that she was one of the most accomplished princesses of earth. Many of her subjects agreed with him, for they recognized her intellectual worth. "The Great Leibnitz," as she affectionately called the scholar, was often puzzled by the knotty theological and philosophical problems which she brought to him for solution. Once she asked him to explain to her "the why of the way." She said and wrote many bright things. This, for instance, with regard to courtiers, for whom she had no liking: "Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely—little as if I did not know enough of that!" When she was about to die she seemed to be in a happy frame of mind, and she explained it by saying that the king would have a chance to make a big display at her funeral, and that she would now be able to find out a great many things of which Leibnitz could tell her nothing. Her death was a source of great grief to the philosopher. Leibnitz himself died November 4, 1716.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolators of the old. We do not believe in the richness of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence: We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread, and shelter, and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover and nerve us again. We cannot find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward, forevermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.—*Emerson.*

The charge of impiety is always brought against such as differ from the public faith, especially if they rise above it. Diodorus Siculus (lib. i., p. 75, ed. Rhodomon) relates an instructive case. A Roman soldier in Egypt accidentally killed a cat—killed a god, for the cat was a popular object of worship. The people rose upon him, and nothing could save him from a violent death at the hands of the mob. All religious persecutions, if it be allowed to compare the little with the great, may be reduced to this one denomination. The heretic, actually or by implication, killed a consecrated cat, and the orthodox would fain kill him. But, as the same thing is not sacred in all countries (for even asses have their worshippers), the cat-killer, though an abomination in Egypt, would be a saint in lands where dogs are worshipped.—*Theodore Parker.*

One of the hardest experiences the spiritual teacher has to bear is that of being misunderstood, not only by those for whom he is working, but also by those who claim to read from the spiritual standpoint.

Those who reason from the physical standpoint only cannot be expected to understand spiritual teachings, for spiritual things can only be discerned by the spiritual senses. One of the things which interferes most with the spiritual development of those engaged in spiritual reform work, and prevents their work from bringing forth its harvest of good is their fear that they are not getting credit for all they do and say; their thirst for praise or fame overshadows their desire for the good of mankind. But we are still in the infancy of our spiritual education. All the obstacles will be outgrown. Knowledge is power, and the universal panacea for evil.—*The World's Advance Thought.*

Horace Pelletier communicates to the *Messenger* some observations on apparatus for measuring magnetic or psychic force. He says that M. Dr. Baraduc lately read before the Académie des Sciences at Paris a paper on the apparatus of Fortin which consists of a closed glass case in which a vacuum has been produced, in which a magnetic needle suspended moves when it is influenced by the psychic force emitted by the sensitive object. Pelletier observes that for several years he has been experimenting with his sensitives in the use of a Heuly dial electrometer, consisting of a small wooden column to which is attached an ivory dial-plate divided into 180 degrees. In the centre of this dial-plate is fixed a whalebone needle at the end of which is attached a small elder-pith ball. The needle is shown to move according to the degree electricity in the conductors on which it may be placed. The same thing happened when one of his sensitives put his hand near the needle of the electrometer placed on a table. The greater the degree of psychic force projected from the hand the greater the divergence of the needle. The same result, though not so striking, may be produced by a pocket compass.

The old church at West Roxbury, Mass., where Theodore Parker preached for eight years before beginning his larger work in Boston was, says the *Boston Investigator*, last winter partially destroyed by fire. A new church is to be built by the society, but it will have the old pulpit in it from which Parker dealt Christian superstitions such stalwart blows. It is also proposed to have a memorial window above the pulpit to remind future generations of the great man who once stood at that desk and of the great work he accomplished. The proposed memorial is an individual effort and a special fund will be required to meet its cost. Any person desirous of honoring the memory of Theodore Parker in this way can send his contribution to Henry Manley, West Roxbury, Mass.

The remark of Bishop Huntington, that the country to-day "is not so much in danger from tramps as it is from cautious, astute men who are worth a million or more, who never break a lock and who never steal less than \$50,000," would not be particularly significant, though it would be equally true, if it came from an obscure agitator or a noisy ranter. The Bishop is not obscure, and he is no ranter. His age, his learning, his judicial qualities, and his high character give just weight to his utterances. We congratulate him and his church on the courage which such a declaration evinces. The "dangerous classes" are not all in the slums. Rascals of high degree are more dangerous than those who make crime a profession.—*The Christian Leader.*

During the recent German printers' strikes the authorities of Dresden and Munich, says *Liberty*, ordered soldier printers to work in the offices left by the strikers. Perhaps this new use of the army will arouse the workmen's opposition to militarism.

"They have an old gardener at the House of Industry in Boston Harbor," writes William P. Andrews in the *Forum*, "who has had himself committed to prison more than a hundred times. He says he 'knows when he is well off.'"



FAIR VIEWS OF THE SABBATH.—NO 2.

BY EDGEWORTH.

The Papacy quietly chuckles while the puritan cat pulls the chestnuts out of the embers for it. Our holy alliance of political women with prohibitionists of several stripes, to legislate morality—their morality—in breaking down constitutional barriers between the church and state powers, prepares the triumph by Catholic majorities, to which Sabbatical oppression gives powerful aid; the free and easy Catholic Sunday being general and notorious. In fact, this fact was a prominent reason why the heretic puritans reverted to Mosaic rigor in their mode of observing the Sabbath, and their distinction was equally sharp against Church of England laxities under the Charles kings.

These kings stood for despotism by the right divine of kingship; their puritan opponents stood for that factional despotism which passes for republican liberty. It is a sinister commentary on the evolution of such liberty, that while the first puritan Sabbatarians, as well as their Hebrew prototypes, associated its bondage to Yahvah with a political emancipation, the puritans of our day aim only at the restriction of personal liberties and the reestablishment of a despotic theocracy political and social. Calvin, whose authority is great among puritans in other matters, was most emphatic in repudiating the prohibitory features of the Sabbath, and maintaining personal discretion as to work or rest on Sunday. It is then only on the crudest ignorance of church history, that men like Shepard and Talmage can impose their slavish monopoly of every seventh day for benefit of clergy.

As for the Jews, who are indebted to Mr. Talmage for the information lacking in their Genesis, that Yahvah began on Monday, to create this mundane pancake with its stellar candles; they have never enshrouded their Sabbath in puritanic gloom, but combined with rest, social enjoyments. They have often suffered hell in this world, but not indulging in the luxuries of an ideal hell after death, they did not adapt, like the puritans, their Sabbath to its contemplation, and their commemorative ritual of worship has been popular enough to need no monopolist privilege. In the United States, escaped from persecution, they make the Sabbath musical and festive, a day of visits and good dinners.

As in Jesus' time, ritualistic or ceremonial observances had overlaid and crushed out the ethical principles of the Mosaic law; so now, the revival of prohibitory Sabbatarianism renders effete the ethics of primitive Christianity. Not to work on Sunday seems to be the sole idea of rectitude that the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian preachments have left to their church members in rural districts of the South, such as I know, and where there is not, as in the cities, a police force to eke out morality.

The Sabbath, as a church property, is no less disastrous economically; not so much by the interruption of needful works, as by the distraction to theological absurdities of that thought force which would otherwise employ a day of leisure in useful studies or social pleasures. It is thus that the churches keep our country folk ignorant and coarse, killing social progress in the germ by salvationist delusions.

I question one seeming illiberality in your fair preacher's sermon. Is it just to class the "beer gardens" of Chicago with "saloons and gambling dens?" It certainly would not be so for that popular German institution, such as I have seen it elsewhere, a quiet sphere of social meetings, family parties and harmless diversions.

Puritanic despotism speculates not merely on the superstitious ignorance of such popular churches as the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian; but on the partisan greed of monopolist privilege in the clergy of all churches, and also on the fears of working folk,

that if Sabbath prohibition were relaxed, it would add to their working hours, without increase of wages. Such is not the case in California, where Sunday is a free day, as in Paris. San Francisco is then the most sensible city in the United States; which terribly scandalizes Eastern puritans. These are moving hell from beneath to crush out its sociability. The nature they would leave us is a ghost chained to a corpse.

Christians for whom the bias of their education personifies the "Father" of Jesus in the Yahvah of Moses—a feat in ideation parallel to the sweetness of salt, or the vinous taste of water, for hypnotized palates, are, if sincere religionists, no nearer on that account to adopting a prohibitory Sabbath; seeing that the authority which bound the Jew, as well as that which unbound him as a Christian, bore exclusively on those of Hebrew race, for whom the Sabbath institution was a distinctive "Sign and bond."

There were medieval Catholics who held the authority of their church councils or papal bulls, as identical with that of the Mosaic Yahvah and Jesuit Father. Under such authoritative hypnotism, such Catholics incurred the bondage of Sabbath prohibitions; but when under subsequent popes, equally infallible and divinely inspired, the decree of a certain council was annulled, their bondage ceased, and Catholics since have been Sabbath free for work or amusement at their option. The revenues of their priests are independent of it.

But if, as I see no reason to doubt, the same hypnotic susceptibilities of passive ignorance and superstition persist in the American masses, as the Egyptian priests exploited in the Coptic race, and Moses, for his Levites, in Hebrew, then Shepard, Talmage & Co. have the same divine right as Moses, to hypnotize Sabbatarian prohibitionists for the same purposes of clerical prestige and tribute levying.

The difficulty of liberal opposition consists in that it lacks these motives of ambition and cupidity which nerve and polarize church zealots. Iconoclasts gain little power or wealth by exposing clerical swindles. Yet there is a hope from the jealousies of governments, which like the Italian, no less arbitrary under republican forms, than the papal autocracy, need for provision of cannon fodder and other worthy state uses, all the spare cash that the priesthood has hitherto appropriated.

EDGEWORTH.

OCCULT EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. ELBE M. TASCHER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SONG IN THE HEART.

"The truest conceptions of the human mind are gold-tinged by reflection from the spiritual realm that is just above—Those who are blind to the intuitions of their own souls, and seek spiritual safety outside of them, are like birds that destroy themselves by plunging from the darkness against the light-house towers."

I pondered much upon these things, and yet I did not feel satisfied. I had read so much about hallucinations, spectral illusions, and foolish superstitions, my prejudices still held me fast. I could not see, if this were true, how falsehoods should be told, or why, if they could show themselves to mortal eyes, they could not tell us the most wonderful things, and not spend time fooling around with senseless tales, doing simple things that they would never stoop to do if they were alive; saying things more weak and silly than we thought of uttering, and by which felt bored when we found ourselves in company of living persons that talked in such a silly strain—though it must be admitted we frequently suffered this misfortune—It seemed too, that the more I delved and labored to investigate these phenomena, the more susceptible I became to the glaring foolishness, weakness, and general littleness of humanity. My own foibles, as well, disgusted me. There seemed to be no consolation in religion, or anything else. I seemed doomed continually to have an inner view of every heart. As it were, the cloak that hitherto had enveloped people like a saintly robe, now, to my seeking eyes, suddenly floated up disclosing not only its true character, but

the hearts beneath, full of deceit, unfaithfulness, greed and all manner of abominations. I reasoned: If this is a true view of humanity, then why expect other things from those that have died? If we believe we are immortal, death is only of the body. No more, really than changing clothes. The body is merely the vestment, or machine of the spirit, and the act of physical death cannot remove the untruth within. "He that is filthy, must be filthy still."

With feelings of indescribable anguish my heart went on groping, finding no sure rest or comfort, and so the weeks sped away. One very warm beautiful evening, Leda and I being out for a walk, entered the white gate of the cemetery. As we walked up the gentle slope towards the grave of Dr. H., I felt that strange sensation I have before alluded to, stealing over me. Nearing the side of the grave, we stopped a moment. The moon shone very bright, but the pines standing thick about the spot, cast dense shadows around us. I stood silent a few moments, and then, with a great effort, my feet seeming rooted to the spot, I walked on a few paces, Leda by my side talking about something. Then I seemed compelled to pause and look back, and there stood Dr. H. The instant I saw him, he slightly waved his hands with a natural, graceful motion, bowing quite low, with a look of happy greeting, and then, like a flash, I saw him no more. In that moment, however, I saw him so plainly that I noted every particular of his dress: an elegant evening suit with white vest, and bouquet. I began to say to Leda, as soon as he vanished, "Did we ever see E. in full evening dress, the real elegant affair?" "Why no!" said she. "No", I replied musingly, "I never remember seeing him dressed in that way, but I certainly saw him standing right there, a minute ago" and I went to the exact spot, describing to her every particular. We walked all about, looking earnestly everywhere, hoping to see more, but all was silent and deserted.

When we got home, Madge was up stairs, and my brother left the room, retiring in a few moments. Leda and I went out into the kitchen for something and sat down by the table talking in low tones. We had hardly seated ourselves when her hand wrote, "I wish I could have staid longer but I will come again. E." Then all was still for a few moments, then, after a few trembling motions "Manda" was written. She gave a message, I interrupting her to ask, "Is Dr. H. gone?" "No, he stands back of your chair," was written. "I wish I could see you, Manda," I said. At this Leda began to say, "Well, Auntie, you know that Manda never would tell you that you would see her or anybody right off, though she said you would sometime." I replied that it would be far more convincing to me if I could see and describe her accurately; as I never knew her, had not even seen a picture of her, you would all know I certainly did see her and no delusion about it. As I said this, I glanced up and there beside Leda, stood a large, stout woman. She had on a dark calico dress with a small white figure. It was made perfectly plain, with no buttons on; the waist seeming to hook up underneath. A straight band of the calico bound the neck, and no collar or pin. Her hair was plainly parted in the middle, combed back straight and put up with a small back comb that showed on top of her head at the back. There was a "cowlick" over her forehead that made the parting uneven in front. Her eyes were small but very keen looking. She had high cheek bones, a square, massive jaw and firmly closed mouth, expressive of much determined energy and purpose. Her face was full and fleshy, and a little puffy under the eyes. Her dress was smooth over her full motherly bosom, and an apron, considerably lighter than the dress, was tied in the crease of her waist-line. Her hands were clasped across the apron, and I even noticed how the sleeves were made; perfectly plain, hemmed up a little above the wrist joint, which was not prominent but well covered with flesh.

I looked at her in utter amazement at first, and began describing her to Leda, rubbing my eyes vigorously. I looked again. There she stood just as plain as at first. I told Leda that I could still see her. She seemed to smile a little as I said this and nod her

head at me as if to say: "Well, you are satisfied now, I hope." Leda spoke, asking if I could still see her, and said she guessed it was "Manda," and that instant she vanished. We saw nothing more that night. The next evening Mrs. F. sent for us to come over to her house. While there I told her I had seen another figure, describing the woman I had seen minutely. She burst into tears as I proceeded with the description, saying: "It was my mother. You could not describe her more perfectly if you were looking at her alive this minute. I remember well the calico dress, my father has got it now put away in a trunk." (I had even described the figure in the calico, an odd-looking cluster of small white crescents.) "She always would wear her apron, too, but I should have thought she would have appeared to you in a black dress, for that was what she always wore when she was dressed up." She seemed annoyed because I saw her mother in an every-day dress. I could not help it, of course, and told her I thought she looked good and bright. That was enough. I thought it more convincing to see her just as she looked daily than in a conventional suit, as I knew nothing about her, whether she was a working woman or a great lady of fashion, and should not be at all likely to imagine anything so plain and substantial, so purely unspiritual, as well as unknown to me. Madge had long given up the idea of sitting for independent slate-writing. After trying it a few times she became so restive and uncomfortably cross that I felt it was useless and said nothing further about it. The weather was beautiful, and we had so much company that the whole subject was driven out of my mind. Being so engrossed with everything, I had not thought particularly of Madge's preoccupation. Always a busy little thing, her days of seclusion upstairs passed quietly until I woke up to it one day and began to inquire into her mysterious silence. The girls put me off with evasive answers to my queries; Leda finally reminding me of my approaching birthday, said: "Wait until after that, auntie."

The morning of that day dawned and I heard them lock the parlor doors early, telling me not to go into the front hall for anything. I was obedient, though I felt a little anxious listening to their light feet scampering up and down from their room and from a large light room in the attic used mostly for storing winter bedding and such things.

After a while they opened the doors and led me in. On the wall hung two beautiful oil paintings. The one a flower piece, the other a lovely landscape, while on an easel where the light fell softly on the beautiful face was the life-size portrait of a dear friend.

"Why! why! my dear children!" I exclaimed, tears dripping from my face, "how did you get these?"

Can you imagine my incredulous astonishment when Madge, with the most brilliant eyes and glowing cheeks, said faintly, "I painted them for you, auntie, I did them myself! Oh, I'm so glad you like them," and she burst into tears.

There was quite a rainy season in that parlor for a while but Leda was the first to recover her voice, "She always could draw some you know, auntie, any flower we wanted to embroider or anything like that, and all of a sudden she seemed crazy to draw. She kept telling me she wanted to paint." "Yes," broke in Madge, "I could not help it. I kept hearing voices tell me to get some paints and try. I made up my mind to do it at last. Leda helped me get the things I needed, and I painted these." Come to inquire into the strange affair—for strange it was, and is as we all know, Madge never took a lesson of any kind, either in painting or drawing—she said she painted only when she had that peculiar desire to do so, and that while she was working she knew some one was at her side, directing her. She was conscious of a whisper to her mind continually when at the easel. Her father had procured the frames for her and it is needless to say they were elegant. "What did your father say about your painting them?" I asked. I remembered then that a peculiarly reticent manner had come over my brother of late.

"He didn't seem to know what to say," said Leda.

"He only remarked: 'The pictures are fine, girlie. You keep right on and you shall have all the frames you want. I don't see that you need any lessons.'"

The original of the portrait Madge had seen but once, and had only a small wood-cut of the face to guide her. The likeness was perfect, even the lovely smile and an ethereal, heavenly expression that made the countenance one of the most beautiful on earth, was there. "I don't see how you ever did it." "I don't either," said Madge.

"And does she go on with it?" exclaimed the doctor, deeply interested.

"To be sure she does," replied Miss Vale. "Her pictures are counted wonderful, especially in expression. It is often remarked by connoisseurs, 'Every leaf talks.'"

"I wouldn't let her work at it too much," said Mrs. Eads, anxiously. "Be real careful, won't you?"

"Well, there is another thing that is odd about it. She only paints at intervals, laying it aside without reluctance. She goes on with all her other studies with all her usual ardor. Her spirits and energy are exuberant."

Mr. Lans had been at the bookcase, and as Miss Vale ceased speaking he came forward with a volume of Hawthorne's—"The Marble Faun"—in his hand. "May I read a little from this?" he said, and then his musical voice, lingering lovingly over each line, gave the following extracts, written by one of the loveliest souls that ever dwelt in earthly mansion:

"But if they paused to look over Hilda's shoulder, and had sensibility enough to understand what was before their eyes, they soon felt inclined to believe that the spirits of the old masters were hovering over Hilda, and guiding her delicate white hand. In truth, from whatever realms of bliss and many-colored beauty these spirits might descend, it would have been no unworthy errand to help so gentle and pure a worshiper of their genius, in giving the last divine touch to her repetition of their works. . . ."

"In some instances even—at least so those believed who best appreciated Hilda's power and sensibility—she had been enabled to execute what the great master had conceived in imagination, but had not so perfectly succeeded in putting upon canvas. In such cases the girl was but a finer instrument, a more exquisitely effective piece of mechanism, by the help of which the spirit of some great departed painter now first achieved his ideal centuries after his own earthly hand—that other tool—had turned to dust. . . ."

"If Guido had not wrought through me, my pains would have been thrown away," said Hilda. . . ."

Renyon gave up all preconceptions about the character of his subject and let his hands work uncontrolled with the clay, somewhat as a spiritual medium while holding a pen yields it to an unseen guidance other than that of her own will."

"Now," said Mr. Lans, "the application is too plain to need comment. I leave it to you, but I have enjoyed so much in these evening entertainments I wish to contribute something pleasant in return. Here is an incident that I thought so beautiful at the time it occurred to me, I noted it down, meaning to offer it for publication. I have called it the 'The Song in the Heart.'"

"She was eighty years old. One evening we sat upon the piazza together, while she related the following incident of her life, with deep emotion. The sinking sun lit her silver hair and suffused her face; her eyes, long misty with tearful years, gleamed again in a new, glorified beauty more lovely than youthful brightness; an afterglow, indeed. 'I was born in Scotland,' she said. 'Through childhood I played on the heathery hills, or by the side of winding Ayr, and later, went to school. The dearest companion of those early days was a neighbor's lad, a bonny boy, as I remember him, not rude and noisy like the others, but gentle and retiring, an earnest student and book-lover. To me alone he opened his heart, telling, as his greatest secret, that he sometimes wrote verses. Times often and many we stole away from all the rest, and when we were sure no prying eye or ear was by, he would read to me his latest effort in rhyme, of which I was never, never to

tell; an awesome secret, too, it seemed to me, and though I learned the little jingles by heart, repeating them over and over by myself, never a word of them passed my lips to another.

"When I was about thirteen years old my mother died and my father, lonely and restless, left Scotland and brought his broken family to America; and that was the last of the dear confidences between Robbie and me.

"Years passed, busy, happy and tearful. I was a wife, a mother and a grandmother, and even the fourth generation grew around me. One would have thought the dust of time lay so thickly over Lang Syne that no trace of those bright days might remain, but it was not so. A few months ago my daughter visited me from abroad. To beguile time on the way she had purchased several books and magazines which, lying about after her arrival, attracted my attention. Looking over them one day a bit of poetry caught my eye. The childhood secret had taught me to love verse dearly, but as I began to read this poem something familiar seemed to strike my ear. It might have been a bird note from Scotia's forests, or a strain of my mother's lullaby. What was it? I could hardly clear my eyes to read it through. Tears leaped down in torrents when I saw at the end the name of the author,—the same, the very same as his. I was so deeply affected for some time I could not collect myself enough to tell my daughter. She soothed and chided me, telling me how unlikely it was that he could be the same Robbie that I had known, for, 'See, mother,' said she, 'the author's address is given. He is an American gentleman, and it sounds like a young person's writing. I would never be so troubled.' I insisted that he might have become an American, as well as I, and that Robbie could never grow old. I was sure as sure it was his very self that wrote the lines. Day after day I was haunted with that song lingering in my heart. I seemed to hear in tones of unutterable music: 'It is I! It is I!' I talked of it so much that after awhile my daughter said: 'If it would comfort you, mother, I would write to the author and inquire about it.' This I finally did, giving a few particulars and my childhood's name, as well as he present one. Oh, how long it seemed until the reply could come, but at last the days that must intervene had passed and there it was. It was—as I had known from the first—my Robbie that had written the poem, but, the letter went on to state, that a few weeks before he had passed, singing joyfully, to a better country, even a heavenly one. Who shall say that I did not hear his voice calling to me across the long bridge of years, yea, even across the eternal portal."

In the tender silence brooding over us as the poet closed his notebook, Ada went to the piano and began singing softly:

"Over the tide of that jasper sea,
Softly a sweet voice is calling to me,
Loving and tender, beseeching its tone,
Dearly beloved, O, why longer roam."

We all joined with subdued voices in the refrain:

"Calling, calling, yes calling for me,
Over the tide of that jasper sea."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

In the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* Mark Twain has an article on "Mental Telegraphy" a name which he says he gave sixteen or seventeen years ago to phenomena now, so designated phenomena which he declares his own experience had established to his satisfaction. "It is [mental telegraphy] the same thing," he says, "around the outer edges of which the Psychical Society of England began to group (and play with) four or five years ago, and which they named 'Telepathy.' Within the last two or three years they have penetrated toward the heart of the matter, however, and found out that mind can act upon mind in a quite detailed and elaborate way over vast stretches of land and water, and they have succeeded in doing, by their

great credit and influence, what I never could have done—convinced the world that mental telegraphy is not a jest, but a fact, that it is a thing not rare, but exceedingly common. They have done our age a service and a very great service, I think." Mark Twain's psychical experiences given in *Harper's* are as he says, such as he noted and recorded in 1878 and during the four years following." Below is an extract from the article:

May, '78.—Another of those apparently trifling things has happened to me which puzzle and perplex all men every now and then, keep them thinking an hour or two, and leave their minds barren of explanation or solution at last. Here it is—and it looks inconsequential enough, I am obliged to say. A few days ago I said: "It must be that Frank Millet doesn't know we are in Germany, or he would have written long before this. I have been on the point of dropping him a line at least a dozen times during the past six weeks, but I always decided to wait a day or two longer, and see if we shouldn't hear from him. But now I will write." And so I did. I directed the letter to Paris, and thought, "Now we shall hear from him before this letter is fifty miles from Heidelberg—it always happens so."

True enough; but why should it? That is the puzzling part of it. We are always talking about letters "crossing" each other, for that is one of the very commonest accidents of this life. We call it "accident," but perhaps we misname it. We have the instinct a dozen times a year that the letter we are writing is going to "cross" the other person's letter; and if the reader will rack his memory a little he will recall the fact that this presentiment had strength enough to it to make him cut his letter down to a decided briefness, because it would be a waste of time to write a letter which was going to "cross," and hence be a useless letter. I think that in my experience this instinct has generally come to me in cases where I had put off my letter a good while in the hope that the other person would write.

Yes, as I was saying, I had waited five or six weeks; then I wrote but three lines, because I felt and seemed to know that a letter from Millet would cross mine. And so it did. He wrote the same day that I wrote. The letters crossed each other. His letter went to Berlin, care of the American minister, who sent it to me. In this letter Millet said he had been trying for six weeks to stumble upon somebody who knew my German address, and at last the idea had occurred to him that a letter sent to the care of the embassy at Berlin might possibly find me.

Maybe it was an "accident" that he finally determined to write me at the same moment that I finally determined to write him, but I think not.

With me the most irritating thing has been to wait a tedious time in a purely business matter, hoping that the other party will do the writing, and then sit down and do it myself, perfectly satisfied that that other man is sitting down at the same moment to write a letter which will "cross" mine. And yet one must go on writing, just the same; because if you get up from your table and postpone, that other man will do the same thing, exactly as if you two were harnessed together like the Siamese twins, and must duplicate each other's movements.

Several months before I left home a New York firm did some work about the house for me, and did not make a success of it, as it seemed to me. When the bill came, I wrote and said I wanted the work perfected before I paid. They replied that they were very busy, but that as soon as they could spare the proper man the thing should be done. I waited more than two months, enduring as patiently as possible the companionship of bells which would fire away of their own accord sometimes when nobody was touching them, and at other times wouldn't ring though you struck the button with a sledge-hammer. Many a time I got ready to write and then postponed it; but at last I sat down one evening and poured out my grief to the extent of a page or so, and then cut my letter suddenly short, because a strong instinct told me that the firm had begun to move in the matter. When I came down to breakfast next morning the postman had not yet taken my letter away, but the electrical man had been there, done his work, and was gone again! He had received his orders the previous evening from his employers, and had come up by the night train.

If that was an "accident" it took about three months to get it up in good shape.

One evening last summer I arrived in Washington, registered at the Arlington Hotel, and went to my room. I read and smoked until ten o'clock; then, finding I was not yet sleepy, I thought I would take a breath of fresh air. So I went forth in the rain, and tramped through one street after another in an aimless and enjoyable way. I knew that Mr. O—, a friend of mine, was in town, and I wished I might run across him; but I did not propose to hunt for

him at midnight, especially as I did not know where he was stopping. Toward twelve o'clock the streets had become so deserted that I felt lonesome; so I stepped into a cigar shop far up the Avenue, and remained there fifteen minutes, listening to some bummers discussing national politics. Suddenly the spirit of prophecy came upon me, and I said to myself, "Now I will go out at this door, turn to the left, walk ten steps, and meet Mr. O—face to face." I did it, too! I could not see his face, because he had an umbrella before it, and it was pretty dark anyhow, but he interrupted the man he was walking and talking with, and I recognized his voice and stopped him.

That I should step out there and stumble upon Mr. O—was nothing. But that I should know beforehand that I was going to do it was a good deal. It is a very curious thing when you come to look at it. I stood far within the cigar shop when I delivered my prophecy; I walked about five steps to the door, opened it, closed it after me, walked down a flight of three steps to the sidewalk, then turned to the left and walked four or five more, and found my man. I repeat that in itself the thing was nothing; but to know it would happen so beforehand, wasn't that really curious?

I have criticised absent people so often, and then discovered, to my humiliation, that I was talking with their relatives, that I have grown superstitious about that sort of thing and dropped it. How like an idiot one feels after a blunder like that!

We are always mentioning people, and in that very instant they appear before us. We laugh, and say, "Speak of the devil," and so forth, and there we drop it, considering it an "accident." It is a cheap and convenient way of disposing of a grave and very puzzling mystery. The fact is it does seem to happen too often to be an accident.

Now I come to the oddest thing that ever happened to me. Two or three years ago I was lying in bed, idly musing, one morning—it was the 2d of March—when suddenly a red-hot new idea came whistling down into my camp, and exploded with such comprehensive effectiveness as to sweep the vicinity clean of rubbishy reflections, and fill the air with their dust and flying fragments. This idea, stated in simple phrase, was, that the time was ripe and the market ready for a certain book; a book which ought to be written at once; a book which must command attention and be of peculiar interest—to wit, a book about the Nevada silver mines. The "Great Bonanza" was a new wonder then, and everybody was talking about it. It seemed to me that the person best qualified to write this book was Mr. William H. Wright, a journalist of Virginia, Nevada, by whose side I had scribbled many months when I was a reporter there ten or twelve years before. He might be alive still; he might be dead; I could not tell; but I would write him, anyway. I began by merely and modestly suggesting that he make such a book; but my interest grew as I went on, and I ventured to map out what I thought to be the plan of the work, he being an old friend, and not given to taking good intentions for ill. I even dealt with details, and suggested the order and sequence which they should follow. I was about to put the manuscript in an envelope, when the thought occurred to me that if this book should be written at my suggestion, and then no publisher should happen to want it, I should feel uncomfortable; so I concluded to keep my letter back until I should have secured a publisher. I pigeon-holed my document, and dropped a note to my own publisher, asking him to name a day for a business consultation. He was out of town on a far journey. My note remained unanswered, and at the end of three or four days the whole matter had passed out of my mind. On the 9th of March the postman brought three or four letters, and among them a thick one whose superscription was in a hand which seemed dimly familiar to me. I could not "place" it at first, but presently I succeeded. Then I said to a visiting relative who was present:

"Now I will do a miracle. I will tell you everything this letter contains—date, signature, and all—without breaking the seal. It is from a Mr. Wright, of Virginia, Nevada, and is dated the 2d of March—seven days ago. Mr. Wright proposes to make a book about the silver mines and the Great Bonanza, and asks what I, as a friend, think of the idea. He says his subjects are to be so and so, their order and sequence so and so, and he will close with a history of the chief feature of the book, the Great Bonanza."

I opened the letter, and showed that I had stated the date and the contents correctly. Mr. Wright's letter simply contained what my own letter, written on the same date, contained, and mine still lay in its pigeon-hole, where it had been lying during the seven days since it was written.

There was no clairvoyance about this, if I rightly comprehend what clairvoyance is. I think the clairvoyant professes to actually see concealed writing, and read it off word for word. This was not my case. I only seemed to know, and to know absolutely, the contents of the letter in detail and due order, but I

had to word them myself. I translated them, so to speak, out of Wright's language into my own.

Wright's letter and the one which I had written to him but never sent, were in substance the same.

Necessarily this could not come by accident; such elaborate accidents cannot happen. Chance might have duplicated one or two of the details, but she would have broken down on the rest. I could not doubt—there was no tenable reason for doubting—that Mr. Wright's mind and mine had been in close and crystal-clear communication with each other across three thousand miles of mountain and desert on the morning of the 2d of March. I did not consider that both minds originated that succession of ideas, but that one mind originated them, and simply telegraphed them to the other. I was curious to know which brain was the telegrapher and which was the receiver, so I wrote and asked for particulars. Mr. Wright's reply showed that his mind had done the originating and telegraphing and mine the receiving. Mark that significant thing, now; consider for a moment how many a splendid "original" idea has been unconsciously stolen from a man three thousand miles away! If one should question that this is so, let him look into the cyclopædia and con once more that curious thing in the history of inventions which has puzzled every one so much—that is, the frequency with which the same machine or other contrivance has been invented at the same time by several persons in different quarters of the globe. The world was without an electric telegraph for several thousand years; then Professor Henry, the American, Wheatstone in England, Morse on the sea, and a German in Munich, all invented it at the same time. The discovery of certain ways of applying steam was made in two or three countries in the same year. Is it not possible that inventors are constantly and unwittingly stealing each other's ideas whilst they stand thousands of miles asunder?

A CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT.

By J. P. QUINCY.

"If you will explain the nature of the investigation you propose to make," said the rector, "we shall be all the more competent as observers."

"I will willingly do so," assented the professor. "But in stating my hypotheses,—which are tentative, not dogmatic,—and in explaining why I hold them, I must ask permission to use the terminology of those who believe in spiritual life. I do this simply for convenience, without prejudice to the negation of such life to which the failure of my experiment may be thought to point. I propose then, reverend sir, to place some of your pulpit assertions upon a basis which will appeal to the modern mind; in a word, to strengthen pious apologetics with positive assurance. I shall employ, not perhaps the best methods in this investigation, but those with which Dr. Bense is familiar. And, first, I hope to be able to show that, approximating the time when the soul leaves the body, there is an alteration in its weight which is capable of registration. I have caused the bed to be supported upon an exquisitely poised balance which will show any remission of the downward pressure. I can scarcely doubt my success here,—though I hope to go much further."

"Will you give us your reasons for this supposition?" inquired Dr. Bense.

"Certainly," was the response. "A change in the weight of the body has often been observed in persons in the ecstatic condition. There are certain states related to the somnambule when the human organism is subject to an unknown lifting force, which, to a greater or less degree, overpowers its natural gravity. There is good reason to believe that the energies of the soul may be awakened to such a pitch that in its transport it will bear up the material envelope. History and literature abundantly recognize this fact. We have minute accounts of the levitations of St. Theresa, Loyola, Savonarola, and many others. The experiments made upon somnambulists by Dr. Charpignon and Professor Kieser tend to confirm these older records. The phenomenon is well known in connection with religious revivals. The possessed children of Morzine and Chablais, who in 1847 flung themselves from the branches of the highest trees with the lightness of squirrels, scarcely outdid the record of our own Kentucky Climbers. Professor Alfred R. Wallace, to whom we lend willing ears when he speaks of the biographies of bugs and butterflies, asserts that at least fifty persons of high character can be found in London who will vouch for the fact of levitation, as by them witnessed. This testimony is on record, and much of it is accessible to any serious inquirer."

"Assume my assent to the existence of this precious evidence, both come-at-able and un-come-at-able," said Dr. Bense impatiently, "and what follows then?"

"Then," answered Professor Hargrave, "I hazard the *a priori* supposition that a state bearing some re-

semblance to that which we know as ecstasy occurs at or near the moment of death; and that this condition is marked by a lessening of weight, which can be shown by proper experimental inquiry."

"If such a fact exists, it is capable of proof," said the doctor dryly.

"Undoubtedly," agreed Hargrave. "Now let me take you a little further. For the past three months I have been at work upon an instrument which is as sensitive to soundless vibrations in the atmosphere as the receiving disc of the telephone is to those originated by the voice. All the credit of its perfection belongs to my friend Professor Merlton, of our chemical department, who has discovered a substance which is both more delicate and more retentive than the tin-foil of the phonograph. I expect to show that when the body exhibits a decrease of weight, there are tremors in the atmosphere above it which can be detected at no other time, and of which our present physical science can give no account."

Clara flushed a little at her husband's ardor, and could not help recalling that line of Wordsworth which intimates the existence of localities where it were not well to botanize, even in the high interests of scientific investigation.

"We have now," continued the professor, with something of the authoritative manner he had acquired in the lecture room, "a moving equilibrium as the point of merging between two existences. I am provided with six self-registering thermometers, and shall from time to time take that condition of its molecular changes which we recognize as temperature. We know that heat can augment only as there is expansion or change of position in molecules. Taken in connection with other parts of my investigation, I hope to establish a fair inference that we are here detecting the jar of the elements of life-stuff as they form the faint beginnings of the new envelope of man."

"That is your theory," interpolated Dr. Bense, with a slightly scornful emphasis upon the last word.

"It is my theory," assented the professor. "It is my way of provisionally coordinating the series of observations we shall both record. If you are able to offer a generalized view of the phenomena which is simpler and more intelligible, I shall gladly accept it. Having obtained success up to this point, it is my design to push inquiry by another instrument. You are probably aware that certain sensitives, who are above suspicion of imposture, profess to have seen the growth of the spiritual body as that which is mortal gradually assumes the *rigor cadaveris*."

"Oh, yes; we doctors recognize in such assertions a cerebral condition induced by febrile or other disturbance. Read Clarke upon Visions; it will tell you the precise part of the visual apparatus where functional perturbation causes these false conceptions."

"I am familiar with the book," resumed the professor quietly, "and now take it from this table to remind you of other testimony which Dr. Clarke has left for us. Our distinguished countryman, Dr. O. W. Holmes, who writes the introduction to the volume, in speaking of a case which the author described to him, uses this language: 'At the very instant of dissolution it seemed to him, as he sat at the dying lady's bedside, that there arose "something," an undefined yet perfectly apprehended, somewhat, to which he could give no name, but which was like a departing presence.' And Dr. Holmes then goes on to say that he has received a similar statement 'from the lips of one whose evidence is eminently to be relied upon.' In this case he tells us that there was also 'the consciousness that "something" arose, as if the "spirit" had made itself cognizable at the moment of quitting its mortal tenement.' Now, it is not impossible that the essence which departs with the final throb of life—that ascending something testified to by this person 'whose evidence is eminently to be relied upon'—is capable of being pictured by transcendental photography."

"Transcendental what?" demanded Dr. Bense, in a tone of utter amazement.

"Pho-to-gra-phy," repeated the professor, carefully separating the syllables. "Take the word easily, by installments, and put them together when inside your head. There is really no need of the surgical operation whereby the Scotch brain is said to be made receptive. You never heard of it?"

"Never, outside the society of those I considered lunatics," said the doctor.

"Richter was right," remarked Mr. Greyson, "when he said that every specialist would do well to take a walk with some other specialist who had investigated in a different direction. In such a stroll Dr. Bense might be paired with Professor Aksakof, lately of the University of Moscow."

"I am told we are getting some very good romances from Russia," murmured the neurologist.

"Yes, or with Wagner, Professor of Zoölogy in the University of St. Petersburg," added Hargrave. "Either of these gentlemen could tell him, as the result of their experiments, that photographic plates

are more sensitive than ordinary remember, used a stereoscopic camera, that double pictures of the unseen sitters might mutually check each other. But perhaps Dr. Bense would say that to photograph an invisible image would be scientifically impossible."

"No, I am not going to walk into that trap," said the doctor, decidedly. "I am quite aware that sulphate of quinine has the quality of rendering visible the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, 'Fluorescence,' Professor Stokes called it, though why it should bear the name of the spar I never could understand."

"If we accept the researches of these gentlemen," continued the professor, "they certainly show that an unseen power can throw into form some principles of matter which, though invisible to our eyes, can reflect the chemical rays of light and impress the plate."

"And so none of your infallible witnesses can be found outside of Russia," said Dr. Bense. "In the higher latitudes of that country, I believe, the inhabitants chiefly depend upon moonshine."

"Quite the contrary," was the decided reply. "There are the recorded experiments of Professor Crookes, whose honorable character no sane man has questioned. Add to these the attestation of Mr. Taylor, skeptic and expert editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, who tested the process by which these pictures were produced with his own collodion and glass plates. Then there is the Beattie series of photographs, taken in London under very stringent conditions; these show a luminous mist—*Dampf*, as the Germans call it—gradually condensing into definite shapes. There is the record of the investigation of the claims of Mr. Hartman in Cincinnati, which was conducted by six practical photographers, who watched their marked plates through all their various working without detecting any sign of trickery. I do not refer to my personal experiments, as their results have not yet been given to the public. It answers my present purpose to assert that any intelligent man who will examine the depositions I have cited must conclude that, even if insufficient to compel conviction, they are weighty enough to brand with folly and incompetence any inquirer who does not try photography in such an investigation as is now before us."

Professor Hargrave threw a warmth of manner into the excited emphasis of the last sentence which rendered a pause prudent. This gave a little time for silent meditation.

"How handsome he is!" thought his wife. "What a fascinating mixture of the cautious calculation of the man of science with the imagination of the romantic adventurer!"

The rector noted the visionary splendor in Clara's eyes, and indulged in an odd speculation upon the source of the charm of personality. For instance, had Margaret Fuller possessed the gift of beauty, had Count Ossoli been intellectually her superior, could she have radiated this influence of perfect feminine development?

"Alas, the pity of it," thought Dr. Bense, "that the author of 'Centres of Ossification,' a book imbued with the true scientific spirit, should revert to these old Eldorado dreams! Well, there are pathetic precedents. The mind that produced the *Principia* came to muddle over the prophecies!"

Having made this reflection, the genial doctor asked himself whether some covert implication, which stretched the bonds of courteous discussion, might not have slipped in among his remarks. He feared this was the case; if so, it was the part of a gentleman to soothe sensibilities that had been unintentionally ruffled.

"Be sure, Professor Hargrave, that I shall do my best to make accurate notes of any novel manifestations of force which you may be able to exhibit. It seemed but fair to let you know that I do not think you or any other man will succeed in—well, I will say in discovering perpetual motion or in squaring the circle. But I am aware that both these feats and others analogous to them may be attempted with an enthusiasm—nay, even with a genius—that should command our respect. I shall do you the justice to submit my memoranda, without comment, to my associates of the Psychical Society. It is possible that the united wisdom of their several heads may generate reflections whose pertinency we shall both acknowledge."

The professor bowed his head in token of satisfaction with this arrangement, and remarked that he had made preparations for getting his light from a battery current instead of that supplied by the dynamo. Although this was not commonly used, he was satisfied of its advantages for photography.

"One thing more," said the doctor. "I must ask that our proceedings be kept as private as possible. It would injure my professional standing to be caught in such a business; my position might be misunderstood, you see. Besides, here is our good rector; we must look after his reputation. The bishop would be sure to make a fuss at this irregular peeping behind the curtain."

"It is only your medical bishop, masquerading as some neurological club or hospital committee, whose discipline is to be feared," said Mr. Greyson, quietly. "Remember that clergymen have one special qualification for these investigations which you physicians do not always possess: we can examine without prejudice other lines which lead to a conclusion we already accept."

Dr. Bense might have taken up the challenge conveyed in the words to which the rector had given special emphasis, but at this moment the bell-call of the telephone rang sharply from the adjoining room. Hargrave attended the summons, and immediately returned to say that Dr. Simpson thought no time was to be lost in getting to Brandon avenue, and that a carriage would be at the door as soon as they could put on their overcoats.

"Runners or wheels?" asked Dr. Bense, going to the window.

"Wheels, of course," answered the professor. "See how it's drifting!"

"That's good," said the doctor; "there will be more room in a carriage. Here are three of us; you will want one of the seats for the box of instruments."

"The driver must take it outside," said Mrs. Hargrave. "I wish to accompany you."

"You, my dear!" exclaimed the professor. "It would not be proper to admit a lady to the chamber, under the circumstances."

"Under the circumstances," replied Clara, "it is the last place in which any lady would desire to be. I will stay below in the dining room. In a crisis like this you will surely wish me to be near you."

"Only on your own account would I have it otherwise," said Hargrave tenderly. "But you do not realize the strain upon one who merely waits for a great result; it is far more serious than those know whose active energies are strained to accomplish it."

"You will have so much against you," said Clara quietly, "that you cannot dispense with the coöperation of a neighboring sympathy, which we both know may be an important factor in your work. You reject my advice to abandon this very delicate experiment; you cannot master all the conditions for success. The state of the atmosphere is unfortunate. It is uncertain whether you can obtain from Mr. Peckster the active assistance you are looking for. I do not doubt his good intentions; but his life has not been of the sort which enables a man to grasp the transcendental consciousness as soon as the normal one is lost. There will be a period of transition, during which the spirit will be likely to suffer great disturbance."

"There are risks of failure in all our undertakings," said Hargrave proudly; "our sole concern is to deserve success. I must vindicate my toil during the past year: I must confound Bense and the scientific sneer he represents. Yes, I may fail; but to try I am pledged!"

"Then, dear, I have received my orders," said Clara, with the soft voice of feminine acquiescence.

"The carriage is at the door: let us go."—*The Atlantic Monthly*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Referring to the recent movement of the wealthy and fashionable Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City to reach the people by making its pews free to all, one of our daily papers says: "Its [the investigating committee's] report is a significant one. It finds that 'the gospel does not adequately reach our population, that the people are not gathered into our churches, and that it becomes us to consider whether there are not other ways of presenting the old gospel and bringing the people under its sway.' To accomplish this the report recommends that the church bring itself into closer sympathy with the common people, and one of the first steps in this direction will be to make its pews free to all on the basis of the following suggestion in the report: 'A healthful religious condition, as well as a healthful social condition, demands that the rich and poor should meet together. To separate them in churches is fatal to the best spiritual interests of both. We will have to fight our way back to the simplicity and earnestness and faith of the early church.' The Madison Avenue Church has gone to the very root of the causes which have induced the dry rot of which its committee complains, and if it can carry out its purpose and fight its way back to the methods of the early church it will have accomplished a great work. It will have overcome a hitherto invincible prejudice in the minds of the poor, namely, that they cannot afford to go to church, and that the church has no place for them which they can occupy except at the sacrifice of self-respect. This is the kind of revision which the fashionable church needs. Fashion is well enough in its place, but its place is not in the church. That the scheme of the Madison Avenue Church will be a success if it is honestly carried out there can be no doubt."



VESTA.

BY ELENORA STONE.

From a million windows shines to-night,
All over this land of ours;
The light of the lamps by the fireside lit,
As the evening twilight lowers.

Thro' the rich stained windows of palace homes,
The flickering gas jets gleam;
Or the white-hot fires of the lightning chained
Thro' the lace-draped openings stream.

And in lowlier homes shines just as bright
The rays from the humble lamp,
Whose blaze is lit by the stream that flows
Thro' "sunless caverns" damp.

Thro' the broken, curtainless panes of the hut,
A fitful brightness beams:
No light—save the few red coals on the hearth
Which smoulder with feeble gleams.

In the dark pine forests of the north,
Where the lumberman's camp is set;
Bound the ruddy blaze of the glowing logs,
Their evening groups are met.

Dotted by lonesome country roads
The homes are few and far;
But brightly streaming as the night
Shines forth the household star.

O'er the trackless prairie's billowy waves,
The twinkling stars shine round,
As when crossing the ocean we see at night
The lights of a ship home bound.

The Indian sits at his wigwam door,
And watches his camp fire's ray;
While in the shadows that dance around
His savage brood are at play.

So from palace to hut the lights shine out,
Radiant, serene or dim;
And their cheerful blaze lights the whole world
round

With the sound of the evening hymn.

So in every heart as in every home,
With freer or feebler glow,
There burns a spark of the fire divine
To light our path as we go.

And the stream that feeds that fire in each soul
Ever mounting above;
In one unbroken current runs
Thro' each heart, from the heart of Love.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

WOMEN AND THE FAIR.

The second public meeting of the Women's Press League was held, by the invitation of Mrs. Charles Henrotin, at her beautiful and hospitable home; beside the members about one hundred guests were present, showing by their presence their active interest in this new and vigorous association.

Miss Krout, the president, briefly addressed the meeting; letters of regret were read from Miss Frances Willard and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, honorary members.

Mrs. Henrotin, vice-president of the women's branch of the Congress Auxiliary, then read a paper upon the proposed work of that association, as follows:

The World's Congress Auxiliary was formed to secure a representation by congresses and conferences of what the intellectual and moral forces of the world have admired in science, literature, government, jurisprudence, morals, charity, and religion. For these factors have been even more potent than have commerce, finance and art in producing the grand aggregate we name modern civilization. It is therefore fitting that they should receive equal recognition in the material exhibits of 1893. As women have been as active as have men in carrying on all intellectual, social and moral improvements, any congresses in which they were not represented would be robbed of half their success and glory. A woman's branch was, therefore, formed, with Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers, as president, thus receiving the sympathy and co-operation of that powerful board. The committees of women correspond to the committees of men, and in many cases the two have elected to unite and work as one, as the medical and surgical committee, the moral and social reform committee, the science and philosophy committee, and the committee on music. These committees, even when working separately, hold joint meetings for confer-

ence. The new art palace will be placed at the disposal of the auxiliary, in which to hold the congresses. There will be twenty committee-rooms in the building, and all the large halls in the centre of the city can be obtained if the art palace does not suffice. The audience hall of the woman's building can be secured, where will be held the meetings of those congresses in which women are principally interested. It is proposed to hold the congresses in the following order:

May—Music, literature, art and medicine.

June—Religion, morals and temperance.

July—Science, philosophy, invention and education.

August—Law and government.

September—Labor congresses.

October—Agriculture, commerce and finance.

The men and women who are prominent in various branches of intellectual and humanitarian work all over the world will be invited to become members of advisory councils—whose duty it will be to suggest topics of discussion, plans of work of interest to people all over the world. Corresponding and honorary members have been invited to assist by corresponding with the local committees, and any suggestions will be gladly received. The committee on education has two sub-committees, one on kindergartens and one on manual and artistic education. There are committees on scientific and philosophical congresses, and on literary, artists, musical, household economics, religious, municipal, Indian, law, social and moral, and labor congresses.

The formation of the woman's branch, and the work outlined by the special committee, emphasizes a movement now permeating the entire civilized world—that of centralization and cooperation. The great expositions which have been held in all lands since 1853 have cemented bonds of fraternity, and the world realizes the truth that all men are akin. The changes which have taken place in the social economics and political ideas of modern nations since 1851 are only realized when congresses such as will be held in 1893 are convened.

Hundreds of new and unforeseen problems have now the mind of the closing nineteenth century. With the solution of every new enigma comes a new problem, and the combined wisdom of the nations can alone solve the difficulties and strengthen national ideals. This counselling of the nations is a comparatively new factor in the slow progress of fraternity, and we, the most cosmopolitan of people, the nation formed of many races and many brains, should be the first to endeavor to unite all people in the common cause of the perfection and advancement of humanity.

Women have undoubtedly more problems to solve than men, to adapt themselves to new conditions of social and economic life, and avail themselves of the new avenues of employment which they may now enter. The two most important factors of modern civilization are co-operation and association, and women can only avail themselves of these powerful forces by learning what has been accomplished by their means in the industrial world. Society can no longer wholly separate men's work and women's work, and the attitude taken by the women of America toward equal recognition will influence the position which women can henceforth claim for themselves all the world over. There is no principle so little recognized among men and women as that of logical co-operation, and the participation of women in these congresses will strengthen that principle. The women of Chicago look to the women of the world to assist them in realizing this grand conception. In these great national and universal congresses we shall learn to know each other's needs. The grand truth of the independence of men and women, worker and thinker, hand and brain, will be realized.

Mrs. Geo. B. Carpenter, chairman of the committee on music, made a brief statement of the plan of work.

Miss Harriet Monroe, who has been invited to write the ode for the opening of the Columbian Exposition, read two of her exquisite poems, "Niagara's Song" and "With a Copy of Shelley."

Miss Kate Field, the well-known journalist and writer, then addressed the ladies briefly. She was especially pleased to know that household economics was to have such an opportunity among the congresses.

Miss Bessie McDonald then sang two numbers, "Bel Raggio," and "Dost Thou Know that Sweet Land" from Mignon.

Miss McDonald possesses a most exquisite voice and sings with much feeling. She is a pupil of Signor Jannotti. She was accompanied on the piano by Miss Kate Hudson.

Refreshments were served.

MRS. ULRICH AS A MEDIUM.

TO THE EDITOR: The great number of men and women eminent in literature, art, science and in the churches throughout the world who have joined the Psychical Research Societies evidences the fact that all educated people who take the time intelligently to inquire into the amount and character of the testimony to the claims of modern Spiritualism or investigate personally its revelations to mankind, give assent to it and usually become active workers in bringing it before their associates. Its growth therefore has been phenomenally great in the past twenty-five years, and it is increasing at a prodigious rate. Inspired mediums are appearing everywhere to enlighten benighted humanity, of course it offers to-day the only evidence of man's future life in the living testimony of departed spirits. Spiritualism is the open doorway of Spiritual communion. Take Spiritualism from the world and thousands who do not call themselves Spiritualists would be left comfortless and desolate.

In further response to your request I continue the testimony to the efficiency of Mrs. Ulrich's inspired work here. The first letter is from a prominent lady of our city who objects to giving her name at present. I give it as she has signed it: Mrs. G.—She writes November 2, 1891:

"I am a citizen of Nashville, Tenn. and have known Mrs. Ulrich for several years, and have seen and known of wonderful predictions which she has made, and know them to transpire. She has traced absent friends of mine, and I have always found that what she told me was correct. She has correctly described the original of photographs which I had in my hand that she had never seen. She has foretold domestic troubles that were to come to me in the management of my household affairs, which transpired just as she predicted. On one occasion at a public seance in her parlor, where there was probably an hundred people present, I put my hand on the table at which she was sitting and asked mentally if my husband would secure a public office he very much desired. There came three distinct raps on the table in reply, but she looking at me, said, 'The spirits say yes, but I say there will be a delay about that.' It happened just that way, he did not get it at the time he expected but in some months after. Again, I mentally asked about an absent friend who was hundreds of miles away; if he was well and all right. There were three raps, but she said 'You carry me a long distance to get you that information.' A third question I asked mentally was a financial one. She immediately said, 'You jump about in a rapid manner, now you are on finances.' A friend had lost some valuable heirlooms, and had no idea where or by whom they had been stolen. I persuaded her to consult Mrs. Ulrich, who told her that the articles had been out of her possession some time before she had discovered their loss, but that she would finally recover them, which she did. During this sitting Mrs. Ulrich described my friend's husband whom she had never seen, told the number of her children, how many were dead and how many living; also, in a perfect manner described her girlhood's home, described her home circle accurately; also how many of them were dead. She also described her beaux, and told of incidents that had happened between her and two of her admirers on several occasions, which my friend had almost forgotten, but which after hearing Mrs. Ulrich describe she said made her feel almost a girl again. Now, Mrs. Ulrich had never seen my friend before; in fact, did not know at that time her name. I was present at another time when she read for a lady who did not live in the city. She described this lady's home, where she lived, also a farm she owned in the country, even told of an old house that had been torn down, traced the stream that ran through the lot and described the barn and out-houses as accurately as if she were viewing them with her bodily eyes. I could go on indefinitely to tell of instances I know of where Mrs. Ulrich has displayed her wonderful powers, but consider the incidents I have cited sufficient. I have firm faith in what she tells me, and am grateful for the encouragement and sympathy she has given me. The predictions she has made about me and my af-

fairs have in a great many instances come true, and I am waiting for the fulfillment of the others. Hoping that her career may be long and successful. I am her true friend."

Mrs. L. E. Turney, Nashville, Oct. 19, 1891, testified as follows:

"One year ago last month was my first visit to Mrs. Ulrich. She told me where I was born and raised. I never had met her before, nor was there a single person in the house that had ever met me before that I am aware of. She described my father's family and my husband's family. She gave me messages from my dead friends, and told me things they said to her, and if I had not known they were dead, I would have thought it was them talking, for she used words that I had heard them use in life. She also told me of a trouble that I had in my family and saved me a lot of distress by it. She has been a great help to me spiritually, and has been a great aid to me in my success. At one time I went to her almost heart-broken, for I did not know where to go or what to do, and I said to her, 'I am thinking about breaking up.' She says, 'Do not, you hold on to your house for you will not be happy if you make the change.' She says, 'Go home, and before this week is out, you will have a better offer.' I came home and in two hours' time I had the offer and have been doing well ever since. How she knows these things I can't tell, but I do know that she has always told me the truth about everything. And I am a firm believer in her. God bless her. I wish there was more like her."

"I am a member of the Methodist church, and have been for twenty-five years, and was at the time I joined the Methodist, a member of the Episcopal church, and had been for eight years. I changed to the Methodist to be with my husband. I can and do say that she has given me more comfort and better advice than all the ministers I have ever known. I am now old and this is no child's play but truth."

I wish to report a personal experience in this letter. In a seance held in the month of November, 1890, at Mrs. Ulrich's rooms, several persons being present, Mrs. Ulrich became entranced, her guardian spirit "Gold Leaf" informed me that my mother would soon pass to spirit life, and that my brother, Geo. W. Stockell, would quickly follow her. My mother being over seventy years of age and in poor health, it was not unlikely that her death could be looked for at any moment, but my brother being less than forty years of age, in the prime of life, the statement about him appeared improbable. She also stated that his will would give me a large portion of his estate. I had reasons for believing the latter statement improbable in the event of his death, and so expressed myself at the time. In the following month of June, 1891, my mother was taken very ill. A week later my brother, Geo. W. S., whose health had been unusually good for weeks, was taken suddenly ill. In a day or two his physician declared that a surgical operation was necessary. He then made his will and died a couple of days later. In the meantime mother had passed away at 6:30 on Thursday morning, Brother George following at 2:10 on the succeeding Saturday morning. Owing to the critical condition of both of them neither was permitted the knowledge of the other's true condition. After mother's death and a few hours before George passed away, I am told by those present at his bedside at that moment that he remarked to them, "I am blind, I cannot see you, but I see father standing there and I see Mr. S. (a connection of our family), and mother is here too. We are all here together." He did not see the living since his physical eyes were blinded, but he did see those who had preceded him into higher life since his spiritual eyes were opened. A few days later the will was read and it was found that Mrs. Ulrich's prediction made months before the document was written, had been verified.

C. H. STOCKELL.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Artist: "Here is a very suitable picture, Mr. Gibbs—the missionary in the center of a group of cannibals." Deacon Gibbs: "I see the cannibals, Mr. Turps, but where is the missionary?" Artist: "Didn't I just tell you he was in the center of the cannibals?"

Judge: "Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?" Prisoner: "Nothin', only I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for ignorance of the law." Judge: "Your ignorance of the law is no excuse." Prisoner: "'Tain't my ignorance I'm talkin' about. It's yours."



A LETTER FROM MRS. WATSON.

TO THE EDITOR: The golden day has gone down behind purple cloud-drapes to sleep on the breast of the placid sea. Coming in from a brisk walk, during which my soul drank deeply of the autumnal splendors that still linger amid the vineyards and orchards of the sunny uplands, I draw the crimson curtains so as to shut out the sense of dark isolation that sometimes steals over one in a silent country house at twilight; and even now, with a cheery little fire and love-breathing flowers, the rooms are very still—too still, so I invite my JOURNAL friends to keep me company.

We are all so busy now-a-days that we seem never to have time to tell each other what we are doing; and yet the telling of it sometimes helps us and others to do the more. Perhaps you will be interested in the fact that a woman has harvested, dried and shipped to your Eastern market one hundred tons of California French prunes from twenty acres of land, every sack of handsomely cured fruit bearing said woman's name in full, and so preaching a "woman's rights" sermon as it goes. It has been a bright, busy, beautiful year since we bade you good bye on the other side of the continent, and life never held greater treasures of love and hope than at the present hour. "What, at your age!" some one dares to exclaim, (because I'm too far away to hear), and I reply, Bless you, nobody is old now-a-days! gray hair "is all the rage" for women, and bald heads for men,—besides, there are so many strange and beautiful happenings all around us; such grand objects to work for, and such encouragement to all noble effort,—and the sciences, physical and psychical, are performing such miracles, that time and space are annihilated;—so I would like to know how anyone can ever grow old and disagreeable because disgusted with this very good and ever-growing-better world? True, there is almost universal discontent; though I do not opine that the poor are growing poorer; but they are beginning to catch glimpses of their rightful inheritance, possibilities never before dreamt of; nor are the rich becoming harder and more grasping; but the eyes of justice are clearer and farther-seeing, and the heart of mercy softer, and all men of all nations are perpetually before the judgment bar of a broader intelligence and keener perception of the eternal Right,—so we denounce where once we would have cringed and obeyed; and though we still grope and stumble, and crowd each other, it is along an ever-brightening, upward way!

The Columbian Exposition as now planned, would have been impossible at any former period of time. It will be the brightest blossoming of human endeavor the world has ever seen. The material splendors will but symbolize the supremacy of spirit, while the various congresses will be both prophecy and fulfillment of the highest hopes, the grandest conceptions and noblest faiths of the divine in our humanity.

Is it too much to affirm that of all the august bodies to be assembled at Chicago in '03, the Psychical Congress will be of the first importance?

Consider for a moment what it will stand for. Nothing short of the eternal reality at the root of all religions. Never before or since was the voice of prophecy more grandly verified than that which broke upon the slumbering brain of Christopher Columbus saying—"God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounded through the earth, and will give thee the keys of the gates of the ocean which are closed with strong chains"; and never before nor since has an inspired dream blossomed into such a glorious reality! And now are being gathered up the golden threads of psychical experiences on which are strung the pearls of pure hopes and deathless loves of human life as a guerdon of moral strength and guarantee of immortality! It is fitting that the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, who has labored so long and earnestly in the interests of scientific spiritualism should stand at the fore front of the movement for its proper presentation at the World's Fair; and it is the duty of every intelligent Spiritualist and psychic the world over, to co-operate with the committee for the

highest possible results. Out of a vast amount of reliable data, we want selected only the clearest, best authenticated and most easily condensed facts in a brilliant and commanding way, in proof of the greatest of all human achievement—viz: The solution of the problem of death; the laying of indestructible cables across the abysses of doubt and despair, from earth to regions of life and light eternal!

The very day that our last car-load of fruit was placed safely *en route* (Oct. 19), came a call to the spiritual vineyard; since which time all my Sundays have been occupied, besides a course of week-day lectures on social ethics at San José; and I am engaged for five months to come—February, March and April, in San Francisco, always on an independent platform. I am to give a course of lectures on popular subjects for the benefit of the "King's Daughters" in our neighborhood church (orthodox), in January, and this reminds me of an excellent address by Emma Taylor, at Collins, last year, during which she urged the Spiritualists to unite with all classes of earnest men and women, irrespective of differing religious opinions, in humanitarian work, meet them half way; ignore so far as possible existing prejudices, and so broaden our own usefulness and hasten the time when the old creedal lines of demarkation may melt in the sunlight of sweet charity.

My own experience within the last two years proves that rapid progress is being made toward a better understanding of our spiritual philosophy, and that sectarian bitterness is soon to become a thing of the past. The bold iconoclasm of the last decade has shaken the strongholds of degrading superstitions to their very foundations—every attempt to bolster them up but widens the breach in the tottering walls. The time has come for the building of real houses of God, in human homes, and to cultivate the gracious amenities that shall finally flower into the religion of life, the perfection of character; old words are pregnant with new meanings. Thousands of hungry hearts are being fed and comforted by Spiritualism under other names, and the light of a new day is suffusing the half-unconscious world. A few souls caught the first beams, prophesied the full dawn, and were laughed to scorn; but now that mellow radiance is transfiguring the deepest vale of human tears. Let us look cheerfully about us, do our duty, and as fast as possible plant the old battle-fields with grass and flowers.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

"SUNNY BRAE" SARATOGA P. O., CAL.

SLATE-WRITING.

TO THE EDITOR: IN THE JOURNAL of the 24th of October Mr. W. E. Coleman again attacks the character of Mr. Fred Evans, denouncing him in very strong language, and asserting that "he knows him to be a fraud." Now I would like to say that I have had the pleasure of witnessing slate-writing tests by both Mrs. Francis, and Mr. Evans. Like Mr. Coleman, I can say that I too, saw the pencil move and write, untouched by any visible motive power, and I have now by me a copy of all that came upon the slate, through the mediumship of this lady; and the nature and contents of these written manifestations are strong evidence of being performed by the spirits of those of my friends whose names the pencil wrote in full view above the table, in mid-day. I observe that there are men who dare to doubt even Mr. Coleman's judgment, in regard to the genuineness of the manifestations of slate-writing in the presence of Mrs. Francis; for myself, I have no doubt at all on the subject. There is no way that Mr. Wake, or any other man living, can account for the matter contained in the messages which came on the slate for me. The nature of these messages is the evidence that I accept as final, and which fixes conviction absolutely that the spirit of my mother, my father, my own child, and other friends, did come into my presence and communicate with me through the medium and her control. Mr. Wake may say it was sleight of hand if he pleases, but there is no sleight of tongue that could produce the messages I received; notwithstanding the wonderful things I received and saw in Mrs. Francis' presence; I wish to say here and now, that Mr. Coleman makes statements that I know to be incorrect. Will he explain in what way I was humbugged, and in what manner Mr. Evans perpetrated a fraud on me? I prepared eight slates of my own, more than a mile from Mr. Evans' place, and when I took them into his seance room, I received six messages on

four slates, and Mr. Evans at no time touched or handled any one of these slates, on the frames of which I had written my name, with the day and date of the year, so that I could say to those who would claim that the slates were changed that I knew such was not the case. All these slates I now have by me and neither Mr. Coleman or Mr. Wake can so much as suggest how I was deceived by Mr. Evans. I found in Mr. Evans the most perfect slate-writing medium I ever saw or heard of, and I had all the opportunity that Mr. Coleman ever had to test Mr. Evans as a genuine medium. I have sat with Mr. Evans eight times, and never failed to get the most convincing evidence of spirit presence, and had I let Mr. Evans take the slates into his own hands and write for me, he could not have produced the facts that my spirit friends did for me. There is no living human being who can tell me what my spirit friends did on these slates; and I speak of them as my spirit friends, because they tell me they are present in spirit, they all speak of being present in spirit, and rejoice at the opportunity of communicating with me. Of the six messages mentioned, no two are alike in any particular, and the writing has no similarity at all. Mr. Wake tells Mr. Coleman that even he has been led into error by this designing woman, but I know he has not; I know that Mrs. Francis is a true woman, and a genuine medium, and I am just as capable of judging of Mr. Evans as I am of Mrs. F. No doubt that Mr. Coleman will admit what I say with regard to Mrs. Francis; he never had any little trouble with that medium. Will Mr. Coleman explain the way that Mr. Evans writes long messages, between closed states, signing the names thereto of our own father, mother and sister; if he will do this, he will greatly aid Mr. Wake, in proving that all this slate-writing is done by our "Double," and that Mr. Coleman was also humbugged in his seance with Mrs. Francis. If Mr. Coleman will only tell the readers of THE JOURNAL how Mr. Evans does these things, we will all agree that there is no truth in the claims of Spiritualists.

T. J. BURKE.

PASADENA, CAL.

PAUL AND THE OLDER APOSTLES.

TO THE EDITOR: An anonymous critic essays to convict me of error in stating that Paul was personally acquainted with the twelve apostles, by quoting Paul's remark that on a certain visit to Jerusalem he only saw Peter and James. I was well aware of this statement of Paul; but it refers only to Paul's first visit to Jerusalem. It is true that Acts ix. 26-29 represents Paul, on his first visit, as being with the disciples and apostles generally for a time; but as this is contradictory to Paul's express affirmation in Galatians, it is regarded as untrue by rational Biblical scholars.

But Galatians II. and Acts xv. tell us of another visit of Paul to Jerusalem, fourteen years later, during which he met the apostles generally. At that time Paul went to Jerusalem to confer with the older apostles to see if some agreement might not be made between them relative to the promulgation of his (Paul's) version of the gospel among the Gentiles, which differed widely from the Judaic gospel of the twelve at Jerusalem. Paul says that he then laid before "them" his gospel, and "privately before them who were of repute." According to the Acts, a general council of the apostles and of the church at Jerusalem was held to discuss the matter; but in many particulars the gospel of Acts is untrustworthy, and it is doubtful if this general gathering took place. Biblical scholars differ as to the portion meant by "them" and "them who were of repute" in Paul's statement. Some think that by "them" is meant the whole church at Jerusalem; including of course all the apostles and that by "them of repute" is meant the twelve apostles, with whom Paul, in private, discussed at greater length the character of his Gentile gospel. Others think that by "them" the twelve are meant, and by "those in repute" is intended the three pillar apostles, James, Cephas (Peter), and John, whom Paul names specially a little further along in the same chapter. In any event, the twelve apostles, or such of them as were at Jerusalem at the time, were met by Paul; and as Jerusalem was the headquarters of the twelve, and they are represented as being at that place continuously, it is very probable that they were all there during this most momentous conference of the apostles.

But in Acts xxi., 17, 20, we have an account of another visit of Paul to Jerusalem,

written in part at least by a companion of Paul. A small part of Acts is marked by the presence of the word "we" in the narrative. This is generally held as being extracts from an itinerary of some one of Paul's companions, perhaps Titus; and so far as it has not been worked over or modified by the compiler of the Acts, it may be considered historical. In this case we read as follows: "And when we were come to Jerusalem the brethren received us gladly. And the day following Paul went with us to James; and all the elders were present." The elders included, of course, all the older apostles then alive.

There is then no doubt that Paul was acquainted with the twelve apostles generally, and I have never seen any doubt of that fact expressed by any rational Biblical scholar. In saying that Paul knew the twelve I used a general expression, not necessarily implying that he knew every one of the twelve individually; what was meant was that he recognized the existence of the twelve as a body of apostles and was acquainted with them generally. It is probable that he knew them all, but that he was acquainted with them generally is beyond rational doubt; and, though Paul may never have seen Jesus in the flesh, his acquaintance with the apostles who had, including Jesus' brothers, and no doubt with others of the early church who had seen Jesus, is proof positive of the historical existence of Jesus as a man.

In confirmation of what I have said about the second visit of Paul to Jerusalem I shall quote from those leading realistic Biblical scientists: F. C. Baur, the founder of the Tübingen school of rationalists; Dr. Otto Pfeider, one of the most eminent of living Biblicalists; Dr. Samuel Davidson, and the author of "Supernatural Religion," the two leading English rationalist scholars; and the author of the "Bible for Learners [young people]," Messrs. Oort, Hooyhaas and Kuenen, three leading rationalists of Holland. Pfeider says that Paul, often seeing Peter and James on his first visit, "remained personally unknown to the other apostles and to the community until the journey which he made fourteen years later." ("Paulinism," London, 1877, vol. ii., p. 5). Baur states that Paul "resolved to journey to Jerusalem and to take council with all the members of the church there, and with all the apostles who might be in the city." ("Paul, His Life and Works," London, 1873, vol. i., p. 117). "Supernatural Religion," (London, 1877, vol. iii., p. 234) says: "After fourteen years he... again went up to Jerusalem... and communicated to them, i. e., to the apostles, the gospel which he preached among the gentiles." Davidson, after speaking of the conference of Paul with the apostles, says: "The twelve left him to follow his own course without hindrance." ("Introduction to New Testament," 2d edition, London, 1882, vol. i., p. 37). "Bible for Young People," (London, 1879, vol. vi., p. 249-252), in referring to the conferences of Paul with the apostles and brethren, several times speaks of "the twelve."

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ROSS WINANS' REVENGE.

On one of the leading thoroughfares of Baltimore is a block entirely surrounded with a high brick wall, which tells a story of the somewhat strict virtue of Baltimoreans. Strangers take it to be a penitentiary, but it is not. The high wall is there for the express purpose of keeping the people of Baltimore from seeing the most superb houses and grounds in the city. It is the place built by the eccentric millionaire Ross Winans. When Winans built the house he was glad to have the public look in upon the fountains and statues distributed through the grounds. He had spent a large sum in purchasing in Europe some of the choicest works of art of foreign sculptors and put them in the grounds where the public might enjoy them. But there were some who objected to the nudity of the statues and claimed that they had a demoralizing tendency. Meetings were held and Winans' gardens were denounced. The eccentric old man was greatly wounded at this and he soon had a force of masons at work building a brick wall twenty feet high, which entirely encircles the house and grounds. From that time to this the wall has cut off the Baltimore public from any inspection of the works of art. There have been many efforts to have the wall taken down, as it is very unsightly and in the most populous part of the town. Mayor Latrobe, the common council, and the public repeatedly appealed to Winans and his heirs, but all in vain. The statues have been walled up for years and are likely to remain so.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Woman's Club: A Practical Guide and Handbook. By Olive Thorne Miller. New York: John W. Lowell Company. 1891. pp. 116. Cloth. Price \$1.00.

This book written by a well-known writer is dedicated "To the Women of America," and aims to present, as the author declares: "Not only an interesting account of the variety of ways in which the club idea has developed in our hands, but a practical guide in organizing and running a club successfully, with a working constitution, and many hints and suggestions out of several years experience." From the chapter headings we subjoin a few as indicative of the interesting character and usefulness of the whole work. "The Club Idea;" "The Evolution of the Club;" "The Club of Culture;" "Seed-Sowing Clubs;" "The Uplifting Club;" "The Club for Study;" and "A Practical Constitution." While not exhaustive of the topic treated upon, and by no means overrating the value of club life for women, the book is one which should be in every library—and no better or more inspiring Christmas gift could be found for women, even in isolated localities than this which indicates so clearly the wonderful advance in intellectual standing of the women to-day.

Things to Come: Being Essays Toward a Fuller Apprehension of the Christian Idea. London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, E. C. 1892. pp. 244.

In this volume are given a number of valuable essays, among which are "Some First Principles of Spiritual Interpretation," by J. W. Farquhar, "Christianity in Medicine," by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, and "What I Understand by Christo-Theosophy," by Rev. G. W. Allen. The general object of the essays, like that of the society before which they were read (Christo-Theosophical Society), is that there is vastly more in the gospel of Christ when fully understood, than might be supposed by those who know it only as it is usually presented in pulpit utterances and conventional treatises. The views put forth in this volume are worthy of earnest attention.

Mother Goose's Christmas Party. A Dramatic Drama. By Abby Morton Diaz. Chicago: Searle & Gorton. 1891. pp. 32. Paper. Price, 50 cents.

This pretty brochure gives in Mrs. Diaz's inimitably quaint style, familiar to all who have read "The William Henry Letters;" "John Spicer's Lectures" and "Polly Cologne." A charming Christmas play introducing all the characters of "Mother Goose's Melodies" dear to every child and every child-lover. "Mother Goose" and "Mother Hubbard," "The Old Man Clothed all in Leather," "Little Boy Blue," "Jack Sprat," "Tom the Piper's Son," "Three Wise Men of Gotham," "Jack and Gill," "Nimble Dick," "Little Miss Muffet," "Margery Daw," "Little Johnny Green," "Jack Horner," "Simple Simon," "Bopeep" and others as familiar take active and comical parts in this Christmas drama.

Holiday Stories: By Stephen Fiske; Boston; Benj. R. Tucker: 1891. pp. 208. Paper. Price 50 cents.

This is a collection of nine short stories, told apparently by a newspaper man, every one of which is wonderfully true to life, uplifting in purpose, clean and wholesome as to morals, unique in denouement, thoroughly realistic in treatment, and charming in style! A holy-day book, truly!

The Quarterly Register of Current History. Third Quarter 1891. Vol. I, No. 4, is an improvement even on preceding numbers. As the *Evangelical Churchman*, Toronto, Ont. says: "It seems strange that a periodical so useful has never been published before. We have had reviews of magazines and periodical articles, but no exhaustive summary of the contemporary history of the world. It is to supply this want that the *Quarterly Register* has been produced. It will prove of great assistance to political students, politicians, and indeed all intelligent readers. To the newspaper editor, it is invaluable. A clear idea is given of the world's general progress." Published by the Evening News Association, Detroit, Mich.

"Toys, New and old, with some Notes on Christmas Shopping" and "The Selection of Gifts for Young Children," are among the seasonable subjects discussed in the December number of *Babyhood*. In addition, there are medical articles, by

well-known authorities, on "Billiousness in Children," "Nursery Ventilation and Warming" and "The Care of Delicate Children."

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have issued a calendar for 1892, which is beautiful and unique. A card is devoted to each month, and on this is the picture of a little girl whose dress and appearance are in keeping with the weather, etc., of the month represented. The cards are united by rings to which is attached a little chain. Esthetic as well as useful.

An illustrated sketch of certain "Remarkable Boulders," by Mr. David A. Wells, is to appear in *The Popular Science Monthly* for January. These immense stones, weighing thousands of tons and found hundreds of miles from their places of origin, give striking testimony to the mighty power of glacial action.

For the first time in many years the December number of *The Century* will have a distinctively Christmas flavor. Its illustrations will include a great number of full-page engravings, among them six of Nativity subjects. The frontispiece is a Holy Family by the young American artist, Frank Vincent Du Mond.

For a number of years past the proprietors of the Ames Plow Works at North Easton, Mass., have been sending *St. Nicholas* to the children of their operatives. It is said that the results have amply justified the expenditure.

Dyspepsia

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Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh, we know of what of harm
May betide them!
'Neath the shadow of thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to thee,
Do thou hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Do thou clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Do thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be thou near them.

Unto thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them.
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
Trustful in thy hands of love
We must leave them.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Gracie goes to the kindergarten. One Sunday the teacher, whose name is Rogers, called and invited her to go to church with her.

"What was the text, Gracie?" asked papa at dinner.

"I came not to call the Rogers (righteous, the correct reading is, but the measles have left Gracie with impaired hearing), but sinners, to repentance, and I guess Miss Rogers was awful stuck up 'cause the minister preached a text about her."

Daisy's father is a clergyman, and never neglects the ceremony of grace before meat. One day Daisy assembled her three French and two rag dolls for a feast, and, mindful of her father's custom, reverently uttered what she considered an appropriate grace: "O Lord, bless this food and made these dollies truly eat it up and not leave it on their plates the way they did at Julia's party, and make them good little girls, like mamma's children. Amen." After a moment of thought Daisy added a postscript: "We pray thee, O Lord, to make both the rag dolls open and shut their eyes same's the others do."

An old man was on the witness stand and was being cross-examined by the lawyer.

"You say you are a doctor, sir?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir."

"What kind of a doctor?"

"I make intments, sir. I make intments."

"What's your ointment good for?"

"It's good to rub on the head to strengthen the mind."

"What effect would it have if you were to rub some of it on my head?"

"None at all, sir; none at all. We must have something to start with."

The spirit of implicit obedience is always to be commended in a child, even though the too literal interpretation of instructions may occasionally have an unexpected and amusing result.

Mabel, a very circumspect and conscientious young maiden of four, was sent into the parlor to entertain a caller for a few minutes until her mother could appear.

The conversation drifted to Mabel's intellectual acquirements, and the visitor asked, "And do you know the alphabet, Mabel?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, will you say it for me?"

Mabel began very glibly, but after three or four letters she stopped abruptly and said: "If you please, ma'am, I guess I'd better not."

"Why?" asked the other in surprise. "What makes you think you had better not?"

"'Cause," replied this exceptionally discreet young woman, "that's about all I know, and mamma says I-musn't tell all I know."

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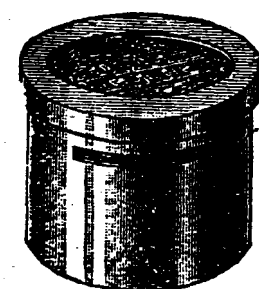


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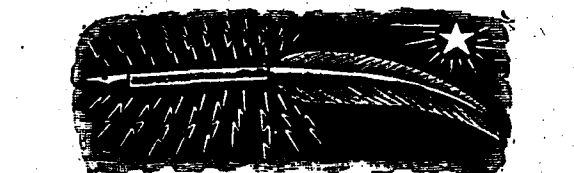
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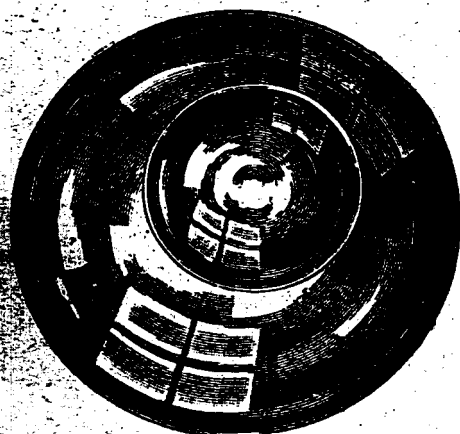
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T-e-n," said she,
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"Has kitten two i's?"
And the teacher's surprise
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—M. F. HARMAN, IN DECEMBER ST. NICHOLAS.

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"Why are you late, boys?"

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"We stopped."

"What did you stop for?" said mamma.

"To see two boys fightin'."

"Indeed! and who were the boys?"

"Harry was one."

"Ah, indeed, and who was the other?"

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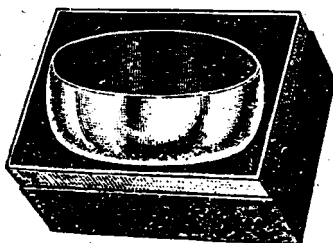
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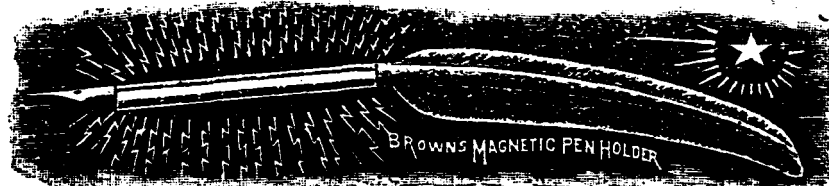
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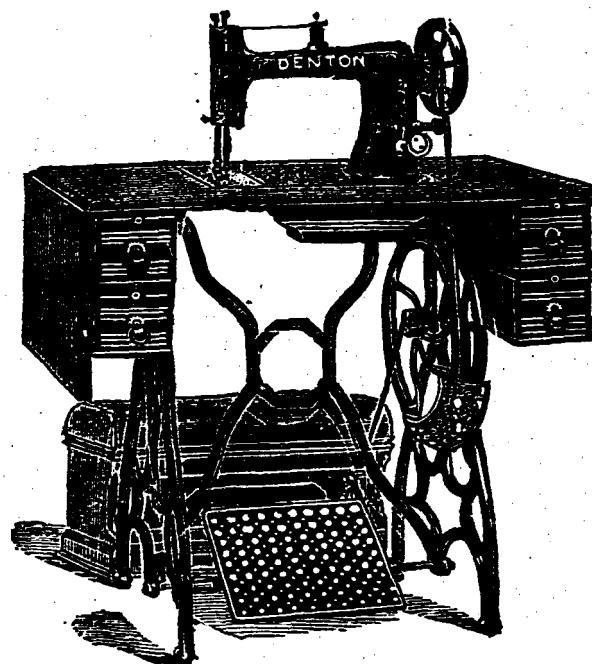
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Spiritualism is in its broad definition the philosophy and science of life. Hence it has to do with material things, with all that tends to lessen labor and give the race more time for intellectual and spiritual culture and more money to help the less fortunate. I don't go quite as far as did the man at a Spiritualist grove-meeting over in Indiana a few years ago who in-

sisted upon occupying the rostrum to set forth the merits of his fanning mill. He argued that clean wheat was necessary to make good flour; good flour was essential for good health; and good health tended to good morals and higher spirituality; and therefore he was in order as a speaker. While there was force in his argument of itself, the managers of the meeting were quite right in declining to allow him to do missionary work for revenue on their platform. As an editor I should deem it in bad form to use my editorial columns for this very practical method of utilizing Spiritualism as a lever to lift a sewing machine into view, but as a publisher who knows that without the support of the counting room all his work would come to naught in short order, he feels fully justified in broaching this utilitarian side of Spiritualism.

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HOW SPIRITUALISTS VIEW DEATH.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Rathbun of New York City, are known to a majority of the Spiritualists of that city and to hundreds scattered through New England. Their beautiful home at Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York, is a favorite resort for those who find opportunity. Mr. Rathbun grew up from boyhood in the Spiritualist philosophy and is one of the best examples of its broadening and elevating influences within our knowledge. In a business letter under date of December 11, he refers so beautifully to the death of a dear one that we are moved to share the paragraph with our readers. Mr. Rathbun writes:

"...We celebrated our dear mother's birth to the Higher Life on Saturday last. She was 85. Was confined to her bed but a day, and sweetly and peacefully passed in her slumber to those dear ones gone before, who no doubt were anxiously awaiting the transition. Always a sunbeam, always so beautiful and angelic in her nature, we feel she will need but little to make her a 'shining one'; fit presence for the noblest and the best. While we shall miss the form so much, still, we cannot mourn because we know her bright spirit will be with us to shed the radiance of her love in our sweeter moments."

Hon. D. Harry Hammer, of this city, and one of the committee of the Psychical Science Congress, sailed for Liverpool this week, to join Mrs. Hammer, who has been abroad for a year. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hammer are deeply interested in psychical research, and will, during the coming year, actively interest themselves in promoting the welfare of the proposed congress.

Mr. W. J. Rand, lessee of Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes that Mrs. Adar Foye is engaged for December and January, and that thus far her tests have all been recognized.

Miss Julia A. Ames, associate editor of the *Union Signal*, of Chicago, the official organ of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, died last week at the Homeopathic hospital in Boston, of typhoid pneumonia. Miss Ames, who was one of the most faithful of W. C. T. U. workers, held the position of superintendent of the press department of the National W. C. T. U., and as such was in correspondence with hundreds of women all over the country.

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Chicago.

THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The astronomer Camille Flammarion announces in the *Revue Spirite* the death of his father at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

A newspaper dispatch from Fremont, Michigan, says that Thomas Henry, an inmate of the poor-house there, was found dead in a piece of woods near the poor-house on the 16th inst., after a long search. Another inmate had dreamed three different times of seeing Henry in the place where he was found, and this led to the discovery of his body.

Miss Kate Field's words in regard to the removal of duties from works of art, uttered at the reception given her, were timely and sensible. In a new country like this, especially, the cultivation of artistic taste needs to be cultivated, and this can best be done not by making the works of the great masters difficult to obtain, but by encouraging their importation and the study of them by all who feel any interest or pleasure in art.

A newly imported malcontent is reported as illustrating his ideas of mechanics as a science in the following eloquent words: De t'ing dat is made is more superior dan de maker. I shall show you how in some t'ings. Suppose I make de round wheel of de coach. Ver' well; dat wheel roll round 500 mile, and I can not roll one myself! Suppose I am a cooper, what you call, and I make the big tub to hold beer. He holds tuns and gallons, and I can not hold more than five quart! So you see dat what is made is more superior dan de maker.

Mr. Wm. Woodville Rockhill's deeply interesting book, "The Land of the Lamas," contains a reference to the mysteries of the theosophists. When Mr. Rockhill was at the great lamasery—Thibetan monastery, that is—of Serkok, he told the inmates of "our esoteric Buddhists, the Mahatmas, and the wonderful doctrines which they claimed to have obtained from Thibet. They were immensely amused. They declared that though in ancient times there were, doubtless, saints and sages who could perform some of the miracles now claimed by the esoterists, none were living at the present day, and they looked upon the school as rankly heretical, and something approaching to an imposition on our credulity." Keen sighted people, these lamas.—*The Two Worlds*.

Multitudes have believed in hell and everlasting damnation and many self-righteous and revengeful persons have been concerned lest possibly their enemies should escape the fire that was supposed never to go out, but now Archdeacon Farrar disposes of the hell which has been believed in so long and by millions on millions on Bible authority, in the following manner: "Where would be the popular teachings about hell if we calmly and deliberately erased from our English Bible the three words, 'damnation,' 'hell' and 'everlasting.' Yet I say unhesitatingly—I say,

claiming the fullest right to speak with the authority of knowledge—I say, with the calmest and most unflinching sense of responsibility—I say, standing here in the sight of God and my Savior, and it may be of the angels and spirits of the dead, that not one of these words ought to stand any longer in our English Bible, for in our present acceptance of them they are simply mistranslations." What next?

Scotland is fast losing its distinction as the home of religious conservatism. A few Sundays ago the Rev. J. H. Crawford, the esteemed pastor of a Presbyterian church in Dundee, made a plea in his sermon for cheap theaters. After calling attention to the hordes of semi-savage people in Dundee, for whom there are no recreations except the liquor-shop, he declared that the only way to humanize them was to give them some innocent amusement. What was needed was a place where the poor could go, not only where nothing debasing could be seen, but where precisely the noblest conceivable influences would be brought to bear upon them in precisely the most attractive way. He did not know on whose shoulders Elijah's mantle would fall—whether the theater was to be the church of the future or not—but he knew this, that they could make very dull people understand in the theater; they could make very callous people weep in the theater; and they could make very vicious and bad-living people ashamed of themselves in the theater, and this at least was in the direction of doing the church's work.

M. Aveling, the young Danish medium, is now occupying the attention of that faction of Paris which amuses or interests itself in the phenomena of Spiritualism, writes a French correspondent of *La Verite*. M. Aveling does not speak a word of French, yet when the fit is upon him he writes answers to mental questions in French, and in the very handwriting of deceased authors, composers, and great historical celebrities. The latest sensation is the calligraphy of Balzac reproduced by the Danish gentleman innocent of French, and some very clever opinions of modern fictionists, including Zola, by the defunct philosopher of romance. But the joke is that Balzac asserts that he has spectrally superintended the adaptation of his own "Père Goriot" at the Theatre Libre, and that he was in the middle of the balcony stalls at its first representation. The fact is that the centre stall is occupied by M. Francisque Sarcey, and that Balzac jokingly added that he had sat on that distinguished critic's lap. As I send you this, I need not add that many eyes are turned in the direction of M. Sarcey, who has the comely Madame Séverine by his side, whilst a strange figure close by actually resembles Balzac, but is in reality a Portuguese gentleman from Faro. Of "Père Goriot" itself little need be said. It is interesting but rather dreary. In fact it is easy to believe that MM. Tabarant and Antoine have taken their hints from Balzac's ghost.

The Conservative papers and leaders in England, according to recent dispatches, are trying to educate the public into approval of a parliamentary grant raising the income of the recently affianced Duke of Clarence and Avondale to £25,000 yearly. The Queen, it is understood, will not consent to open the

coming session of Parliament, unless the cabinet will assent to the proposal. The ministers in the meantime are unwilling to go further than propose a dower for Princess Victoria Mary, or an annuity of £5,000 as a marriage settlement. The radicals will agree to a moderate dower, but to no further grant to the Duke of Clarence, and if the government venture to ask for a special provision for him the opposition reckons on a vote of 200 against the measure. This, though a minority, will take the heart and cordiality out of the grant and be a pill for the royal family, besides weakening the cause of the government in the coming elections. The Emperor and Empress of Germany, the King of Greece and a host of German and Danish princelings will come to the wedding of the duke and princess. The bridal dress will be purely of English make, Spitalfields looms producing the brocade for the train, while the trimming of lace will be Honiton. The goods for the princess' outfit include Irish laces and poplins and Scotch tartans. The Ladies' Rational Dress Association are preparing to donate largely to the trousseau.

A contributor to the *Chicago Herald* says: The announcement that the late English minister to France was a firm believer in Spiritualism will occasion no surprise among people who are familiar with the fascination which occultism in its various phases always possessed for the Lyttons, both father and son. It is well known that the first Lord Lytton was firmly convinced that upon several important occasions in his life his line of action was dictated by voices distinctly heard during different dreams. But although the second Lord Lytton was also a strong believer in spiritual manifestations, he was somewhat fastidious in his occult associates and always avoided living at his country seat in England because a spirit known as the "boy ghost" had a habit of appearing there at intervals, and his visits were usually followed by the death of some member of the Lytton family. Doubtless this belief accounts for the serious introduction of occult phenomena in the writings of the elder Lytton and in the "Lucile" of Owen Meredith. Indeed, a belief in occult manifestations of all sorts has been by no means uncommon among the world's great men. . . . The stories of Lincoln's relations with invisible visitants are mentioned by all his biographers. The same phenomena were presented on three different occasions—the night before the first battle of Bull Run, again before another reverse to the Northern army, and lastly, the night previous to his own assassination. Dickens got the account from Secretary Stanton, and in a letter to Foster told how he himself had once dreamed of meeting on the street a woman who bowed and said her name was Napier. He had never known any one by that name, but on the day following, at an art gallery, he met some friends who introduced him to a young lady, and he was startled when he heard the name "Miss Napier." "It is curious," said he, in writing of the occurrence, "but proves nothing." That the great novelist believed that his dead sweetheart, Mary Hogarth, often appeared and talked to him was well known, and he asserted that in some of the most important acts of his life he was guided by the counsels which she had given him from the other world.

"REAL GHOST STORIES."

The probability is that most people, educated and uneducated, believe in ghosts. The belief is not always positive and persistent in the mind, and the idea may be vague, yet the individual is pretty sure at times, when his nature spontaneously asserts itself, to realize that the tendency of his mind is to recognize the reality of ghostly beings, whose presence, ordinarily invisible and inaudible, is sometimes manifested to sight and hearing. Even those who are the most unqualified in their denials of the existence of ghosts may have a sort of sneaking belief in them which will make itself manifest to their ordinary consciousness when walking near cemeteries at night or stopping in houses which have the reputation of being haunted. Such persons might say as Madame DeStael did when asked if she believed in ghosts: "I don't believe in them, but am afraid of them." There is something in man's nature deeper than intellectual assent to, or dissent from, theories and doctrines. The man of science may treat the tendency to believe in ghosts as an inheritance from a superstitious past. The Spiritualist may regard it as one of the expressions of man's innermost nature by virtue of which he belongs to a sphere of being which the senses do not recognize, but the reality of which the soul affirms.

The belief in ghosts instead of becoming weaker year after year and destined soon to be consigned by intelligent minds to the limbo of exploded superstitions, is actually, in this age of science and skepticism, growing stronger every day.

Some years ago the Society for Psychical Research commenced to collect facts and to verify statements in regard to "apparitions," "phantasms," etc., and since that time not a few persons, eminent in some province of thought, including men of scientific reputation, have manifested deep interest in these investigations to which a number have contributed by their own personal assistance. The results of these investigations thus far have been published in the "Proceedings" of the Society, which abound in proofs to the Spiritualist, if he needed them, of conscious life after bodily dissolution. The published works of the Society are, however, confined to comparatively few readers and mostly to those for whom statements pertaining to supernormal and supermundane phenomena have interest only so far as they have been verified and possess, therefore, evidential value. Some time ago Mr. W. T. Stead, the enterprising editor of the *Review of Reviews*, showed interest in the subject and began to use his magazine to assist in collecting data on which could be established valid conclusions as to the reality of apparitions and other alleged spirit phenomena. The Christmas number of Mr. Stead's publication, under the title of "Real Ghost Stories," is devoted wholly to psychical phenomena and narratives and descriptions of ghostly visitations and performances. "We can no longer," the editor says in the preface, "consent to the exclusion of an enormous field from human observation, because in its examination a few half-witted creatures may find themselves in the lunatic asylum. There is no doubt sufficient material in this Christmas number to send some nervous, sensitive people half crazy with fright, but no one needs to read it unless they please. Those whose nerves cannot stand the strain of contemplating the possibility of seeing an apparition had better give the collection a wide berth." But the editor thinks the effect of more knowledge regarding apparitions, etc., will be reassuring. Eclipses once frightened whole nations. In savage lands they still strike terror into the hearts of millions. But in civilized lands where eclipses are observed and understood the mass of people, including the most ignorant, look on undisturbed as the black disc of the moon eats into the shining surface of the sun. Ghosts should be regarded as belonging as much to the order of nature as the eclipse, and when this is understood the thought of seeing a ghost will no longer make the hair stand upright or cause the cold chills to run over the body.

If ghosts do not exist, there can, argues the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, be no harm in examining

"the delusion which possessed the mind of almost every worthy in the Old Testament, and which was constantly affirmed by the authors of the New." On the other hand, if their existence is real and not imaginary and under favorable conditions can be perceived by the senses, there can be nothing impious or irreligious in efforts to ascertain their nature and "what light they are able to throw upon the kingdom of the Unseen. We have no right to shut our eyes to facts and to close our ears to evidence, merely because Moses forbade the Hebrews to allow witches to live or because some of the phenomena carry with them suggestions that do not altogether harmonize with the conventional orthodox theories of future life. The whole question that lies at the bottom is whether this world is divine or diabolic. Those who believe it divine are bound by their belief to regard every phenomenon as a window through which man may gain fresh glimpses of the wonder and the glory of the Infinite. In this religion as in all others faith and fear go ill together. . . . No doubt there has been a great deal of superstition and nonsense talked about ghosts, and a clammy atmosphere of irrational terror has plagued the whole region in which these facts reside. But these are but lions in the road, which should not deter the resolute soul from its appointed path, and the appointed path of all mankind is to try all things, to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good."

Referring to the phenomena of double consciousness, of telepathy and the thought-body or double, the editor says that if it is possible for persons at the uttermost ends of the world to communicate directly with one another and even to make vivid pictures of themselves stand before those to whom they speak, it is possible that this latent capacity of the mind may yet be used for the benefit of mankind. The suggestion may seem extravagant, but not more so than would have seemed to men a century ago, the suggestion that it was possible to carry on audible conversation across a distance of a thousand miles, that by the agency of a ray of light the human voice could be transmitted across an abyss, unspanned by any wire and that "by a simple mechanical arrangement, which a man can carry in his hand, it would be possible to reproduce the word, voice and accent of the dead." In telepathy it is thought may be the foreshadowing of a latent force destined to cast into the shades the telegraph, telephone and phonograph which were more or less latent in the "kite-flying folly of Benjamin Franklin."

After giving a large number and great variety of "ghost stories" and accounts of psychical phenomena, the editor says "when scientific men include the unexplored region in the domain of their investigations, they will not make the silly complaint that no phenomena are genuine because there is an enormous overgrowth of pseudo-phenomena due to fraud and folly. Practical men never refuse to mine for gold, although in order to extract an ounce of the precious metal they have to crush a ton of worthless quartz." In its concluding paragraph the *Review of Reviews* says: "It does not seem to be too bold a speculation to believe that the patient methods of inductive science, the careful examination of evidence and the repeatedly renewed experiments of investigation will before long completely re-establish the failing belief in the reality of the world beyond the grave, and leave us with as little room for doubt as to the existence of the spirit after death as we have now for doubting the existence of Behring Straits or of the Pyramids. . . . It seems as if science were once more to vindicate her claim to be regarded as the handmaid of Religion by affording conclusive demonstration of its reality."

Such words as these from the editor of one of the popular and widely circulated magazines, and the fact that to psychical and spirit phenomena one entire number of the publication is given, prove conclusively the importance to which this subject has grown in the public mind. The investigations will be conducted in the future with larger knowledge of the powers and capacities of the mind than has existed hitherto and with greater discrimination than has marked ordinary

investigations of Spiritualism. Some of the phenomena which have been regarded by Spiritualists as spirit manifestations may be shown to be due to the latent forces of the subject, but the essential truths of Spiritualism will be, as they are now being corroborated by the most rigid scrutiny.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

It is only within the last twenty years that in the United States, Christmas has come to be adopted as a national holiday, and only within a decade that its observance has been marked by the gift-making *furor*, which seems to increase year by year, until the "holiday season"—including Christmas and New Year's—seems to have become a grand saturnalia of giving, a very carnival of altruism. The early Christians—the true date being doubtful—adopted the 25th of December as the date of the birth of Christ, because between the middle of December and the middle of February there is generally an interval of comparatively dry weather, preceded and followed by the early and latter rain, and at this time alone was it possible for shepherds to "watch their flocks by night" and "the Star of Bethlehem" to appear. Then too, at this time was celebrated by Pagan nations the winter solstice, which they held to be the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature, and adopting with a Christian significance a heathen festival, the transition from Paganism to Christianity was made easier to converts, who naturally clung to old traditions. But with the Protestant "reformation" came the mental protest against all the distinctly recognized devotional observances of the Catholic Church, of which Christmas had become one, and such protest being most strongly emphasized by the sect of Puritans who first colonized New England, and whose descendants later colonized this great Western country, of course Christmas as a Roman Catholic institution became practically tabooed. But with the enlightened religious sentiment in these later years, combined with the strongly felt need of more frequent national holidays, Christmas has taken a new departure in consonance with the more humanitarian religious spirit of the times.

Celebrating in intent the birth of Christ, "who so loved the world" that he offered himself a willing sacrifice to redeem it from sin, Christmas has come to be the season of self-forgetfulness, of joy in giving, of remembrance of the needs of our fellow-men, of rejoicing with those who rejoice, and particularly of making happy the hearts of the little ones.

For two or three weeks past the spirit of Santa Claus has been perceptible all through this great city, in the extra crowds of happy looking people thronging the streets, surging in and out of stores, gazing with calculating eyes at the brilliant display of holiday goods in all the shop windows; and in the store fronts festively garlanded in green, in the store windows with their charming Christmas tableaux, in the cheerfully interested faces everywhere seen with eyes made radiant by the generous impulse to make others happy, and the desire, however limited in means, to share in the general gift-making.

That in the tendency to rush to extremes which is characteristic of mankind in a movement of this sort, there is danger of overdoing the matter and giving unwisely, there is no doubt, but on the whole the gift-making craze must tend to good by enlarging the sympathies, by directing the thoughts of individual givers to the needs of the world, and at last directing the public mind toward the study of the best mode of increasing the comforts of the uncomfortably poor, and thus in time teaching scientific charity, and in awakening all that is best in the character and nature of the poor themselves, as well as of the rich—because of all this we may well rejoice in this general observance of the Christmas holidays.

It is in the direction of a growing humanitarianism that we must look for the fuller realization of the vibrant song said to be sung on a Christmas morning some eighteen centuries ago, of "peace on earth, and good will to men," the song which, when universally true, must usher in the millenium.

WHITTIER'S BIRTHDAY.

Last week Thursday was Whittier's birthday. He is eighty-five years old. The service rendered to the cause of humanity by his burning war and anti-slavery lyrics, as the New York Press observes, and the noble sum of his literary achievements since the nation took the giant evil he hated by the throat and throttled it, have made his name a household word wherever the tongue of Milton and Shakespeare is spoken. But fame could not spoil his sweet simplicity. The acclaim of the most cultured men in America and England has been powerless to tinge his character with anything approaching vanity, even in the slightest degree. In the affection of his fellow men and women Whittier is indeed secure. The period of his literary activity has been longer than the span of most men's lives. For sixty years he has labored unselfishly with his pen for humanity. He was the fearless champion of human freedom when such championship meant social disgrace and personal danger. He helped unfetter the slave. Through him the indomitable New England conscience found a voice that stirred East and West alike. Since that time of storm and stress he has won world-wide fame as the most distinctively American of all our poets. He has been the especial interpreter of New England life and sentiment to the people of his generation, as he will be to those of generations yet to come. His pure and delicate verse has constantly breathed the highest ideals. The friend and helper of men and the foe of evil always, Whittier, in his old age, is girded around with the well-won love of a great nation. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to Whittier thus: I congratulate you on having climbed another glacier and crossed another crevice in your ascent of the white summit which already begins to see the morning twilight of the coming century. A life so well filled as yours has been cannot be too long for your fellow men and women. In their affections you are secure, whether you are with them here or near them in some higher life than theirs. I hope your years will not become a burden, so that you are tired of living. At our age we must live chiefly in the past. Happy is he who has a past like yours to look back upon. It is one of the felicitous incidents—I will not say accidents—of my life that the lapse of time has brought us very near together, so that I frequently find myself honored by seeing my name mentioned in near connection with you now. We are lonely, very lonely, in these last years.

SUCCESS.

The author who regards success as that only of personal fame and financial returns, regardless of whether he has a real message to deliver, and one that uplifts and ennobles humanity; the painter who aspires only to be popular, to be fashionable, and to command those high prices which the caprice of fashion is pleased to bestow; the journalist who tests his progress by his salary per annum, regardless of his almost infinite opportunity for ministry to humanity—from all these aspects of so-called success one would turn away in despair and distrust and pray that if this be success, if success in life is so vain, so cheap, so puerile, so selfish as this,—then give one failure instead. But it is not true. Success lies in character. The day that one is more true, more sympathetic, more generous, more kind and thoughtful than on preceding days is the day that he is successful. He may give rather than gain; he may do his alms, material or spiritual, so far from the sight of men that only the Father who seeth in secret shall ever know of his impulse or his work; but in every essential and permanent aspect this is the day of his success, this is the day of his real advancement in life. Let us live. Not on that material plane that dreams of happiness only in the guise of purple and fine linen and the feasts of Lucullus and self-indulgence, but on that plane where opportunities for service to others are held as the higher privilege, and where not self-indulgence, but self-sacrifice, is the ideal to be attained. Now if one looks at life in this aspect it is not in the light of burdens and interruptions that he

accepts its daily demands, but in that of opportunity. Someone comes to him who needs to receive,—of sympathy, counsel, or timely aid. But he needs to give. It is part of his achievement in life, it is the material out of which he is building up that which is noble and permanent. It is the real purpose of life itself. It is what he is placed in this world to do. Nor does the life that holds itself in generous and sympathetic touch with other lives lose that which it gives or resigns. On the contrary it gains. It gains experience. It gains impressions, and out of these two is all artistic creation wrought. It gains impetus,—the source of all electric energy. The strength of Sir Galahad we all remember

—was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.

The emphasis laid on the "because" explains the source of his tenfold strength. It is the strength that is gained by everyone who realizes in outward daily life the profound truth that we are in this world, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. It is not in going out of one's way to do some spectacular and impressive work that one best serves his fellow-men. It is in the daily, the hourly, the momentary fulfilling of the little opportunities constantly offered.—*Lilian Whiting, in the Boston Budget.*

The alleged location of water by the use of so-called divining rods is a common occurrence in all parts of the country, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Usually, these rods take the shape of a curved twig from a tree, which is held in the hands and is supposed to turn and point downwards whenever the bearer steps over a subterranean stream. A gentleman in this city has a set of divining rods which are a curiosity in their way and whose action is certainly inexplicable. These rods are four in number, and are slender pieces of steel, tapering to a point at one end and flattened out at the other, with notches cut in the extremity like the notches in an arrow. Two of the rods are an inch shorter than the others. When they are to be used two people are required, who each take one of the long and one of the short rods between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, holding them out horizontally with the hands pressed closely together. The notched ends of the rods are pressed together, the long rods against the short ones. After being held in this manner for a few moments the rods will, without the volition of those holding them, move from side to side or up and down, pointing to whichever portion of the room there may be any of the precious metals in the shape of coin or jewelry. Not every person can persuade the rods to work, but those in whose hands they move the most freely can readily find the hiding place of such valuables, though the greatest care be used in secreting them. Of course, no one will believe this story, but ocular demonstration has convinced many of its truth.

One thing is clear; that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the slate or lead-pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore, although invisible or human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human forms. (12) When these things

become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance..... Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions.—*Baron Carl du Prel (Munich) in Nord und Sud.*

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, says: I think I am not in error in saying that on the part of the majority of the stated constituency of our churches, the country through, there is a prejudice against the introduction into the pulpit of themes that bear distinctly and pronouncedly upon civic problems and obligations. Preachers who venture upon it are very likely to hear from their consistory or vestry or session later. Current church sentiment is not yet fully on the side of it. We can preach about iniquity as it reveals and embodies itself in the poor, little, dirty, greasy, naked darkies in Africa and nothing said; preach all day and take up a collection at the end and no comment made; taken for granted. Those little heathen ebones must be saved, fitted for heaven, and if they do not promise much for this world all the more reason why we should try and secure a better chance for them in the next. But if you deal in the same frank Saxon way with iniquity as it pervades associate life here on American ground in this city or state or country in this generation, you hazard your reputation as an evangelical preacher and render yourself open to the charge of an attempt at claptrap sensationalism. These references are only to illustrate the fact that the Christian conscientiousness has not yet distinctly seized upon civic iniquity, civic obligation and civic opportunity as matters that lie clearly within Christian jurisdiction.

A New York correspondent of a Chicago paper writes: Mrs. Annie Besant, said to be the inheritor of Mme. Blavatsky's mantle, is here again and exciting as much curiosity as ever. She says she came to rest, and looks as if she needed it, but many members of the audience she faced Sunday night doubted whether rest is possible to an organization so nervous and sensitive. Her sincerity is not doubted, but a student of human nature can see at a glance that she is a woman who can easily be tricked through her emotions and imagination, although her intelligence is of a high order. The expression of her face is positively painful in its intensity; it combines a searching look with an air of extreme concentration. Not half of her audience were theosophists; the majority was formed of men and women curious to know how such a belief could effect such a person, and most of them thought they saw it in her impressionable and restless nature. Some of her praises of Blavatsky drew smiles to the faces of certain people who had known "Madame," and as theosophists as a body disagree among themselves just as if they were nominal believers in something else, they did not entirely relish all that was said of their recent and self-elected priestess.

From further developments in the blue-blooded divorce suit which is just now engaging so much of England's attention, it seems that that gentle flower the Countess Russell swore vigorously and smoked cigarettes. It appears that this noble pair, each descended from a lordly house and reared amid the best that social distinction and large wealth could afford, were in the habit of heartily cursing each other, slapping each other's ears and in other respects acting in a way that is popularly but fallaciously, it seems, supposed to belong to the scions of fishmongers and the daughters of charwomen.

A man who uses his abilities, his money or his position under government other than as a steward so far responsible for the common weal, is a fraud, says Rev. C. H. Parkhurst. However reputable he be, if he is utilizing his opportunity to the end of his own self-aggrandizement, even though he stand at the head of the commonwealth, he is no true governor, but a beast of prey, sucking the blood that he ought to warm and quicken, gorging upon the body politic that it is his high privilege and royal opportunity to nourish, strengthen and ennoble.

THE BANQUET OF THE ANGELS.

By MARY E. BUELL.

Night closed around me.

All the world seemed dark and cold and strange.
I rested on a mountain, as it were,
While this poor dome, the earth, lay spread—
A blanket at my feet. Nature,
That ever soft had kissed my eyelids down
As if to sleep, became a monster;
And, in brooding discontent, I watched her cruel jaws
Open and receive all that was beautiful and good and sweet.
When—suddenly—above me opened wide
Another scene: Another world lay there
Spread out as this had been, but on another plane.
No night was there. But variegated lights
Of rose and violet and amber hues
Leaped up, and made all space as clear
As noonday sun. I gazed awhile, then asked—
In thought at least: What means this gorgeous spectacle?
This splendor upon splendor, which excels the best of
earth?

"This?" answered one who suddenly appeared—
To counsel and enlighten me, it seemed—
"The Banquet of the Angels."

Here she paused and moved a wand above her head,
While on her scroll I read: "Spirit of Wisdom,
Lean to me, and all that has been, all that is,
And all that will be shall appear."
I soon forgot the world beneath me,
Whereon my feet had wandered many years,
And sat absorbed in thought, as bright
As this fair angel's crown; which rested
On a brow as beautiful as moonlit night
In summer; as free from care as Hecate's
Who, in her City of Doom serenely smiles
Above her prostrate victims. But,
I saw no abject terror here,
No seeking after revenue of former state,
But all was quiet, peaceful and subdued.
And is this Hades? soon I asked,
For into shape there grew before my eyes,
A wondrous mass of beings; of all years;
Some small, some large; some mighty
In their power of intellect and heart,
But all in equal portion greeted by the hosts
Which met them passing to and fro.
"Hades, the mystical place, where they the dead repose,
Is not, nor ever was," replied my guide.

"Here all are gathered who in earth's embrace
Have tasted of the cold and joyless things
That world calls 'Truths.' Here, anchored at my feet,
Wait countless millions who have yet to learn,
That Wisdom is the Life of Good, and not,
The Root of Evil as has been proclaimed."

I looked about me anxiously, and asked,
But only in my thought again; Where, where is Socrates,
Who saw the drift of all this plan triumphant?

"Here," the angel fair exclaimed, and,
Turning toward a door I had not seen,
Invited me, with smiling eyes and lips, to look,
Where, round a table gathered were a few,
Called "Royal Ones," who feasted, laughing
Merrily; the jest went round, while eye sought eye
With deeper meaning than I ere had seen,
And, as thought flashed to thought,
Waves scintillated unto waves of light
While beauty glanced between. I tried,
As quick the curtain fell upon this scene,
To bring to my remembrance those
Who gathered round the great philosopher;
But not one face could I recall.

While thus reflecting, at my side appeared
Another form, denominated "Justice,"
By her scroll I saw. She too was beautiful,
But not as gifted quite she seemed as Wisdom,
More held by doubt at times her mind appeared;
Yet, on the whole, she seemed divinely perfect.
In her hand she held the scales, by which
She weighed the virtues of the millions
Who with eager, slow or trembling steps approached.
Upon her head she also wore a crown,
Resembling that of Wisdom. But the jewels
Which adorned her crown seemed duller in appearance,
And, at times, when she embarrassed grew,
Scarce sparkled in their places. And then
With sudden thought intent, I saw her turn

To still another spirit at her side, and say:

"Here, Mercy, do what Justice fails to find
Within her province!" So, on and on
As I in knowledge grew, came to my sense of sight
Angels of Heaven. No thought of sex
Obtruded on the scene. Only by some shade
Or outline could I say: This form is woman's,
That is man's. Gifted in mind,

On equal platforms rested this one and that;
Hope, Peace and Patience, Faith and Joy.
And, when I asked for Love, such merry peals
Of laughter shook the air as earth ne'er

Dreamed of. "What!" cried they, in waves of sound
Like sweetest music, "do you not know, dear mortal,
That all Heaven is Love, and Love
All heaven?" And, while their dulcet voices
Still harmonized in sweet accord, I saw

A meaner band of lesser angels. First came
Discord—next War revealed his ugly face,
While Hate became so dreadful to my sight
That quick my eyes were covered
By the gentle hand of Pity. While Wisdom
Here explained: "Some natures are so hardened,
Crusted o'er with discontent, that naught
Can soften or subdue, until sublimity
Assumes the shape of hideous monsters."

Next I turned to watch a gate.

Above the arch of which I read, in simple text:

"The Heaven of Earth." And are there other heavens?

Then I thought; when, quickly answering,

My guide explained: "Your poor, dull earth

May well seek Light. All planets

Have their heavens. And, as those advanced

Must needs deserve still higher ones than yours,

So yours is higher than some heavens."

I pondered long upon this lesson, then

I asked, for me, quite boldly: Tell me,

I pray you, Priestess of the High, what call you

This place of preparation? I fail to comprehend.

"This, The Banquet of the Angels," she replied,

"Is where you, mortals, feast or reason

That your souls may flow, indeed, in there."

Then was I amazed and filled,

For not, as I supposed, were mortals made

Or fitted by some charm denominated Faith,

Belief, or, sadder still, Foreordination,

To enter into joys immortal. But as if

Heaven itself had opened wide her doors,

As mother's arms will widen for her children

One and all, each poor and stricken child of earth,

Washed in the sea of shame and deep repentance

Which follow in the course of Nature's training,

Enters with smiles of joy the home above,

Where angels make him welcome.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

SPIRITS BEATING THE TELEGRAPH.

By DR. EUGENE CROWELL.

The following narration will exemplify the disposition, and sometimes the ability, of friendly spirits to assist mortals.

For three months every summer Dr. Kenney rusticates in Maine. Monday, August 18, 1890, he being then at Falmouth Foneside, seven miles east of Portland, on Casco Bay, I was taken ill, and my illness increased so that on the next day at 10:45 a. m. I dispatched a telegram to him requesting him to come to New York as soon as possible. Fifteen minutes thereafter, at 11 o'clock, being alone in my room, I asked whether any of my spirit friends were present, and upon receiving the usual signal on my head indicating the affirmative, I requested Old John to control his medium in the presence of his wife at Falmouth Foneside, and tell her that I needed his assistance.

At about 11 o'clock, being alone in his boat, fishing, and six miles from the shore, he was suddenly entranced, and upon his regaining consciousness he saw written on the flat surface of a stone used for ballast, the words: "Go home; Dr. Crowell wants you." He immediately returned home, and upon his wife inquiring why he had returned so early, he told her that I needed his services in New York, and immediately commenced making arrangements to leave. This was about 12 o'clock, noon, and owing to his distance from a telegraph station my telegram did not reach him until 3 p. m., or four hours after he had been controlled and read the message on the

stone. He left soon after for Portland on his way to New York. The writing was scratched upon the stone, his hand being made by his guide to use a small sharp fragment of stone for the purpose. Upon entering my room the next morning, immediately after his arrival in the city, and being seated, and before we had engaged in any other conversation, I remarked that I supposed he had received my telegram, and his reply was: "Yes; but the strangest thing happened to me," and then proceeded to narrate the circumstances as given above.

THE COMING CHURCH.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

The following paragraphs by "Truth" appeared in THE JOURNAL of December 5th.

"As there is considerable talk and stir just now to 'organize' Spiritualists into some sort of an organization; and as there have been several suggestions as to a 'creed' or some central truths around which to rally, I suggest the following as covering what many both in and out of the Spiritualist ranks, can accept.

"I believe in one Supreme Inscrutable Power, known only through manifestations; in the continuity of personal existence beyond the grave, and in the brotherhood of man, the ethical law of whose life is concreted in the customs of society and in the state."

This is the best formula of a creed I have yet seen. It far surpasses in breadth the far-famed "creed of THE JOURNAL of two years ago when the discussion was up as to the formation of the 'church of the spirit.'" All that it was possible to say on "organization" was then said, and said, too, by the best writers in the spiritualistic movement. All know the outcome. Spiritualists were not up to the standard proposed or else the movement was premature. I am inclined to think both factors may be counted. As then, so now the same difficulties exist, and hence I for one have no faith in the proposed "organization" now being attempted. The discussion, however, will do good and help prepare the ground for what is to come.

I have headed this article "The Coming Church"; because whatever is to result from the present comparison of views will end, as I have said—only in discussion. Therefore the "coming church" may claim some attention in the forecastings of thought—looking to something far in advance of what the world now holds to with such apparent tenacity as "the church" *par excellence*.

The feature that strikes one in reading the above creed is the absence of the usual individual opinions in attempts to define the undefinable. In this respect we have an improvement over THE JOURNAL's creed, and so far as I have seen, an improvement over those presented by the advocates of the present proposed organization. This affirmation of "one Supreme Inscrutable Power, known only in its manifestations" would suit the views of a Spencer, a Fisk, or a Huxley even. In fact, it is the God of the scientist as well as the scientific Spiritualist. The God of the mystic as of those of the churchianic faith. The God of fact as of faith. The God dwelling in all—to be worshiped by all who can attain to a perception of this indwelling. The God of universal humanity—the "brotherhood of man."

The next affirmation can be appreciated by Spiritualists of all grades of faith. It has its own great fact, without which we cannot be Spiritualists. Its statement is simple, "continuity of personal existence beyond the grave." This creed does not assert the impossible hypothesis that man is "immortal." This no Spiritualist can affirm; as it is not a demonstrated quantity to dwellers here. This proof may come in the Great Beyond but it is wisely withheld from the knowledge of us denizens of earth and therefore this feature of the above creed is unique and should commend itself to all who insist upon fact first and fancy and faith afterwards.

Next. The declaration that all men are brothers; that humanity forms one brotherhood—the "brotherhood of man." This is the one "organization" I believe in. It will be the body of the spirit of truth—the coming church. This spirit disclaims any other

wholly unconscious and nearly dead. We carried her up as fast as we could, and sent for the doctor, but she never spoke, or revived, and breathed her last about sunset. We knew she had been laying there since before daylight, because the lamp was burning on the table, and the fire gone out, the stove and irons cold. Now, what was that figure which mother and I saw? Mother used to say very solemnly that she believed that Eliza was virtually dead at that time, and her soul came forth to summon friends to aid the pitiful clay behind it. This was a great deal for mother to say in those days, and with her rigid Calvinistic faith."

"I do not know as that would come under the head of presentiment exactly, would it?" said Mrs. Eads, reflectingly. "I should conclude that your mother was right."

"Oh, I do not know," replied Miss Vale, turning over the leaves in her hand absently. "If we could only be certain of anything. I have here another case something like this, only no one was hurt or sick at the time of the occurrence. I will read this if you have time and wish to hear it."

Cordially encouraged she began. "Some four or five years ago, I was traveling on the Northern Pacific Railroad. It was winter and severely cold. The train had plowed along very slowly all day through the deep drifts of continuously falling snow. Worn out and chilled through, I felt nearly sick. As we entered a little village towards night, I happened to remember that this was the town where a man by the name of Thorne lived, who had been an acquaintance of my father."

"The train stopped sometime for supper, and I ascertained, on inquiry, that Mr. Thorne and his wife were still living there, were well-to-do and very good, hospitable people. I determined to stop over and rest a few days with this old couple. It did not take long to find a team, and I was soon ensconced in the warm house of the kind old people, who lavished every comfort on me with evident delight."

"They were both over seventy years old, childless and alone. It seemed to be a real treat to them to have company. The white-haired old gentleman talked continually, telling many pleasant anecdotes of his acquaintance with my father, long ago, in which reminiscences his wife joined. Their house was a pretty little square cottage, built of bricks. Parlor, sitting room and kitchen ranged back in a row from the front, where an outside door opened off the piazza directly into the parlor. A row of sleeping rooms extended along the side of these apartments; the one I was to occupy being the front, opening from the parlor, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne sleeping in the next one, opening from the sitting room."

"We spent a very merry evening, I having become quite comfortable in the restful warmth of their hearty welcome and childlike happiness in my presence. The old gentleman, especially, was very amusing and was in delightfully exuberant spirits over my arrival. He persisted in calling me 'Dolly,' saying I was so much like a girl he knew, when he was a youngster, of that name."

"He not only laughed and told stories, but broke forth and sang several quaint old ditties in surprisingly clear tones, winding up with a few good Methodist hymns, for conscience' sake, their 'profession' for many years being unsullied. All the evening he was sitting about the cosy rooms with a thick out-of-doors cap jauntily cocked over one eye, the long, elf locks straggling from beneath its wide fur band, hanging on either side of his face, which was seamed with many wintry stitches. I thought, as I saw the strange gleam of youthful beauty shining through the dulled prism, what an evidence that the soul is unaffected by time."

"Don't forget what you dream to-night, Dolly," he called out to me as I went to my room. "First time you ever slept in my house. It'll come to pass, you know." I promised, and with a sigh of relief sank into the depths of the warm feather bed, sleeping as only a worn-out traveler will after running along for days with only the chilly, unquiet rest a sleeping car affords."

"Along in the night I was roused by the opening of the front door, through which there entered a tall old lady. She was dressed in dark clothes and wore her bonnet and a heavy woolen shawl."

"Passing through the parlor into the sitting room, I thought she went into the bedroom occupied by the old people, and I lay comfortably thinking—without the least sense of the absurdity of the idea that I was knowing all this, when I actually could not see."

"Now, the old lady will do them good. I am glad she has come. She has come for Mr. Thorne, and he will be so happy." While these thoughts were running through my mind I seemed to see the stranger standing near the foot of the bed in the other room, close to the open door leading into the sitting room. Suddenly the tall, ancient clock in the corner struck, in deep, bass tones, one, two. Starting up, now thoroughly aroused, I leaned on my elbow, listening for the sound of their voices, welcoming their—I knew—unexpected guest."

"All was silent. Feeling very much astonished—for I was positive I had been awake when the woman passed through the room—I wondered over the strange silence. I had half a mind to get up and see what was the matter, but finally I settled lazily down again and soon was fast asleep."

"It was late when they called me to breakfast in the morning. Mr. Thorne appeared as jolly as ever, sticking to his beloved cap until we sat down to the table, which was bountifully spread in the sitting room. All at once, as he was piling my plate with astonishing heaps of good things, he stopped and looking across the table said abruptly, 'Wife, I saw Sally last night!'"

"Oh, no you didn't either, Levi," said she nervously."

"I certainly did!" he declared. "She came in through the parlor out into the sitting room, and stood right there." Here he got up eagerly walking across the room pointing to the exact spot where I had thought the old lady stood. "I saw her just as plain as daylight," he went on. "She had on her bunnet and shawl, and she said she had come after me," he persisted. "I was a-laying, kind o'dumb, looking at her, when the clock struck two and she was gone, I didn't know how, or where."

"Oh, you never see her at all, Levi," said his wife again as she began cutting a pie. "Sally was his sister," she explained to me, "and she died last summer. She was an awful good old lady, one of the best Methodists you ever see. Oh, no you never see her, Levi; you just dreamt it." The old gentleman persisted in telling it, however, declaring that he did see Sally, repeating the circumstance over and over. We went down to the postoffice after awhile, and a neighbor dropped in, a pleasant, chatty little woman. "Happening to think of it," Mrs. Thorne suddenly asked, "what did you dream?"

"Why," I replied, laughing. "Mr. Thorne and I dreamed just alike."

"You did?" ejaculated the old lady. Thereupon she repeated what her husband had told her."

"And did you dream that, too?" questioned the visitor."

"Why, I thought I was awake," I replied somewhat confusedly, "but I guess it must have been night mare."

"This awakened their curiosity, and I finally told o my queer experience. Mrs. Thorne being called out of the room by some one, the visitor turned to me, saying mysteriously, 'I know something is going to happen; now you see! I'll let you know the result of this, if you'll give me your address.'"

"I gave her my card which she quickly slipped into her pocket, glancing warningly at me as the old lady returned. I stayed with Mrs. Thorne several days and then, entirely recovered, I pursued my journey. I had hardly reached home, before I received a letter from the woman that had called on Mrs. Thorne that morning, saying, 'I told you I'd write and tell you if anything came of that dream, as you called it. Mr. Thorne, he is dead. He died very sudden, at just two o'clock last night. He wa'n't sick at all, until a day or two ago, but he kept telling everybody"

about his seeing Sally; he seemed dreadful tickled about it. I knew he did see her, and you did too.'"

"It is almost noon," said Miss Vale, glancing at her watch. "I certainly am long winded."

"There's the poems yet," begged Ada. "Another time, my dear, interrupted her mother, noticing the mournful expression settling on her friend's noble face."

A "CENSUS OF GHOSTS."

There is an unmistakable growth of interest in the strictly scientific investigation of the various kinds of psychical phenomena, which have heretofore seemed so mysterious and uncanny as to be the occasion of much superstitious dread and to be regarded as quite beyond the possibility of matter-of-fact scientific study. The existence of these phenomena is of course beyond the question. It is also a point no longer open for discussion that such matters are seriously worthy of investigation. Their study has been especially advanced by the work of the Society for Psychical Research, and by the development of "experimental psychology" as a field of scholarly and original inquiry. The Society for Psychical Research has its headquarters in England, but has an active branch in the United States. The president of the society is Prof. Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge University, and among its vice-presidents are Mr. Balfour, M. P., the Bishop of Carlisle, the Bishop of Ripon, Prof. James of Harvard University, and Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Many eminent names are found in its council and among its members, prominent among which are those of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Ruskin, Lord Tennyson, Frederick W. H. Myers, Prof. J. C. Adams, F. R. S., and Alfred Russell Wallace."

Certainly the society's inquiries into the subject of hallucinations and the mysteries commonly denominated as "ghosts" are carried on under the most eminent and respectable auspices. This work is likely to be stimulated and expedited in no small degree by the announcement in the English edition of the *Review of Reviews* that this periodical will, in an early forthcoming number, devote a considerable amount of space to the whole subject of apparitions and phantasms, narrating many new, curious and well-authenticated instances. The English editor appeals to his hundreds of thousands of readers throughout the world to come to his assistance by forwarding to him as promptly as possible any instances which may have come under their own observation or which form a part of their own experience or that of their friends or acquaintances. The American edition of the *Review* now extends to its readers a like invitation. Whatever material may be sent to this office will be immediately forwarded to England, where the extended article in question is now in process of preparation. The following comments accompany the original appeal for the statistics on hallucinations:

"Of course at this time of the day it is supremely unscientific not to believe in ghosts. Such incredulity is practically impossible to any one who admits that the unbroken testimony of mankind in all lands and at all times can possess any weight. There is more evidence to establish the reality of ghostly apparitions than there is to convict most of the murderers who are ever hanged; and while it is right and proper to regard every fresh tale of spectral wonder with a wholesome skepticism, the more skeptically you weigh the evidence, and the more rigorously you reject nine-tenths of the tales of the countryside, the more irresistably you will be driven to the conclusion that the truth of what are called supernatural visitations is as well established as any fact whose occurrence is occasional and intermittent. To reject all the mass of testimony upon which this assertion rests, out of deference to a preconceived theory, is absolutely opposed to the scientific spirit, and is on all fours with the superstition which scouted the true theory of astronomy because it seemed at variance with the popular theory of the universe."

Taking it, therefore, as conclusively established that such apparitions do appear, we are still as far as ever from knowing the laws of their being. In the present condition of our fragmentary and imperfect knowledge of these shadowy and impalpable entities it is too soon to attempt to formulate any theory of ghosts. Theories of ghosts have done immense mischief. They are at this moment the chief obstacle in the way of the calm, scientific investigation of a mass of intensely interesting but very obscure phenomena, which of all others demand examination in the calm, clear light of impartial reason. Hence, the first duty of the inquirer is resolutely to put out of his head all questions as to the theories and confine himself strictly and judiciously to the collection and observation of facts. Afterwards, when a sufficient number of facts are collected, collated and compared, we shall have the foundation upon which to construct some working

hypothesis which may pave the way to the discovery of the true theory of ghosts. This is the principle on which the Psychical Research Society has for several years pursued its most interesting labors; and, while we seem to be as far as possible from the elaboration of a scientific theory of ghosts, the society has at least succeeded in establishing beyond all gainsaying—first, that apparitions really appear; and, secondly, that they are at least as often apparitions of persons living at a distance from the place where the apparition is observed as they are apparitions of those who have died.

This discovery of the reality of what the society calls 'Phantasms of the Living' opens up such a fascinating field of inquiry, fraught with such awe-inspiring suggestions as to the nature and latent possibilities of human beings, as to occasion some marvel that the subject has not become a universal topic of discussion and of speculation. For while there may be some degree of creepiness about all discussion concerning the ghosts of the dead, there can be no nervousness about the ghosts of the living. If Mr. Smith at Madras can be proved to have appeared in actual bodily shape before Mr. Jones in his counting-house in Leadenhall street, who can say to what development this latent capacity of the ego may not attain if it is frankly recognized and intelligently cultivated? There may be here the clew to almost inconceivable triumphs of mind over matter, time and space. These fitful apparitions may be to the development of the faculty to which they are due what the lifting of the kettle-lid, which set Watt a-thinking, was to the steam-engine. The fact can be no longer disputed by reasonable men. Let us, then, collect and observe facts which will help us to discover the law of the fact.

It will be well at once to dismiss as misleading and confusing the term supernatural as applied to these apparitions. The savage who, when he first saw fire, declared that it was a god who bit those who touched it, constructed for himself a theory which was, of all others, most calculated to prevent his ascertaining the real nature of fire. It frightened him; and fear is one of the most disturbing influences that can affect the mind. It had a tendency to keep him at a distance and to excite in him that sentiment of veneration and awe which would have forever prevented the profanation of the use of a lucifer. As there is nothing sacred to a sapper so there is nothing in the shape of phenomena, that is sacred to the investigator in the sense of being tabooed as too holy for careful handling and vigilant examination. As long as men and women cannot rid themselves of the preconceived idea that any apparition is necessarily the spirit or soul of some defunct person, it is vain trying to get them to observe it coolly or examine it critically. Ghosts, like other things in this world, must bear looking at, and if they revisit the pale glimpses of the moon in these latter days they must take the chance of being subjected to all the methods of the scientific period.

This being so, we want to help the Psychical Research Society in their most useful and suggestive inquiries, and to that end make an appeal to the half-million readers whose eyes will fall upon this page in all parts of the habitable world. Will you help those who are patiently accumulating and sifting evidence on this vast and abstruse subject, by taking the trouble to write out, and send in to me, with such verification as is possible in the shape of exact names, places, dates, and whatever confirmatory evidence there may be available, of any apparition known to you, which has not yet, so far as you know, been recorded in the reports of the Psychical Research Society? In cases where the facts have been published, the reference to any accessible publication would suffice. But when the phenomena have never been recorded, it would be well to write it in full and send it in to the *Review of Reviews*.

For the guidance of those who may be willing to assist the work of the society by collecting and preparing evidence on such spontaneous phenomena as phantasms of the living and dead, disturbances in haunted houses, clairvoyance, previsions, and premonitions, the council of the Psychical Research Society offers the following suggestions:

1. A written statement, dated and signed with the full name (not necessarily for publication) should be procured from the actual witness; or each of them, where more than one shared the experience. In the latter case it is important that where possible the several accounts should be written without previous consultation.

2. Similar statements should be obtained from all persons in a position to give corroborative evidence, either as (a) having been present at the time of the experience, or, (b) as having been told of it shortly afterwards, or (c) as having been witness to any unusual effect produced on the percipient by the experience. Where contemporary documentary evidence is in existence in the shape of letters, diaries, note books, etc., it is important that this should, at least, be referred to; and we should be grateful for an opportunity of seeing the actual documents.

3. It is further requested that all dates and other

details may be given as accurately as possible; and that where the experience relates to a death, the full name of the deceased may be given, together with that of the locality in which he died, in order that the occurrence of the death, as stated, may be independently verified.

4. Lastly, in all cases where the percipient has experienced some unusual affection—such as a sensory hallucination, vivid dream, or marked emotion—he should be requested to state whether he has had any similar experience on any other occasion, whether coincidental or not.

Hallucination in this connection, it should be understood, signifies any impression made on the senses which was not due to any external physical cause.

Intending informants should in all cases be assured that no name or other particulars will be published without the express permission of the persons concerned.

At the International Congress of Experimental Psychology, which met in Paris in 1889, it was resolved to collect as widely as possible answers to the following questions:

Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living or inanimate object, or hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?

For the general purposes of the census, negative answers are required as much as affirmative ones, since one object is to ascertain approximately what proportion of persons have the experiences described. Another object is to obtain details as to the experiences, with a view to examining into their causes and meanings.

These experiences are what psychologists would call casual hallucinations of sane persons, but it is desired to include in the census phantasmal appearances which many people would deny to be hallucinations because they believe them to represent spiritual realities.

The inquiry in England has been intrusted to Prof. Sidgwick of Cambridge, who is anxious to obtain as many answers as possible before making his report to the next meeting of the congress, which will take place in London in August, 1892. He will be very glad if any one willing to assist him by putting the question to twenty-five friends and acquaintances will send him his or her name and address, when the necessary forms, with instructions to collectors, will be forwarded.

The census of hallucinations for the United States was placed in the hands of Prof. W. James of Harvard. The secretary and treasurer of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research is Dr. Richard Hodgson, No. 5 Boylston street, Boston. The society is engaged in a useful and interesting work, and it deserves the respect and aid of an intelligent American public. Applications for membership should be made to Mr. Hodgson, from whom all information pertaining to the society, to its inquiries, and to its valuable publications may be obtained.—*Review of Reviews*.

MODERN CREMATION.

By ROSA MILLER AVERY.

A short time since you published a picture of the crematory to be built in Chicago. It was a thanksgiving picture to me and ought to be to every one at all interested in humanity or Christianity. Those who believe cremation is a rank heresy and "not in accord with the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead" ought to join together and rescue a vast territory of our property from the grasp of speculators and syndicates for grave-yard purposes, for if it is as stated, forty burials a day will soon make our cities of the dead more populous than the cities of the living, and for this sanitary reason alone we should give of our means and throw in our mite to aid in the building of this health-loving institution, the crematory.

The concern about the physical resurrection of the body is completely answered by Lord Shaftsbury's inquiry, "What would in such a case become of the blessed martyrs?" "It's so heathenish," says one, "to burn the body."

The Cremation Society wish the attention of the public called to the fact that "they are unalterably opposed to all methods, either ancient or modern, of burning the human body—in any ordinary sense of the word burning—but favor its reduction in a spacious closed retort, under the influence of superheated oxygen, which, at a very high temperature, uniting chemically with the carbonaceous elements of the body, causes it gradually to disappear, with no flame contact whatsoever, like the snow in the genial warmth of the sunshine."

Our Pilgrim Fathers almost ignored Christmas and observed Thanksgiving and New Year Days for special grace and family reunions and communions because

of the papal preference and elaborate and gorgeous worship of Christmas as a holiday. In like manner the early Christians opposed cremation because it was pagan; but charnal houses, sepulchres and earth mounds of decaying mortals are pagan, also. The early Christians wanted to preserve the bodies of the saints, as it was accounted great luck to insure one against the wrath of the Almighty and a protection against foes without and foes within, and against wild beasts to wear about one some bones of dead saints!

Is it not infinitely more comforting to think that the final decree from which none can escape of becoming "ashes to ashes" shall be consummated by the purifying influence of heat, rather than by making compost of the bodies of our friends to spread contagion and poison the arteries and springs of earth in hidden ways and distances beyond reckoning, and offending the pleasure of a drive or walk by passing fields of living green disfigured by cold, white, spook-like slabs, varying in height according to the length of the purse of the buyer of such memorials? Last but not least, the crematory teaches us to "seek the living among the dead." "They have risen." It is an unpleasant reflection that persons of every and any kind of faith and belief indulge in the delusion that the grave is the sacred spot on earth to comfort those that mourn.

A highly respectable and intelligent family were kept indoors last winter by la grippe. A friend expressed sympathy for their severe and long-protracted illness, but was greatly surprised to hear the head of the household declare the worst feature of it was they were "prevented visiting the cold beds of their children out in the cemetery." A poor widow of our acquaintance used to visit her daughter's grave every Sunday, and could not be persuaded to omit the visit on account of bad weather, which finally caused her death, leaving two children orphans.

How much better to put the sweet flowers beside the shadows of the living face and figure of our "dear departed," who are "not lost to us, only gone before," than to chance upon a pleasant day and opportune occasion to offer such memorials of our affection. Changes, removals, accidents, wars are barriers to grave affection and visitation, and there can be no such thing on earth as "a family burying lot" in its entirety. How sacredly near and dear do our departed friends come to us in the habit of their haunts and belongings in the souvenirs they leave us, mementoes of the love that lures us to look up into the very heaven of our hope and advancement, for well we know how our family saints look and love "over there." If, to some, it is a greater solace to sit over a grave, why not have the forsaken tenement of clay purified by heat and the sacred ashes placed in an urn or receptacle of our own choosing and in a spot near and not open to the public, and not subject the casket of our humanity to the avarice of the possible grave robber, the desire of the dissecting room, or desert it to be the food for worms.

Compassion for the dead and the living and all the grace of genuine grief finds its disposition in favor of cremation.—*Inter Ocean*.

On the 27th of October, 1659, the Quakers Marmaduke Stephenson and William Robinson were hanged in Massachusetts. All members of their sect had been ordered out of the colony on pain of death, but these two and Mary Dyar, a disciple of Ann Hutchinson, had refused to go and they were sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty. As they were being led out to execution Robinson exclaimed: "I die for Christ." Stephenson's last words were: "We suffer not as evil-doers, but for conscience' sake." At the last moment Mary Dyar was reprieved, the judges having relented. She had prepared herself to die and the noose had already been slipped over her head when the message came that her life was to be spared. The news brought her no joy. Filled with zeal and the spirit of a martyr, she turned to the executioners and said: "Let me suffer as my brethren, unless you will annul your wicked law." No attention was paid to her request and she was conducted out of the colony by a guard. She soon returned and was hanged on Boston common, where the others had met death, to the everlasting shame of people who had themselves been persecuted because they insisted upon liberty of conscience.

What a wonderful age do we live in and what a wonderful half century we have just left behind. One can hardly realize how little there was in the world fifty or seventy-five years ago. No ocean steamships; no railways; no street cars; no telegraph; no ocean cable; no telephone; no phonograph; no sewing machines; no photographs; no electric lights, and not even kerosene; no steam fire engines. We wonder how people lived and carried on business half a century ago.—*Investigator*.



WHAT LOVE IS.

Love is the center and circumference;
The cause and aim of all things—'tis the key
To joy and sorrow and the recompense
For all the ills that have been or may be.

Love is as bitter as the dregs of sin,
As sweet as clover honey in its cell;
Love is the password whereby souls get in
To heaven—the gate that leads, sometimes, to hell.

Love is the crown that glorifies; the curse
That brands and burdens it is life and death.
It is the great law of the universe:
And nothing can exist without its breath.

Love is the impulse which directs the world,
And all things know it and obey its power.
Man, in the maelstrom of his passion whirled,
The bee that takes the pollen to the flower.

The earth, uplifting her bare, pulsing breast
To fervent kisses of the amorous sun;
Each but obeys creative love's behest,
Which everywhere instinctively is done.

Love is the only thing that pays for birth
Or makes death welcome. Oh, dear God above,
This beautiful but sad, perplexing earth,
Pity the hearts that know—or know not—love!
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The women of Greece, to the number of 3,000, have signed a petition to the government of Greece, asking for public schools of art and industry to be established. They say that the failure of Greece to meet the expectations entertained of it is owing to the backward condition of its women and the fact of their non-participation in its public life.

Dr. Mary J. Safford, whose death occurred in Florida last week, was in some respects a remarkable woman. It is said that during the war of the rebellion she was the first woman in the United States to administer relief on the field of battle. She went up and down the river in the transports, assisted in the hospitals, and in every way threw life and time and means into the service. All through that part of the country she was idolized by the soldiers, many of whom still recall her name with tender gratitude. For five years she traveled in almost every European land, as well as in Egypt and the Orient, filling her mind with rich stores of knowledge and experience, and winning back by degrees the blessed boon of health. On her return from Europe, Miss Safford spent three years in New York studying medicine, and after her graduation she applied to the medical faculty of the University of Vienna for permission to study there. It was readily granted and she at once returned to Europe, studying for nearly three years in Vienna and other places. As a physician Dr. Safford practiced in Chicago and Boston. In the latter city she also taught for years in the medical department of the Boston University. Dr. Safford was one of the first women in Boston to be elected to serve on the public school committee, and here as everywhere she was faithful in the highest degree. She was warmly interested in all causes of reform and in efforts to better the condition of working-girls. In religion she was a rationalist.

In the death of Mrs. Ellen Mitchell (not Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, contributor to THE JOURNAL), who passed to the higher life on the 16th inst., Chicago has lost one of its ablest and most highly cultivated and influential women. She took great interest in educational work, especially in manual training. In the spring of 1888 she was appointed by Mayor Roche a member of the Board of Education, being the first woman who ever held such a position in Chicago. She remained in office during Mayor Cregier's administration. Her term expired last spring and ill health prevented her continuing in office a second term under Mayor Washburne. Her ability made her an invaluable member of the Board of Education. She was tireless in her efforts for improving the schools and took great interest in the manual training schools and in the compulsory education laws. She was a member of the Woman's Congress from its inception and was its Vice-President for this state. In 1874 she drew the attention of that organization to the needs of outcast women. This she made a great philanthropic work, and for many years was secretary of the Erring Woman's Refuge of Chicago. Mrs. Mitchell was an active member of the Swedenborgian

Church. She was born in Nantucket in 1832. Her father was Joseph Mitchell, and on her mother's side she was a descendant of the Folger family, to which Benjamin Franklin was related. In 1853 she married Francis M. Mitchell, brother of Maria Mitchell.

Not very long ago I was one of the speakers at a meeting in Prince's Hall, in Piccadilly, which was presided over by Lord Dunraven, who is well known in the United States. It was a meeting called for the purpose of trying to bring about some better conditions of labor for the poor working women in the East End of London. Many men made good speeches,—peers and members of the House of Commons, and clergymen—there was even a bishop there—and Dissenting and Non-conformist ministers, who are usually endowed with a special gift of eloquence, which goes home to the heart of a popular audience. But the speech which interested me most was made by a working woman. It was not merely because she understood the practical question better than we did; it was not because, like the waitress whom Disraeli describes in his "Coningsby," through the mouth of his Sidonia, she was "mistress of her subject." Her expert knowledge, of course, counted for a great deal. But beyond this there was to my mind a remarkable capacity in her for taking at once a broad and a practical view of any subject; for recognizing the inevitable necessity of compromise; for accepting the conditions under which reform of any kind has to be made; for admitting limitations. Besides all this, there was a certain composure about her; a certain dignity of manner. She was neither obtrusive nor diffident. She seemed to say in effect: "You must take me as I am; I don't pretend to be a lady, in the conventional sense of the word, and I don't pretend to be a good speaker, but I have something to say and I want to say it. I am not anxious to make a speech, but I have something to say to you which ought to be said." Now, I think that woman personified fairly the best aspect of the woman's movement in England. I think woman is coming forward because she has something to say which she feels ought to be said. This is the strictly legitimate influence of woman. It is not the influence of the petticoat. It is the intelligence of woman coming to the help of the intelligence of man. I am utterly unable to see how this comradeship in the management of affairs can either lower the dignity of man or unsex the nature of woman. I may say at once that I am an utter disbeliever in the possibility of unsexing woman, or man either. I am very fond of reading Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; but I disbelieve some of the stories.—Justin McCarthy, in *North American Review*.

Ida Hewitt is a young woman who runs a locomotive on the Cairo short-line in West Virginia, which is a narrow-gauge connection of the Baltimore and Ohio. She is twenty-four years old, and is said to be very prepossessing in appearance. Miss Hewitt is the daughter of one of the chief owners of the Cairo short-line. The machine-shop of the road stands near Mr. Hewitt's house, and Ida when a child played around the shop and learned about the mechanism of locomotives. It became a passion with her to ride on them. She even learned the use of the tools that are used on a locomotive. A few months ago the single engineer of the road fell ill, and Ida volunteered to do his work at the lever. The man died and Miss Hewitt, having run the engine up and down the line to everybody's satisfaction, was made the regular engineer. She is a blonde, and wears a cap over her hair, a suit of blue cotton goods, heavy shoes and gloves. Her locomotive is much neater than when a man was the engineer, and she has been behind time only once. Mrs. W. Newton Lynch, West Virginia's representative on the board of lady managers at the World's Fair, discovered this fair phenomenon. Miss Hewitt will be invited to take a train loaded with West Virginia's mine and forest products to Chicago.

In one of Horace Walpole's letters to Mason occurs this remarkably prophetic passage: "The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra." It is not probable that Macaulay consciously imitated the words of Walpole. He had no need to imitate any previous writer.

WHAT IS A KISS?

Some time ago London *Tid-Bit* offered a 2-guinea prize for the best definition of a kiss. Seven thousand answers were received. The prize was awarded to Benjamin J. Greenwood, of Tulse Hill, London, whose definition is:

An insipid and tasteless morsel which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is deflavored with love.

The following is a selection from some of the best definitions submitted:

What the chimney-sweeper imprinted on the rosy lips of the scullery-maid when she told him she favored his soot.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

A thing of use to no one but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking and cannot take without giving.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

Nothing, divided between two.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun or the moon either.

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband or console the griefs of childhood.

Something rather dangerous,
Something rather nice,
Something rather wicked,
Though it can't be called a vice.
Some think it naughty,
Others think it wrong,
All agree it's jolly,
Though it don't last long.

A kiss from a pretty girl is like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels.

The thunder-clap of the lips which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eyes.

A report at headquarters.
Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet."

What the child receives free, what the young man steals, and what the old man buys.

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full.

That in which two heads are better than one.

A kiss is three parts of speech—a transitive verb, an invisible noun and a visible conjunction.

Printing without ink, leaving no visible impression.

Woman's passport to her husband's purse, and man's passport to a woman's heart.

When lips of lovers meet in bliss,
The pleasing act is termed a "kiss."
But when the pair have wed each other
The rapid thing is called a "bother."

Love's artillery, that is brought into action immediately on the call "to arms."

Contraction of the mouth due to enlargement of the heart.

The sounding line used by a woman to fathom the depth of man's weakness;

An old-fashioned telegraphic arrangement for transmitting from one person to another various sensations that cannot be transmitted correctly by any other medium known.

Nature's Volapuk—the universal language of love.

A woman's trump card in the game of love.

An article that is always accepted and (im) printed but not always published.

The action of the lips by which the real sentiments of the heart are either affectionately expressed or falsely disguised.

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told.
I am lawful—unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear—good for nothing when bought.
An extraordinary boon and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

A gift which is sometimes expected, seldom rejected, though often returned.

A speech without words.

A lip-salve often tried as a specific in affections of the heart.

The missing link between body and soul.

The only delight of the gods that mortals have been permitted to enjoy.

The safety-valve to an exuberance of tender feelings.

The lover's privilege and the pug dog's right.

What the child gives, the lower steals, the foolish waste and the old value.

The most popular lip-salve of the present day.

A tonic which in childhood may be administered with safety, but of great caution when childhood is past.

The lover's flag of truce after a quarrel. Love's happiest expression and sorrow's tenderest balm.

A cannon off the red.

The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.

A good impression made by the seal of love.

It is like the wind that blows, it is felt but not seen.

The "pons asinorum" of courtship.

A demonstration of love which will dry the baby's tears, thrill the maiden's heart and soothe the ruffled feelings of a tired wife.

A smack for catching the matrimonial fish.

The sovereign tincture in our household dispensary.

What man struggles for before marriage, what woman struggles for after marriage.

Draughts of nectar from the lips of innocence.

Cupid's crushing smack, the crews of which are generally love-sick.

The striking of a love match.

A simple thing of which a whole world of meaning is sometimes hidden.

The stars in the firmament of love.

The best plaster for the wounds given in domestic tiffs.

The poorest mother's richest gift.

A cheeky application.

A kiss resembles a short sermon, consisting of two heads and an application.

Cupid's sealing wax.

The essence of tu-lips (two lips).

The only gift a generous lover likes to get back again.

Temporary facial friction generating instantaneous rapture and bliss.

The soul's ambassador.

The dew gathered from the lips of earth's fairest flower.

A game for two always in fashion.

A rock in the sea of life, on which the good ship Bachelor was wrecked.

The cream of courtship.

That which is exchanged between two persons, is something while in the act of exchanging, nothing after the exchange is made, and for which neither can show value received.

Matrimonial bird-lime.

A kiss is love's press telegram.

The heart's thirst appeared at the fountain of a loved one's lips.

Woman's food, man's luxury, boy's physic.

A lubricant, without which the machinery of love gets rusty.

An unspeakable communication.

The idea of saving one's life in an emergency for the purpose of making better use of it at some future time is wittily stated by several authors, both in English and in other languages. The best-known quotation is that from Goldsmith in "The Art of Poetry on a New Plan":

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

Almost as widely celebrated are the lines of Butler in "Hudibras":

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

Long before the time of Butler, however, a translation of a French song, published in English in 1595, had the same idea:

Oft he that doth abide
Is cause of his own pain,
But he that flieth in good tide
Perhaps may fight again.

In the year 338 B. C. Demosthenes first made the idea famous. He was an orator, but no soldier, and at the battle of Chaeronea, where Philip defeated the Athenians, Corinthians and Thebans, the pronouncer of the philippic did not cover himself with glory by throwing away his shield and the rest of his arms, offensive and defensive, and running at his best speed with his fellow countrymen. Being reproached for his cowardice he wittily replied with a quotation from a popular play of Menander; a poet of his own time: "A man that runs away may fight again," and silenced his opponents if he did not excuse himself.

"Now, Mr. Higgins," said the hostess, I want you to behave just as you do when you are at home." "Waal, ef he does," put in Mrs. Higgins, "I won't stay here a minute. I've come away for a rest."



DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY OF WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR: Will you allow one who has spent the best strength of a lifetime in the study of those social problems which are sometimes grouped together under the head of "The Social Evil," to say a few words concerning them in your columns?

As the outcome of thirty-five years of wide reading and thorough investigation I seem to see this:

That the subject of the true relations between men and women is at present as imperfectly comprehended as the relation of the soul of man to its Infinite Author has hitherto been. But, as in these later days, out of the shell of the old theologies is bursting, under the operation of the same law of growth by which a flower bursts its calyx, a new effervescence of faith, dependent indeed upon root and stem and body for life, yet the crown and glory of them all, and that for which they have hitherto existed, so out of the slowly growing perceptions of purity and freedom which the ages have nurtured there is to come at last the very flower and perfection of love as it stands related to experiences of men and women as such.

A love that is neither without law nor above law, but which is the divine effluence of the very highest law, that which subjects the body ever and always to the rightful sway of the soul, yet realizes that only so does the body gain its highest expression and fullest fruition.

As the calyx parts its leaves and loses something of its vitality in releasing the blossom, so some old conceptions of marriage and of purity must suffer change to let the new life out to light and freedom, but the light will be a heavenly light, the freedom a divine expansion.

Twenty years ago the great movement in the churches for a higher and purer expression of Christianity was not generally foreseen. Twenty years hence I believe that the movement for the recognition of the divine sovereignty of woman, as expressed in her relation to the love nature of the race, will be well under way and then some ideas which now prevail concerning propriety and the purity of women in her relations with men will seem as inconsequent as the doctrines of predestination and decrees seem to-day.

It is not until such an emancipation of woman as this takes place, an emancipation which science already begins to foreshadow, that the perfectibility of the race can be anything more than a utopian dream.

CAROLINE F. CORBIN.

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

TO THE EDITOR: In the article on "Slate Writing" on page eight of THE JOURNAL, November 18th, mention is made of the Davenport boys. As I served on one of the committees, and as our manner of securing the boys was somewhat unlike the common manner, it strikes me that an account of one of their exhibitions might be of interest to your readers. The point I desire to make plain is the different sizes of hands, which could not have been those of the "double" of the boys. The exhibition was given in the town hall. The cabinet was about seven feet long, three wide, and four high, with two doors located on the front side near the ends. Between the doors was an opening, near the top, about eight inches square, covered with a curtain on the inside. The doors had common catches, with knobs as fasteners on the outside. On the inside were flat, iron slide-bolts, about six inches in length. The cabinet stood on legs, about two feet from the floor. The ropes used were of ordinary quality, about the size of one's little finger. Two of the committee were familiar with tying the most intricate knots, they having served as seamen in their earlier years. The committee was composed of master ship-carpenter and contractor W. H. Genn, master ship-rigger Elias Bowden and myself, a practical watchmaker and jeweler. Each of the boys' hands was first tied separately around the wrist. Then the two hands were brought together and tied each to the other. The cords were then passed down through holes made through the boards, immovable seats, at the ends of

the cabinet; the boys' hands behind them. Then their legs were secured together by the most intricate tying of the cords. After this was done to the satisfaction of all members of the committee, the tying being examined by the aid of a hand lamp that I held for that purpose, to make matters doubly sure that the knots were not tampered with, a piece of the rope six inches long was cut off and unlaidd into strands. Then two of these strings for each boy were laid across from hand to hand, loosely, so that any movement of the hands made to extricate themselves would be indicated by the displacement of these loose yarns. In addition to these tell-tales Master Genn split his large carpenter's pencil into slivers and these were stuck into the knots about the legs, not tightly, but in such a manner that any movement of the legs or any tampering with the tying that had been done these chips would have dropped out. The door on the right was first closed, and just the instant the other one was in place these inside bolts, that I have described, slid by. I at once tried to pull the door open, and found it securely fastened. While I was trying to open the door there was a general cry from the audience: "See the hands! See the hands!" As I was at work on the door my head was turned away from the centre opening, but in an instant I turned and saw as many hands as could be thrust out of the aperture. Some were large and others were the size of small children's hands, all coming out at the same time, and they appeared like those of living persons. All this time I was within three feet of the aperture, so that I had a perfect view of what took place, my hands being held of the knob of the door-catch. Immediately after the hands returned to the cabinet, I thrust my right hand into the opening, with the idea that these hands might be made of some kind of material, although they appeared perfectly natural, the fingers working backward and forward as if to attract attention. I reached into the cabinet about eighteen or twenty-four inches, feeling about in every direction. I touched nothing, but on withdrawing my hand another hand took hold of the back of mine—not grasping, but lightly feeling, as though it meant that I should not be mistaken in knowing it was a warm, fleshlike substance. I was so startled by this occurrence that I instantly jerked my hand out, using so much effort in doing so that I turned myself completely around. At once I recovered myself and returning to the cabinet reached in again, hoping to have further evidence of the people within, but nothing further occurred inside. When, however, my hand was clear of the opening, out came a number of hands again for an instant. After waiting a few minutes, the hands not returning, the committee took seats about fifteen feet from the cabinet, the agent of the boys sitting between us. All the foregoing had taken place in a full-lighted hall, before an audience of say 150 or 200.

The lights were now put out and total darkness took place in all parts of the room. At once the violin, tambourine, bell, etc., were played on, not, however, in the most skillful manner. There was a loud slamming going on, as though with a piece of flat wood, against the walls of the cabinet.

When this performance ceased the door of the cabinet was opened, judging from the sound coming from it. Then the violin, tambourine and bell seemed to all appearance floating out over the heads of the audience, being played upon, but not systematically, just loud enough to enable us to locate them. As nothing could be seen, the ear had to take the evidence, but all present were satisfied that the instruments were out over their heads. The violin and tambourine were returned to the cabinet, but the bell was thrown down at the feet of the committee, and call came from one of the boys for a light, although during the playing of the instruments a voice was often heard speaking through the speaking-trumpet. The hall was now lighted again and the committee examined the condition of the ropes. Not a chip had fallen from either boy's hands, and not a chip had fallen out of the knots. The boys showed no signs of having made any movement, they both appearing cool in temperature, or rather in their normal condition. While the tying was being done the boys made no objection to the proceedings, but manifested a desire that we should do just as we thought best to satisfy ourselves. The ends of the ropes were tucked into the boys' boot-legs at a point to which the boys would only by accident be able to return them. In fact, the committee omitted no precautions to complete test conditions. The doors were now closed again and the lights put out, for

the purpose of having the boys untied by the invisible power, which it took eight minutes to accomplish.

The boys were here a number of evenings giving exhibitions which the above represents fairly, with new committees every evening. Some times only one hand at a time would be shown and that a very large one. The display was never twice alike; generally, however, both large and small hands came out at the same time. I do not pretend to say what the power was behind those phenomena, but one thing is certain, they were not produced by the boys' hands. They seemed to have been produced by the power or through the agency of intelligent, organized beings. No confederates could have assisted in the performance without detection. I have sufficient reason for the opinion that the boys and agent were honest. As I was well known in this vicinity the agent, whose name I cannot recall at this writing, asked me if I would go to a neighboring town and act as agent for the boys, who had been billed for a performance, as one of his family was sick and he desired to return home. To accommodate him I consented, but was not obliged to go as he had word that the sick person was better. Now, this was no contrivance on his part to throw fraud dust in my eyes, for the boys made no concealment of their knowing how to play the violin. They purchased not only strings of me but an instruction book for the violin. In fact the whole company were out and in my place of business every day, and I was on the alert to discover their tricks if they were tricks. The boys were about sixteen years of age at that time, and my endeavor to draw them out as to how the thing was done was a failure. Glass balls were placed under each leg of the cabinet, I inquired of the agent how to adjust them. He said there was no need of them, that everything would take place just as well without them. All he wanted of me was to see that the boys were not hurt or interfered with. A little incident of some moment occurred at one of our exhibitions here. When the lights were out one evening, one of our doubting sea captains took off his boots and crept on his hands and knees to the cabinet and laid down under it. Everything went on as usual and when the hall was again lighted the captain came forward and said no one entered or left the cabinet while he was under it. I consider this good evidence that no confederates were employed. I am quite sure that there was not a person in the audience whom I did not know personally.

While reading the above to Mr. Bowden, who served with me on the committee, he called my attention to one of the most singular phases of the phenomena. It was the coiling up of both cards in perfect order and laying them on the seat which extends along the back of the cabinet. Then on the coils were laid those little strands of rope and every one of the wooden slivers or chips that had been put into the knots as tell-tales. I do not hesitate to say that it would have been impossible for a confederate to accomplish this without a light; which would have been seen by the audience.

I am glad to see so much attention given to the investigation of slate writing. To my mind it is the highest type of phenomena and the most convincing of an intelligent influence controlling. I have an article on that subject in my mind which I may write out some time for THE JOURNAL.

BUCKSPORT, ME. JAMES EMERY.

A SUGGESTION.

TO THE EDITOR: I wish to suggest, if possible, an idea of a circulating library for books on Spiritualism and kindred subjects,—or does such a library already exist? The books on these subjects are so many and so various that only wealthy book lovers can hope to own them, while thousands desire to read them. Could not THE JOURNAL open such a library for its readers, charging so much per week, month etc., for the use of each book, the reader, if out of Chicago, to pay postage to and fro on each book, while the charge for reading the work would very soon pay for the wear and tear of sending it through the mails. Many of the books in your list are so dear that any one wishing to read, say, thirty of them, could easily spend \$50; while a few dollars, at least, would pay for the privilege of borrowing them for a stated time. Will you kindly give this your valuable consideration, and also place the suggestion before your readers, some one of whom may perhaps think of a better plan.

Very truly yours,
E. C.

"ROSE."

BY ELMORA STONE.

A rose bush grew by the garden gate
Nodding its head o'er the palings tall.
It budded and blossomed early and late
Shedding beauty and fragrance over all.
Its petals were white; except in the curl
Of its inmost leaves was a dash of red;
Like that which flames in the cheek of a girl
When she hears the first low love-words said.
No tender love-words had yet been spoken
In the ear of the girl who stood by the door;
Red and white like the rose she had broken,
Like that, too, Rose was the name she bore.
All night long she had heard strange noises,
The rumble of wheels and the tramp of feet,
And in between, filling all the pauses
A bugle call or the drum's wild beat.
All thro' the hours of the midnight dreary,
Had troops been marching to join the fray;
A group of horsemen, dusty and weary
Now halted for rest across the way.
The leader dismounted near the maiden,
And his rein to an orderly tossed;
His eye was caught by the bush rose-laden
An upward glance and his heart was lost.
Nature to him had been most royal
Hair the color the sunbeams love;
Eyes where the soul shone true and loyal
Apollo's form and the "front of Jove."
Those violet eyes so dark and tender
Met her glance as it downward fell;
Her still heart stirred beneath their splendor
And melted and warmed in their magic spell.
As once in a hundred lives 'tis given
To a soul to meet and to know its own,
So these two knew that a glimpse of heaven
Thro' the rifted veil for a moment shone.
No word was said, but eyes and fingers
Told the same story every one knows,
His hand met hers and fondly lingers
As she held out her hand and gave him the rose.
The roar of conflict rising and falling
Told in the distance the battle was on.
Honor, duty and fame were calling,
Shall he lose all these, so love be won?
No, duty forbade him to play the lover,
He knew not even the maiden's name
(What taught him to murmur then over and over
"My Rose, my sweet white Rose with heart of flame.")
So into the saddle he lightly vaulted
Curbed the proud war horse with firm held rein
But close to the maiden's side he halted
And whispered "Death willing, we meet again."
Later on with the dead around him,
On the battle field as at rest he lay,
They drew his hand from his breast as they found him,
A blood red rose in its grasp of clay.
They buried him on the field with the brave
The blood-stained rose still clasped in his hand.
Oh, God: the hopes that went into that grave;
And the many such graves all over our land.
The maiden waited in vain for a token
Pale and white grew the red rose then:
Thinking oft of the words he had spoken
"Remember, if living we meet again."
She faded and paled thro' the summer weather
Till autumn's flame flushed the foliage red,
Her life and the rose's went out together
"And Death will be kinder than Life," she said.
On her breast were the last of the blossoms laid.
In the fair cold hands and the shining hair,
And over the rose-bush the breezes played
A threnody wild thro' the branches bare.
Who dare deny that in fields of Aidenne
Soul answering soul as heart to heart,
They walk together, lover and maiden,
And death had joined those it once did part.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
They were still seated at the table after tea. He was in the habit of airing his knowledge on such occasions.
"Inventions are sometimes called after their inventors," he began. "The monkey-wrench, for instance, was called after Mr. Monkey."
"Was the slot-machine invented by Mr. Slot?" asked Tommie.
"No, child. The daguerreotype is called after Mr. Daguerre."
"And the telescope after William Tell?"
"Why no, Tom. Be quiet. Mr. Derrick invented the derrick."
"Was the fountain pen invented by Mr. Fontaine?"
"No, you little idiot. The fountain pen was invented by the devil. Wife, put this boy to bed."—*Detroit Free Press.*
Day—"The saying 'Dead men tell no tales' isn't true any more."
Weeks—"Since when?"
Day—"Since the magazines began salt-ing MSS., and waiting for the author to die."

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

William Lloyd Garrison, The Abolitionist. By Archibald H. Grimké, M. A. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Cloth, 12mo, 405 pp. With portrait, \$1.50.

William Lloyd Garrison was one of the world's benefactors. He was a leader of men in the fight against a great national wrong. Influenced by the lofty purpose of the liberation of men held in bondage, he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of abolition, exhibiting throughout the stern struggle of a life-time, unflinching courage, and unswerving allegiance to truth. The story of this man's life lifts humanity—our humanity—up to the very mountains of nobility. The "higher education" needed to elevate a people is to be found in the study of such a noble example of manhood as is afforded by the life of William Lloyd Garrison.

The book is highly interesting. Here is an example, introducing the début of the poet Whittier:

"We will let Mr. Garrison tell the story in his own way: 'Going up stairs to my office one day, I observed a letter lying near the door, to my address; which, on opening, I found to contain an original piece of poetry for my paper, the *Free Press*. The ink was very pale, the handwriting very small; and, having at that time a horror of newspaper original poetry—which has rather increased than diminished with the lapse of time—my first impulse was to tear it in pieces without reading it, the chances of rejection, after its perusal, being as ninety-nine to one. . . . but summoning resolution to read it, I was equally surprised and gratified to find it above mediocrity, and so gave it a place in my journal. . . . as I was anxious to find out the writer, my post-rider one day divulged the secret, stating that he had dropped the letter in the manner described, and that it was written by a Quaker lad named Whittier, who was daily at work on the shoemaker's bench, with hammer and lap-stone, at East Haverhill. Jumping into a vehicle, I lost no time in driving to see the youthful bard, who came into the room with shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden. Giving him some words of encouragement, I addressed myself more particularly to his parents, and urged them with great earnestness to grant him every possible facility for the development of his remarkable genius.'

Garrison had not only found a true poet, but a true friend as well, in the Quaker lad, John Greenleaf Whittier. The friendship which sprung up between the two was to last during the life-time of the former."

The volume is well suited for the home library and circulating libraries, and affords highly entertaining, instructive and inspiring reading for young and old.

Development of Mediumship by Terrestrial Magnetism. By Abby A. Judson, Minneapolis, Minn., 1891. pp. 31. Price, 30 cents.

In this little work, which the printers have put into very esthetic form, Miss Judson gives her views as to the development of mediumship by magnetism, with some thoughts on terrestrial magnetism, personal experience, and what purports to be a communication through Mrs. R. S. Lillie from the author's father Adoniram Judson. There are also other communications and pieces. The little book is "dedicated to all earnest souls who desire, by becoming more spiritual themselves, to come into closer connection with the Spirit-world." It appears in time to be obtained as a holiday gift by and to Spiritualists.

The fourth and last of Prof. Frederick Starr's papers on "Dress and Adornment" in *The Popular Science Monthly* appears in the December number. It deals with "Religious Dress," including the dress of religious officers, of worshippers, of victims, of mourners, amulets and charms, and the religious meaning of mutilations. It will be copiously illustrated.

Real Ghost Stories. A Record of Authentic Apparitions; being the Christmas number of the Review of Reviews, Collected and Edited by W. T. Stead. London and New York. Price, 25cts. (For sale at the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

"The Ghost that Dwells in Each of Us," "The Thought Body, or the Double," "Clairvoyance the Vision of the Out of Sight," "Premonitions and Second Sight,"

"Ghosts of the Living on Business," "Ghosts Keeping Promises," "Apparitions at or Before Death," "Ghosts Announcing their Own Death," "Ghosts of the Dead with a Practical Object," "Out-of-Door Ghosts," "Evil Spirits and Phantasms which Touch," and "A Parting Word," are the titles of the very interesting chapters of this number of the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. Stead has shown discrimination as well as industry in the selection of ghost stories and narratives of psychical and spirit phenomena, and commendable moderation, liberality and fairness in his discussion of the subject. It is rather amusing to read before the preface these cautionary words, the effect of which will be to make the very class that is warned more eager to read the narratives: "Caution to the reader: Before reading the contents of this Christmas number, please note, 1.—That the narratives printed in these pages had better not be read by any one of tender years, of morbid excitability, or of excessively nervous temperament. 2.—That the latest students of the subject concur in the solemn warning addressed in the aforesaid writings to those who have dealings with familiar spirits, or who expose themselves to the horrible consequences of possession. 3.—That as the latent possibilities of our complex personality are so imperfectly understood, all experimenting in hypnotism, Spiritualism, etc., excepting in the most careful and reverent spirit, by the most level-headed persons, had much better be avoided. This caution is printed here at the suggestion of Catholics, Theosophists, and Spiritualists, who declare themselves to be profoundly convinced of its necessity."

In Old Quinebasset. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891. pp. 353. Cloth, price \$1.50. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A story of life in a New England town one hundred years ago, told in Sophie May's most charming style. It is a fine piece of realistic story-telling, for the writer has depicted the fashions and manners of that period in a way to make the reader seem to live and be a part himself of the story, while bits of real history are interwoven into the uncommonplace love affair which gives the main interest to the book. It has many beautiful illustrations and will be read with equal pleasure by old and young.

The Anarchist; a Picture of Civilization of the Nineteenth Century. By John Henry Mackay. Boston: 224 Tremont St., Benj. R. Tucker, 1891, pp. 305. Paper, 50 cts. Mr. Mackay, who ranks among the young German realists, traces in this book, under the veil of fiction, his own mental development to his present position—that of a philosophical and egoistic Anarchist. The scene is laid in London, and the riots of Trafalgar square, the misery of the East end, and the Chicago executions are graphically pictured in panoramic succession.

The Joyful Story. By Dr. J. B. Herbert. A beautiful Christmas Service, consisting of choruses, recitations, responsive exercises, quartettes and solos. Most excellent words set to bright and pleasing music. Adorned with an exquisite cover printed in four colors. Price 5 cents; \$4.00 per hundred. The S. Brainard's Sons Co., 145 and 147 Wabash ave., Chicago.

The Quintessence of Ibsenism. By G. Bernard Shaw. Boston: 224 Tremont st. Benj. R. Tucker. 1891. pp. 170. Paper, 25 cts.

In five chapters, entitled "The Two Pioneers," "Ideals and Idealists," "The Womanly Woman," "The Plays" and "The Moral of the Plays," Mr. Shaw discusses Ibsen's plays, their moral and philosophic drift, intelligently and discriminatingly. The work is a very good exposition of Ibsenism.

MAGAZINES.

The January *Atlantic Monthly* will have an article of peculiar interest on James Russell Lowell, by Henry James. It will be largely devoted to the remarkable success of Mr. Lowell as United States minister at London, and to the greatness and charm and superlative patriotism which marked his character.—The December number of *Babyhood* opens with an article on "Little Folk and the White House," which tells all about Baby McKee. 5 Beckman st., N. Y. \$2 per year.—"The Abuse of Exercise," by Dr. Alton W. Leighton, is the opening paper in *The Herald of Health* for December, followed by valuable "Notes Concerning Health," by the editor,

Dr. M. L. Holbrook. \$1 per year. 46 East 21st st., New York.

The *Chautauquan* for January has a table of contents that is very attractive. Among the articles are "The Battles of Saratoga," by John G. Nicholas; "Domestic and Social Life of the Colonists, IV.," by Edward Everett Hale; "National Agencies for Scientific Research, IV.," by Major J. W. Powell, Ph.D., LL.D.; "Progress in the Nineteenth Century," by Edward A. Freeman; "Niagara the Motor for the World's Fair," by Prof. John Trowbridge; "Is Oratory a Lost Art?" by E. Jay Edwards; "The Kindergarten Movement in Chicago," by Antoinette Van Hoesen Wakeman. The editorials treat of "A New Occupation for Old People," "The Daughters of the American Revolution," and "Russia and the Jews." There are the usual departments devoted to the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.—The opening paper in the *Unitarian Review* for December is "The Heresy of Non-Progressive Orthodoxy," by Wm. B. Bryant. Rev. J. W. Chadwick has an article on Lowell.—The season *Lady's Illustrated Magazine* contains the newest Paris fashions and the most elegant designs in fancy work, needle work, embroidery, crochet, etc. The January number has just appeared. The *International News Co.*, 83 Duane st., New York. Price, 30 cts.—The December number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* has among its illustrated papers, "Tigers and Tiger Hunting," by Sir Samuel Baker, and "Fashions of the Nineteenth Century," by Mrs. Strange Butson.—In the December *Phrenological* we find Sir Edwin Arnold on the first page. A very well written article on "Ideality and Imitation" comes from a careful thinker. "How the Old Chaldeans Buried Themselves" is illustrated freely and suggests an improvement on the common practice among us moderns. Baron Hirsch, the millionaire philanthropist, is sketched very appropriately when so much is heard of Jew persecution. The editor evidently thinks it is time that Jerusalem was reoccupied by the sons of Israel.

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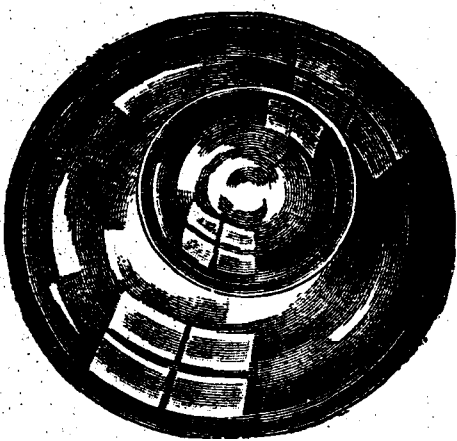
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Your mother feeds pigs in the sty,
She'll come and slap you when you cry.

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Sail, snail, come out and be fed,
Put out your horns and then your head,
And thy mammy will give thee mutton,
For thou art doubly dear to me.

SPANISH.

The moon shines bright,
And the snake darts swift and light;
I see five baby bullocks
And a calf young and white.

ARABIC.

Sleep, my baby sleep,
Sleep a slumber hale.
Sweetly rest till morning light,
My little farmer boy, so bright.

ZULU.

Hush thee, my baby,
Thy mother's over the mountain gone.
There she will dig the little garden patch,
And water she'll fetch from the river.

NORWEGIAN.

Row, row to Baltarock,
How many fish are caught in the net?
One for father, and one for mother,
One for sister and one for brother.

SWEDISH.

Hush, hush, baby mine;
Pussy climbs the big green pine;
Mother turns the millstone,
Father to kill the pig has gone.

GERMAN.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
Thy father guards the sheep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it falls sweet dreams for thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

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Thus the modern spirit saith,
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On the harvest fields of death."

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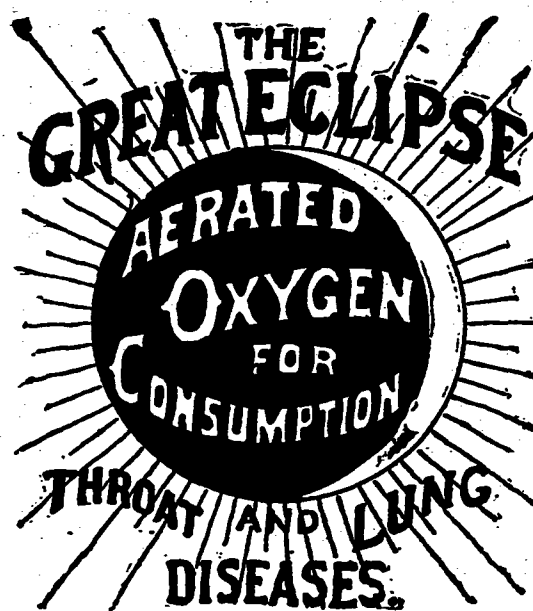
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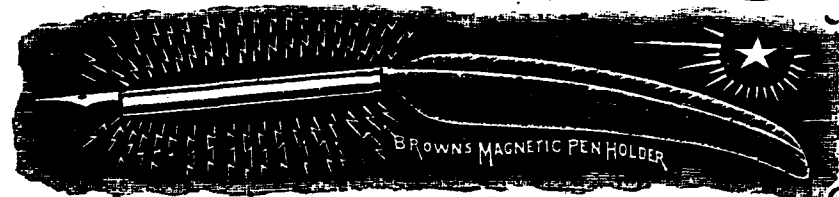
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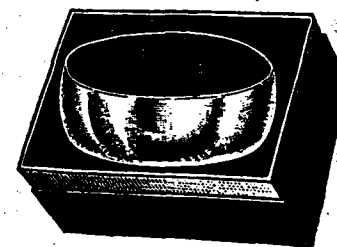


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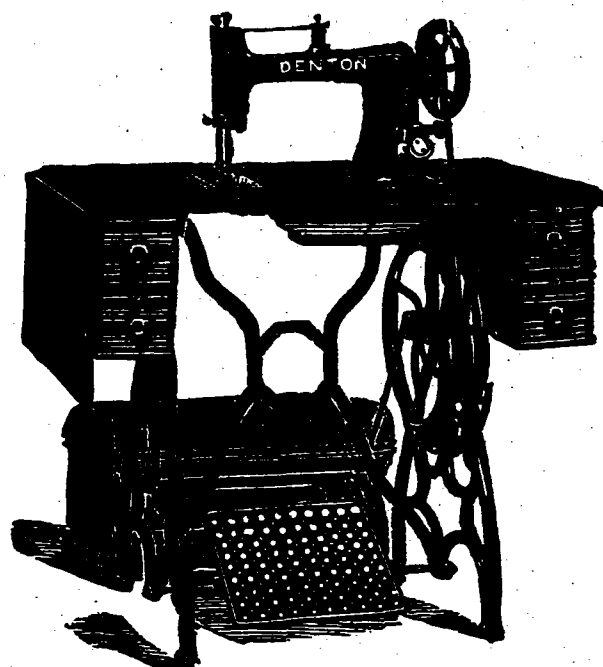
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"HOLIDAYS."

In the general effort at pleasure-provoking and happiness-promoting now at its height, the publisher is gratified to find that large numbers of his subscribers are thinking of him as well as of their immediate family and friends, as is evidenced by renewals of subscriptions, and orders for books. He is also pleased at the prompt responses to his offer of the "Denton" sewing machine. He believes that machine is bound to "go," from the substantial indications already at hand, and he is sure it will go satisfactorily in every household where it is given place. If you need one for yourself or a friend order at once.

Then too, is the publisher delighted at the avidity with which the stock of Dr. Crowell's interesting book, "The Spirit-World," is being consumed. If the present demand continues the edition will be exhausted in a few weeks; and then no more will be offered as the plates have been destroyed.

I hope every friend of THE JOURNAL will make a special effort to advance its material interest between now and sunrise of January 1, 1892. I hope that every subscriber in arrears will pay up and renew, or write me giving a good excuse for delay and fixing a specific time when payment will be made. Let us all begin the new year square with the world!

I wish you one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! May the coming year be to you one of prosperity, increased knowledge and happiness. May the spirits of your dear ones manifest in unmistakable ways, and may you grow in spirituality as you grow in experience. May 1892 witness a rapidly growing spirit of fraternity; and may we as Spiritualists carry the sweetness and light of our beautiful philosophy into myriads of homes where it is now unknown. Let us all work together for GOOD!

Next Sunday, B. F. Underwood speaks at the Academy of Music, Toronto, on the Sabbath question, one aspect of which is now prominent in Canadian politics. Toronto is the stronghold of Protestant conservatism and intolerance.

W. T. Van Zandt, of New York, in renewing subscription writes: May I say to you how much I am in sympathy with you in your work, and at the same time congratulate you on the high standard of excellence attained by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which makes it to-day the strongest upholder of genuine spiritual philosophy.

J. L. Batchelor, an Iowa lawyer, in renewing his subscription writes: The JOURNAL has, in my judgment, two essential merits: It is doing grand work in making knowledge, not superstition or authority, the ground of man's faith and reliance in all fields of thought and progress; and it is doing this work by an appeal to established facts arising in his highest and holiest nature.

THE JOURNAL's thanks are due to Mr. Newman Weeks, of Rutland, Vermont, for a fine cabinet photograph of himself. Mr. Weeks is one of the early pioneers of Spiritualism; a class now rapidly disappearing from this plane of activity, only to reappear in another and one which they have done so much to bring within the realm of the knowable. THE JOURNAL'S

photographic collection is growing invaluable.

The only criticism that is made upon Phillips Brooks, says a Boston correspondent who admires him, is that he speaks so rapidly that it is difficult for many people to follow him and take all his meaning. A little baby girl in his audience one Sunday expressed her opinion of his delivery. She was standing on the seat by her mother's side, watching the great orator in his pulpit robes, her blue eyes fastened on his countenance; suddenly her face wreathed itself with smiles—that rapid flow of consonants was a feat for her entertainment, and she was not to be outdone by Phillips Brooks. Clapping her little hands, and striking out her little chin toward him, she shouted forth in her tiny voice: "Peter Pepper picked a peck of prickly pears," when her mother caught her down and hushed her, and the great rector of Trinity preached on, unconscious of the stricture passed upon his style by his small parishioner.

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.

To every new yearly subscriber to THE JOURNAL at the regular price, \$2.50, I will send free a copy of Dr. Crowell's "Spirit-World."

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The hospital idea in the treatment of the insane is nowhere better exemplified than at the State Homeopathic Hospital for the Insane at Middletown, New York. The surroundings amid which the patients live are in themselves an inspiration of peace and a mental tonic.

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Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed. Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

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